

THE
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC
REPOSITORY.

VOL. III.

1st OCTOBER, 1821.

No. 6.

ORIGINAL.

ART. I.—*Storia della guerra dell' Indipendenza degli Stati Uniti
D'America, scritta da Carlo Botta.*

The work, the title of which is placed at the head of this article, first appeared in the year 1809, at the Italian press of D. Colas in Paris. Its appearance, if we are correctly informed, excited no eclat, and of course attracted few readers and no critics;—a circumstance to be accounted for, not from any want of merit either in the writer or in the book, but from the multitude of rival publications—from the more recent and eventful story of the French and Italian revolutions—from the interesting character of passing events, and lastly, from the spirit and temper of the Imperial government, which assuredly did not favour the currency of a story, in any language, which even tended to show the competency of man to govern himself. In Italy, the reception of the work was not better—probably worse, because though commenced at an æra of comparative liberty, it did not appear until that æra had passed away; leaving only impressions unfavourable to that and every new and similar attempt at reformation. What is more difficult to account for is, that standing in the relation it does to the United States, it should have been so long in reaching us; and that, even after its arrival, it should have been so slow in making its way into our vernacular tongue. The first literary notice of it in this country, (that we recollect to have seen,) was that of the *Analectic Magazine* of May, 1815, and it is but *now* that we find the work

in a course of translation. The truth probably is, that (as in other cases) we were waiting the permission of some English artist to read it at all,—and the advice of some British or Scotch reviewer, to know whether, after translation, it was worth reading. Fortunately, we are at last awakening to a sense of our own wants, and to a desire of supplying them from our own resources. Cary & Son, have found a translator in Mr. Otis; and Mr. Otis, a friend and patron in Mr. Jefferson. In a letter of the 8th of July last, speaking of the original, this gentleman says,—“I am glad to find that the excellent work of Botta, is
 “at length translated. Its merit has been too long unknown
 “with us. He has had the faculty of sifting the truth of facts,
 “from our own histories, with great judgment; of suppressing
 “details, which do not make a part of the general history, and
 “of enlivening the whole, with the constant glow of his *holy*
 “*enthusiasm for the liberty and independence of nations*.* Neutral,
 “as an historian should be, in the relation of facts, he is
 “never neutral in his feelings, nor in the warm expression of
 “them on the triumphs and reverses of the conflicting parties,
 “and of his honest sympathies with that engaged in the better
 “cause. Another merit is in the accuracy of his narrative of
 “those portions of the same war which passed in other quarters
 “of the globe, and especially on the ocean. We must thank
 “him, too, for having brought within the compass of three volumes every thing we wish to know of the war, and in a state
 “so engaging that we cannot lay the book down.”

Now, if this be not the mere bienséance of an old politician, who finds it easier to praise than to blame,—if it be really the fact, that Mr. Botta has been fortunate enough, in sifting events and characters, to get rid of every thing foolish or false, and retain only what is valuable and true; if, besides, he has been able to breathe into his narrative that *vis vitæ*—that *living soul* which gives to history much of its usefulness and all its charms—which not only keeps us wide awake while we read, but so interests us in the narrative, that we cannot lay it down—there is certainly room for national congratulation, as well as for individual triumph. Without, however, feeling too much respect

* M. Botta is an Italian Physician and Scavant. His politics, like those of his country, have been marked by an accommodation to circumstances. During the better fortunes of Bonaparte, he was the fast friend and warm admirer of that adventurer:—When forced to abdicate, the glow of the Doctor's enthusiasm abated:—When re-instated on the throne, the Doctor was among the first to send in his adhesion, and was accordingly rewarded with the rectorship of the academy at Nancè. These facts rather shake our belief in the sincerity of his zeal, for *the independence of nations*, which certainly made no part of the code Napoleon.

for what the logicians have, somewhat unhappily, called the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, (and which turns out to be only the authority of names,) we profess to bring to the inquiry, a sincere desire to find in Mr. Botta all that is good, and an honest intention to bestow upon him whatever of applause he may appear to merit. With these few remarks, we proceed to examine the *material* parts of the work, viz. the *facts* and *opinions* it details; and subsequently, its *style* and *arrangement*.

Mr. Botta's first volume is altogether introductory, and intended as a summary of the colonial history, from the first settlement of the country, to the beginning of the war of the revolution. After informing us that America was discovered by the genius and intrepidity of Italians, he goes on to state the *time* at which the first emigrants left Europe; their *motives* for leaving it; their *numbers*; the *portion of country* they chose to occupy; their *social condition*; the *maxims and conduct* of the parent state; and lastly, the *political tenets and views* of the colonists, growing out of all these circumstances combined.

‘ This multitude, (he says) driven out of Europe by religious and political disturbances, and departing principally from England in the times of the last Stewarts, landed in that part of North-America, extending from the 32d to the 45th degree of north latitude, and there founded the colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island, which took the name of New-England. To these, were afterwards added, Virginia, New-York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New-Jersey, Maryland, and the two Carolinas. The security which these distant and desert regions presented to their minds, was preferable to the endearments of their native climate and country.

‘ Here they exerted themselves with admirable industry and fortitude, according to the custom of those whom the fervour of opinion agitates and stimulates, in subduing the wild beasts, dispersing or destroying pernicious or importunate animals, repressing or subjecting the barbarous and savage nations that inhabited this new world, draining marshes, controlling the course of rivers, clearing forests, furrowing a virgin soil, and committing to its bosom new and unaccustomed seeds; and thus prepared for themselves a climate, less rude and hostile to human nature; more secure and more commodious habitations; more salubrious food, and a part of the conveniences and enjoyments proper to civilized life.

‘ Nor must it be understood, that in departing from the land in which they were born, to seek in foreign regions a better condition of life, they abandoned their country on terms of enmity, dissolving every tie of early attachment. Far from this—beside the customs, the habits, the usages and manners of their common country, they took with them privileges granted by the royal authority, whereby their laws were constituted upon the model of

those of England, and more or less conformed to a free government, or to a more absolute system, according to the character and authority of the prince from whom they emanated. They were also modified by the influence which the people, by means of their organ, the parliament, were found to possess. For, it then being the epoch of those civil and religious dissensions which caused English blood to flow in torrents, the changes were extreme and rapid. Each province, each colony, had an elective assembly, which, under certain limitations, was invested with the authority of parliament; and a governor, who, representing the king to the eyes of the colonists, exercised also a certain portion of his power. To this was added the trial by jury, not only in criminal matters, but also in civil causes; an institution highly important, and corresponding entirely with the judicial system of England.

‘ And, in point of religion, the colonists enjoyed even greater latitude than in their parent country itself; they had not preserved that ecclesiastical hierarchy against which they had combated so strenuously, and which they did not cease to abhor, as the primary cause of the long and perilous expatriation to which they had been constrained to resort.

‘ It can, therefore, excite no surprise, if this generation of men, not only had their minds imbued with the principles, that form the basis of the English constitution; but even if they aspired to a mode of government less rigid, and a liberty more entire; in a word, if they were inflamed with the fervour which is naturally kindled in the hearts of men by obstacles which oppose their religious and political opinions, and still increased by the privations and persecutions they have suffered on their account.

‘ And how should this ardour, this excitement of exasperated minds, have been appeased in the vast solitudes of America, where the amusements of Europe were unknown, where assiduity in manual toils must have hardened their bodies, and increased the asperity of their characters? If, in England, they had shown themselves averse to the prerogative of the crown, how, as to this, should their opinions have been changed in America, where scarcely a vestige was seen of the royal authority and splendour? Where the same occupation being common to all, that of cultivating the earth, must have created in all, the opinion and the love of a general equality? They had encountered exile at the epoch when the war raged most fiercely, in their native country, between the king and the people; at the epoch when the armed subjects contended for the right of resisting the will of the prince when he usurps their liberty; and even, if the public good require it, of transferring the crown from one head to another. The colonists had supported their principles; and how should they have renounced them? They who, out of the reach of the royal authority, and though still in the infancy of a scarcely yet organized society, enjoyed already, in their new country, a peaceful and happy life? The laws observed, justice administered, the magistrates respected, offences rare or un-

known ; persons, property and honour, protected from all violation ?

‘ They believed it the unalienable right of every British subject, whether freeman or freeholder, not to give his property without his own consent ; that the house of commons only, as the representative of the English people, had the right to grant its money to the crown ; that taxes are free gifts of the people to those who govern ; and that princes are bound to exercise their authority, and employ the public treasure, for the sole benefit and use of the community. These privileges, said the colonists, we have brought with us ; distance, or change of climate, cannot have deprived us of English prerogatives ; we departed from the kingdom with the consent, and under the guarantee of the sovereign authority ; the right not to contribute with our money without our own consent, has been solemnly recognized by the government, in the charters it has granted to many of the colonies. It is for this purpose, that Assemblies or Courts have been established in each colony ; and that they have been invested with authority to investigate and superintend the employment of the public money.

‘ And how, in fact, should the colonists have relinquished such a right ; they who derived their subsistence from the American soil, not given or granted by others, but acquired and possessed by themselves ; which they had first occupied, and which their toils had rendered productive ? Every thing, on the contrary, in English America, tended to favour and develop civil liberty ; every thing appeared to lead towards national independence.

‘ The Americans, for the most part, were not only protestants, but protestants against protestantism itself, and sided with those who in England are called dissenters ; for besides, as protestants, not acknowledging any authority, in the affair of religion, whose decision, without other examination, is a rule of faith ; claiming to be of themselves, (by the light of natural reason alone) sufficient judges of religious dogmas, they had rejected the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and abolished even the names of its dignities ; they had, in short, *devested themselves of all that deference* which man, by his nature, has for the opinions of those who fill eminent stations ; and whose dignities, wealth, and magnificence, seem to command respect. The intellects of the Americans being, therefore, perfectly free upon this topic, they exercised the same liberty of thought upon other subjects unconnected with religion, and especially upon the affairs of government, which had been the habitual theme of their conversation, during their residence in the mother country. The colonies, more than any other country, abounded in *lawyers*, who, accustomed to the most subtle and the most captious arguments, are commonly, in a country governed by an absolute prince, the most zealous advocates of his power, and in a free country, the most ardent defenders of liberty. Thus had arisen, among the Americans, an almost universal familiarity with those sophistical discussions which appertain to the professions of law and theology, the effect of which is often to generate obstina-

cy and presumption in the human mind ; accordingly, however long their disquisitions upon political and civil liberty, they never seemed to think they had sifted these matters sufficiently.'

This theory of American population and resistance has in it a boldness and originality, which seem entirely to have escaped the notice of M. Botta's encomiasts, and which, according to our humble conceptions, place it on the same shelf with the fabulous origins of Greece and Rome. Need we tell any well-informed reader, that the first peopling of this country, was totally unconnected with any scruples of conscience, or sufferings under them. 'The *multitude*' who, according to M. Botta, first left the endearments of their homes, and sought, in the solitudes of American deserts, a peaceful asylum from a tyrannical king and oppressive hierarchy, did not exceed one hundred men—nor did these migrate 'during the times of the last Stewarts' and 'when war raged between the prince and the people'—nor were they at all concerned in disposing of either the crowns or the heads of kings—nor were they 'protestants against protestantism itself'—nor did they make their own laws without acknowledging the supremacy, or awaiting the approbation of the British government—nor did they land in the north, and *begin* by settling New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode-Island, and *subsequently* go on to plant Virginia, Maryland, New-York, &c. &c. All this is "such stuff as dreams are made of."

The *first* emigrants from England, who succeeded in establishing themselves here, were those who, in 1606, entered the Chesapeake and seated themselves on James river—men hoping, no doubt, to better their condition, but meditating no permanent establishment ; bringing with them neither wives nor children ; seeking no separate property in the soil or its products, and so far from being tenacious of rights, civil or religious, abandoning all,—and virtually and in fact coming out the *servants* of an *English corporation*, whose object was gold.

It will not be supposed that 'the mob of gentlemen' who two years afterwards were added to this society, were much calculated to enlarge or sublimiate its motives and character. Stith has described them, as "unruly sparks, packed off by their friends, to avoid worse destinies at home ;—poor gentlemen, bankrupt tradesmen, rakes, libertines and footmen, fitter to spoil and ruin a commonwealth, than to help to raise one."

The industry of such a population (as may be readily conjectured) was not pre-eminent in any respect, and was occasionally so deficient and ill directed, that with abundant means for obtaining food, they were frequently on the point of starving ;

and, but for the coercion of military law, would actually have perished with hunger.*

In 1620, the plan of strengthening the colony, by giving to it British convicts and African negroes, was adopted; and with this, the wiser and more humane policy of supplying it with girls, "young and uncorrupt," at the moderate price of 150 lbs. of tobacco per head. Such were the fathers and mothers of the ancient dominion—humble, and indigent, and lazy, but loyal to their king, and submissive to the church. Nor does it appear that there was any material alteration, in these respects, either of feeling or opinion, until about the middle of the 18th century.

If, from the cavaliers of the south, we turn to the pilgrims of the north, we may find a shadow (and but a shadow) of resemblance in the portrait which M. Botta has, without any discrimination, applied to both. "A better sort of emigrants," says Gordon, "never crossed the Atlantic. They were a plain, frugal, industrious, conscientious, loving people. They have been stigmatised as *enthusiasts*, but nothing like enthusiasm is to be met with in the records of any of their transactions, either civil or ecclesiastical." These emigrants (as is generally known) were the remains of a small sect, called Brownists, who, about the year 1606, quarreling with the surplice, the sign of the cross in baptism, and other important formulæ of the national church, separated from it, and leaving England, settled at Leyden, in Holland. Fourteen years residence in this leuco-phlegmatic region, and among a people, cool and calculating, and caring less for controversy than for commerce, had so far enlightened the intellect, or lowered the tone of these separatists, that when, in 1620, they embarked for America, "they no longer required, from those joining their communion, a renunciation of the church of England;" and, on the subject of civil government, so remote were their ideas from any thing like *democracy*, that their first act, after reaching the rock of Plymouth, was to organize themselves into a body politic, under the *supremacy and protection of the crown*.

As in the case of the Virginia colony, their original number did not much exceed *one hundred*, of both sexes, and of all ages; and, in the ten consecutive years, was but increased to fifteen hundred. This accession was made up of persons, who, from different causes, were not easy at home, but who were honest enough to admit, that their sufferings, *on the score of religion*, were not such as justified a separation from the national church. "They prayed," says Gordon, "in the most solemn

* Marshall.

manner, to be considered as *brethren*, and desired it to be noted that the principals and body of their company, esteem it an honour to call the church of England, *mother*; and acknowledged, that whatever of hope and part they had obtained in the common salvation, had been received in her bosom and sucked from her breasts." It is true, that with more of levity than might have been expected from a grave and religious people, they very soon united with the earlier emigrants, in establishing a nominal democracy in ecclesiastical matters; but this was only nominal, as the government of each congregation, virtually resided, not in its members generally, but in its minister and elders, who, like other potentates, soon abused their authority, and showed that *liberty of conscience, in matters of religion*, was not among the rights of man, which they deemed essential to human happiness. In 1631, they enacted, that "for time to come, no man should be admitted to the freedom of their body politic, who was not a *member* of some of the churches within their limits;" and again: that "none should share in the civil administration, who were not in church communion;" and, lastly, that "no church should be tolerated among them, which had not the approbation of the magistrates and elders of the majority of all the churches." On other points, the notions of these 'subtle doctors' were equally extraordinary; for in their code of laws, while forgery escaped with a moderate fine, fornication was punished by whipping, and adultery by death! The magistrates and general court, judged and punished summarily, without a jury, and according to discretion; and it was not till 1637, that they enacted, that "no trial for *life* or *banishment*, should be sustained, but by the verdict of a jury of freemen." Nor (when the civil war took place) did their *political* leanings escape the imputation of insincerity or inconsistency; for, though they affiliated with the commonwealth-men of the day, they showed a still stronger attachment to the *usurper*. Such were the high and well-regulated *notions* of the pilgrims!

An examination of the origin of other provinces, leads to similar conclusions: Rhode-Island and Connecticut were mere off-sets from Salem and Plymouth; and the colonization of New-Hampshire, began (as all know) in motives not more exalted or spiritual, than those of catching cod-fish and badgers. New-York, New-Jersey and Delaware, were first occupied by Dutchmen and Swedes, who aimed only at *trading establishments*; with which, it may be presumed, *cases of conscience*, and *maxims of government*, had very little concern. The settlement of Maryland commenced under the auspices of Lord

Baltimore, seven years *before* those civil wars, which, according to M. Botta, were 'la mère de tous : ' and about the year 1640, these *liberales*, to show their progress in moral, religious, and political truth, enacted, that "no one who was faithful to Jesus Christ and the Proprietary, should be molested in respect of his religion, or be *compelled to believe*, or to exercise, any other religion." It was not till 1683, that the colonization of Pennsylvania began, and by adventurers so little hostile to kings in general, or to the Stewart family in particular, that, for several years after the revolution, their laws were administered in the name of James II. The population of the Carolinas (if the professions of a charter may be credited) had a more generous character, and one intimately connected with religious feelings, but totally different from the kind of enthusiasm imagined by M. Botta. Lord Clarendon, the Duke of Albermarle, Lord Craven, &c. &c. "*moved by christian tenderness for the souls of the heathens*," sought and obtained a patent, for all the territory lying between the 31st and 36th degrees of north latitude. Means were, accordingly, employed to give christian neighbours to the red men of the forest;—but these not being found "as plenty as blackberries"—it was thought advisable to call to the aid of benevolence some new and more efficient principle, which, by its necessary operation, would more certainly and rapidly accomplish the object in view. An assembly was, accordingly, convoked and signalized, by "an act prohibiting, for five years, all prosecution for any debt contracted *out of the limits of the province*; and cancelling all powers of attorney granted for collecting the same." We need scarcely add, that under this provision, the *missionaries* multiplied rapidly, and soon spread themselves over the two Carolinas.

These facts give little, if any, support to M. Botta's creed, on the subject of American *population*; nor, in our opinion, will those we are about to offer, be more favourable to the views he has given of American *resistance*;—which, according to him, was not so much the result of any actual oppression on the part of the mother country, as of the distance and abstraction of the colonists; their labours, solitude, and want of amusements; their preconceived and speculative notions, with regard to government in the abstract; their high religious temperament, bordering at least on enthusiasm, and, lastly, that jealous, contentious, and pertinacious character, which all these causes combined could not fail to generate.

'During a century,' says M. Botta, 'the British government had prudently avoided to exasperate the minds of the colonists; with

parental solicitude it had protected and encouraged them when in a state of infancy ; and regulating, afterwards, by judicious laws, their commerce with the mother country, and with foreign nations, it had conducted them to their present prosperous and flourishing condition. In effect, in times immediately following the foundation of the colonies, England, as a tender mother who defends her own children, had lent them the succour of her troops and her ships, against the attacks of the savage tribes, and against the encroachments of other powers ; she granted immunities and privileges to Europeans, who were disposed to establish themselves in these new countries ; she supplied her colonists at the most moderate prices, with cloths, stuffs, linens, and all necessary instruments, as well for their defence against enemies, as for the exercise of useful professions in time of peace, and especially such as were required for clearing the lands and the labours of agriculture. The English merchants also assisted them with their rich capitals, in order to enable them to engage in enterprizes of great importance, such as the construction of ships, the draining of marshes, the diking of rivers, the cutting of forests, the establishing of new plantations, and other similar works ; and in exchange for so many advantages, and rather as a necessary consequence of the act of navigation than as a fiscal restriction, and peculiar to commerce, England only required the colonists to furnish her with the things she wanted, on condition of receiving, in return, those in which she abounded, and of which they had need.'

Let us now see how the colonies were affected by this kindness and protection of a hundred years.

'It should not be omitted,' says M. Botta, 'that even the compositions of society in these English colonies, rendered the inhabitants averse to every species of superiority, and inclined them to liberty. Here was but one class of men ; the mediocrity of their condition tempted not the rich and the powerful of Europe to visit their shores ; opulence and hereditary honours were unknown among them ; whence no vestige remained of feudal servitude. From these causes resulted a general opinion, that all men are by nature equal ; and the inhabitants of America would have found it difficult to persuade themselves that they owed their lands and their civil rights to the munificence of princes. Few among them had heard mention of magna charta, and those who were not ignorant of the history of that important period of the English revolution in which this compact was confirmed, considered it rather a solemn recognition by the king of England, of the rights of the people, than any concession. As they referred to heaven the protection which had conducted them, through so many perils, to a land where, at length, they had found that repose, which in their ancient country they had sought in vain ; and as they owed to its beneficence the harvests of their exuberant fields, the only and the genuine source of their riches ; so, not from the concessions of the king of Great Britain, but from the bounty and infinite clemency of the king of the uni-

verse, did they derive every right : these opinions, in the minds of a religious and thoughtful people, were likely to have deep and tenacious roots.

‘ Finding all his enjoyments in rural life, the colonist saw spring up, grow, prosper, and arrive at maturity, under his own eyes, and often by the labour of his own hands, all things necessary to the life of man ; he felt himself free from all subjection, from all dependence : and individual liberty is a powerful incentive to civil independence. Living dispersed, mutual affection was increased between the members of the same family ; and finding happiness in the domestic circle, they had no temptation to seek diversion in the resorts of idleness, where men too often contract the vices which terminate in dependence and habits of servility.

‘ The greater part of the colonists being proprietors and cultivators of land, lived continually upon their farms ; merchants, artificers, and mechanics, composed scarcely a fifth part of the total population. Cultivators of the earth depend only on Providence and their own industry, while the artisan, on the contrary, to render himself agreeable to the consumers, is obliged to pay a certain deference to their caprices. It resulted from the great superiority of the first class, that the colonies abounded in men of independent minds, who, knowing no insurmountable obstacles but those presented by the very nature of things, could not fail to resent with animation, and oppose with indignant energy, every curb which human authority might attempt to impose.

‘ The love of the sovereign, and their ancient country, which the first colonists might have retained in their new establishment, gradually diminished in the hearts of their descendants, as successive generations removed them further from the original stock ; and when the revolution commenced, of which we purpose to write the history, the inhabitants of the English colonies were, in general, but the third, fourth, and even the fifth generation from the original colonists, who had left England to establish themselves in the new regions of America. At such a distance, the affections of consanguinity became feeble, or extinct ; and the remembrance of their ancestors lived more in their memories, than in their hearts.

‘ Commerce, which has the power to unite and conciliate a sort of friendship between the inhabitants of the most distant countries, was not, in the early periods of the colonies, so active as to produce these effects between the inhabitants of England and America. The greater part of the colonists had heard nothing of Great-Britain, excepting that it was a distant kingdom, from which their ancestors had been barbarously expelled, or hunted away, as they had been forced to take refuge in the deserts and forests of wild America, inhabited only by savage men, or prowling beasts, or venomous and horrible serpents.

‘ The distance of government diminishes its force ; either because, in the absence of the splendour and magnificence of the throne, men

yield obedience only to its power, unsupported by the influence of illusion and respect ; or, because the agents of authority in distant countries, exercising a larger discretion in the execution of the laws, inspire the people governed with greater hope of being able to escape their restraints.

‘ What idea must we then form of the force which the British government could exercise in the new world, when it is considered that the two countries being separated by an ocean three thousand miles in breadth, entire months sometimes transpired between the date of an order and its execution ?

‘ Let it be added, also, that except in cases of war, standing armies, the powerful engine of coercion, were very feeble in England, and much more feeble still in America : their existence even was contrary to law.

‘ As to the provinces of the south, the land being there more fertile, and the colonists consequently enjoying greater affluence, they could pretend to a more ample liberty, and discover less deference for opinions which differed from their own. Nor should it be imagined, that the happy fate they enjoyed, had enervated their minds, or impaired their courage. Living continually on their plantations, far from the luxury and seductions of cities, frugal and moderate in all their desires, it is certain, on the contrary, that the great abundance of things necessary to life, rendered their bodies more vigorous and their minds more impatient of all subjection.

‘ In these provinces also, the slavery of the blacks which was in use, seemed, however strange the assertion may appear, to have increased the love of liberty among the white population. Having continually before their eyes the living picture of the miserable condition of man reduced to slavery, they could better appreciate the liberty they enjoyed. This liberty they considered not merely as a right, but as a franchise and privilege. As it is usual for men, when their own interests and passions are concerned, to judge partially and inconsiderately, the colonists supported impatiently the superiority of the British government. They considered its pretensions as tending to reduce them to a state little different from that of their own slaves ; thus detesting for themselves, what they found convenient to exercise upon others.’

. Motives to independence, thus active and unchangeable—laid in the very foundations of society, and growing up with it ; incorporated, with modes of living ; habits of industry ; views of gain ; circumstances of place ; sentiments of religion ; recollections of injuries, and a dread of slavery, inspired, as we are told, by the habitual sight of their own injustice, could not fail either to find or to make an occasion, on which to break asunder all the cords that had hitherto bound them to the mother country. And hence it is, (according to our historian,) that when Great-Britain, in a spirit of peace or of policy, had retired from the

high ground of direct taxation, taken in 1764, the colonists saw, or affected to see, in that movement, only new reasons for multiplying and extending their pretensions, and for eventually giving to the controversy all the temper and forms of an irreclaimable rebellion.

How different are the views taken of this subject, in both its branches, (the conduct of Great Britain and that of the colonies,) by Mr. Walsh and Chief Justice Marshall. The former has recently, and, we think, conclusively shown, that the prosperity of the colonies was the signal for British jealousy and oppression; that attempts were incessantly made to destroy their charters; that the press busied itself in undermining their rights, and undervaluing their character; and that the servants of the crown, civil and military, were unwearied in demanding against them a more rigorous monopoly, and more degrading subjection.* Nor is Mr. Marshall less full, or clear, on the other point. "At no period of time," says he, "was the attachment of the colonists to the mother country more strong or more general, than in 1763, when the definitive articles of the treaty of peace between Great Britain, France and Spain, were signed. The war just concluded, had deeply interested every part of the continent. Every colony had been engaged in it, and every colony had felt its ravages. The part taken in it by Indian auxiliaries, had greatly increased its horrors, and had added to the joy produced in every bosom by its successful termination. The union of that vast tract of country which extends from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the gulf of Mexico to the north pole, was deemed a certain guarantee of future peace, and an effectual security against the return of those bloody scenes, from the sufferings of which, no condition of life could afford an exemption. This state of things, so long and so anxiously wished for by British America, had, at length, been effected by the union of British and American valour. They had co-operated in the same service; their blood had mingled on the same plains, and the object pursued was common to both people. While the British nation was endeared to the American heart by this community of danger and identity of interest, the brilliant achievements of the war had exalted to enthusiasm their admiration of British valour. They were proud of the land of their ancestors, and gloried in their descent from Englishmen. Nor was this sentiment of admiration confined to the military character of the nation; a full portion of it was bestowed on their political institutions."

* Page 4. sec. 1. of Walsh's Appeal.

Even after the sword had been drawn, and the blood of the parties had flowed at Lexington and Breeds' hill, these sentiments continued unchanged on the part of the colonies. "We believe," they said, "that there is yet much virtue, much justice, much public spirit in the English nation, and to these we make our appeal. You have been told, that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independency. Be assured, that these are not facts, but calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you our greatest glory, our greatest happiness. We shall ever be happy to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the empire—your enemies will be our's—your interests our own. We ask but for peace, liberty and safety. We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit any new right for ourselves. The royal authority over us, and our connexion with Great Britain, we shall carefully and zealously endeavour to maintain." These were declarations that could not deceive; they came warm from the hearts of a whole people, driven to choose between vassalage and resistance; and whose first and earnest appeals were made to the justice of a monarch, who would not hear, and to the interests of a nation rendered obdurate by pride, jealousy and folly. Such was not, however, the estimate put upon them by our historian—for he does more than insinuate, that they were a compound of artifice and hypocrisy; pious frauds to delude British subjects; 'mere pretexts for ulterior resolutions.'*

In presenting this view of M. Botta's introduction, we are actuated, not by any desire to degrade either the author or the work, but merely to rescue this first page of American history from misrepresentation, and, in particular, to show, that conformably to the professions of public bodies, often and solemnly made, there was no *premeditated* plan of independence; and that, whatever may have been the speculative opinions of some 'subtle doctors,' the mass of the people, and the majority of Congress, were cordially and zealously attached to the mother country.

We now proceed to the body of the work—to those military details which most directly connect themselves with the great event of the revolution, and of which we shall select enough to give to the reader a just idea of the accuracy of the historian.

After describing the peninsula of Boston, and those of Charlestown and Dorchester, and suggesting the military re-

* See Libro 4to. Tomo 1mo. p. 291, 292.

lations these places bear to each other, he proceeds to portray the hostile armies by which they were occupied :

‘ The number and quality of the combatants,’ says he, ‘ their opinions, their military science, their arms, ammunition, and provisions, created a great difference in their condition. The Americans were much superior in number ; but this number was subject to continual variations ; for that severe discipline, without which neither order nor stability can exist in armies, not being as yet introduced among them, the soldiers joined or left their colours, as best suited their inclinations ; and fresh bands of volunteers were daily arriving, to take the place of those who had left the camp. They had every kind of food in great abundance, and especially vegetables, so necessary to the health of troops. But their arms were far from being sufficient. They had, in all, but sixteen field-pieces, six of which, at the very utmost, were in a serviceable state. Their brass pieces, which were few, were of the smallest caliber. They had, however, some heavy iron cannon, with three or four mortars and howitzers, and a scanty provision of balls and bombs. But of powder, they were almost totally destitute ; for, upon inspecting the magazines, only eighty-two half-barrels of it were found. A certain quantity, it is true, might have been procured in the neighbouring provinces ; but this feeble resource would soon be exhausted. Muskets were in abundance ; but they were all of different calibers, each man having brought his own. They were admirably skilled in the use of this weapon, and therefore well adapted for the service of light troops and skirmishing parties ; but in regular battle they would have made but an indifferent figure. They had no uniforms, and no magazines stocked with provisions ; they lived, from day to day, without taking thought for the morrow ; but in these first moments, the zeal of the neighbouring country people suffered them to want for nothing. They had no coined money, or very little ; but they had bills of credit, which, at this epoch, were current at equal value with gold. The officers wanted due instruction, excepting those few who had served in the preceding wars. They were not even known by their soldiers ; for, the organization of the several corps, not being yet completed, the changes in them were continual. Orders were ill executed ; every one wished to command and to do according to his own fancy ; few deigned to obey. But all these defects were compensated by the determined spirit of their minds ; by the zeal of party ; the profound persuasion, in all, of the justice of their cause ; the exhortations of their chiefs, and of the ministers of religion, who neglected no means of daily exciting the people, already enthusiastically inclined to signalize their firmness and valour in an enterprise, pleasing in the sight of heaven and of all the benevolent of the human race.

‘ As to the British troops, they were abundantly provided with all things necessary to enter the field : their arsenals were glutted with

artillery of various caliber ; excellent muskets, powder, and arms of every denomination. The soldiers were all perfectly exercised, and accustomed to fatigues and dangers ; they had long been taught the difficult art—so essential in war—to obey. Their minds were full of the recollection of the achievements by which they had distinguished themselves at various times, in the service of their country, while combating against the most warlike nations of the world. A particular motive added greatly to the martial resolution of this army—the reflection that they were to combat under the royal standard, which is usually a powerful incentive to military honour. The English, moreover, considered the enemies they were about to encounter, in the light of rebels, a name that inflamed them with an animosity more intense than simple courage. They panted to avenge themselves for the affront at Lexington ; they could by no means admit, that these Americans were able to resist them ; they persisted in viewing them as cowards, who were indebted, for their success at Lexington, exclusively to their numbers, and the advantage of ground. They were persuaded, that in the first serious action, in the first regular battle, the colonists would not dare to wait their approach. But, until the arrival of the reinforcements expected from England, prudence exacted a circumspect conduct towards the Americans, whose forces were more than threefold their own in number.

‘These having at length arrived, the English generals deliberated maturely upon the most expedient mode of extricating themselves from their difficult position, and obtaining a wider command of the country. Two ways were suggested of issuing from the city : one to sally out from the Neck, and attack the American entrenchments at Roxbury ; and having forced them, to scour the country on the side of the county of Suffolk : the other, to pass the ferry of Charlestown, traverse the peninsula of that name, issue by the Isthmus, and dislodge the enemy who occupied the heights between Willis creek and Mystic river ; and then develop in the direction of Worcester.

‘General Gage had for some time been decided to attempt the first of these alternatives. He calculated, that in case of a repulse, the fortifications on Boston Neck would secure his retreat. The Americans having been apprized of this intention on the very day appointed for its execution, stood upon the alert. Whether from this cause, or from some other, the English general altered his resolution, and neither marched out on the day which had been fixed, nor on that which followed it. Of this delay the provincials availed themselves, by strengthening their intrenchments with parapets and palisades. They also concentrated their artillery, and reinforced this part of the army with all the militia of the adjacent country. All these dispositions were made with so much intelligence, that the English could no longer attempt an attack on this point, without exposing themselves to manifest peril. Accordingly, they abandoned all thoughts of it, and directed their views towards the peninsula and neck of Charlestown. Of this also the American generals had immediate notice, and re-

solved to exert their most strenuous endeavours to defeat this new project of the enemy. Nothing was better suited to such a purpose, than to fortify diligently the heights of Bunker's hill, which commanded the entrance and the issue of the peninsula of Charlestown. Orders were therefore given to Col. William Prescott, to occupy these with a detachment of a thousand men, and to intrench himself there, by the rules of art. But here, an error was committed which placed the garrison of Boston in very imminent danger, and reduced the two parties to the necessity of coming to action immediately. Deceived by the resemblance of name, or from some other motive, Col. Prescott, instead of repairing to Bunker's hill, and fortifying himself there, advanced farther on the peninsula, and commenced his intrenchments on Breed's hill, another eminence, which overlooks Charlestown, and is situated towards the extremity of the peninsula, nearer to Boston. The works were pushed with so much ardour, that the following morning by day break, the Americans had already constructed a square redoubt, capable of affording them some shelter from the enemy's fire, and the labour had been conducted with such silence, that the English had no suspicion of what was passing. It was about four in the morning, when the captain of a ship of war first perceived it, and began an attack with his artillery. The report of the cannon attracted a multitude of spectators to the shore.

The English generals doubted the testimony of their senses. Meanwhile, the thing appeared too important, not to endeavour to dislodge the provincials, or at least to prevent them from completing the fortifications they had begun: for, as the height of Breed's hill commands Boston, the city was no longer tenable, if the Americans were permitted to erect a battery upon this eminence. The English therefore opened a general fire of the artillery of the city, of the fleet, and of the floating batteries, stationed around the peninsula of Boston, and a tempest of bombs and balls hailed upon the works of the Americans. They were especially incommoded by the fire of a battery, planted upon an eminence named Cop's hill, which, situated within the city, forms a species of tower, in front of Breed's hill. But all this was without effect. The Americans continued to work the whole day with unshaken constancy; and towards night, they had already much advanced a retrenchment which descended from the redoubt to the foot of the hill, and almost to the bank of Mystic river. The fury of the enemy's artillery, it is true, prevented them from perfecting their plans.

' In this conjuncture, there remained no other hope for the British generals, but in attempting an assault, to drive the Americans, by dint of force, from this formidable position. This resolution was taken without hesitation; and was followed, on the 17th of June, by the action of Breed's hill, known also by the name of Bunker's hill; much renowned for the intrepidity, (not to say the temerity,) of the two parties, for the number of the dead and wounded, and for the effect it produced upon the opinions of men, in regard to the valour of the Americans, and the probable issue of the war.

' The right wing of the Americans was flanked by the houses of

Charlestown (which it occupied) on one extremity, and defended on the other by the redoubt erected upon Breed's hill. The centre and the left wing formed themselves behind the intrenchment, which, following the declivity of the hill, extended towards, but without reaching, Mystic river. The American officers having reflected, that the weakest part of their position was precisely this extremity, (for the intrenchment not extending to the river, and the land here being smooth and easy, there was danger of being turned and attacked in the rear,) they determined to obstruct this passage by two parallel palisades, and to fill up with herbage the interval between them. The troops of Massachusetts occupied Charlestown, the redoubt and a part of the intrenchment, and those of Connecticut commanded by Captain Knolten, and those of New-Hampshire under Col. Starke, the remaining part of that work. A few moments before the action commenced, Doctor Warren, who had been just appointed a general officer, a person of great authority and a zealous patriot, arrived with some reinforcements, and General Pomeroy made his appearance at the same time. The first joined the troops of his own province, Massachusetts; the second took command of those from Connecticut. General Putnam directed in chief, and held himself ready to repair to any point where his presence should be most wanted.* The Americans had no cavalry: that which was expected from the southern provinces had not yet arrived. Their artillery, without being very numerous, was nevertheless competent. They wanted not for muskets; but the greater part were without bayonets. Their sharpshooters, for want of rifles, were obliged to use common fire-locks, but as marksmen, they had no equals. Such were the means of the Americans; but their confidence was great, and they were all impatient for the signal of battle.

' Between mid-day and one o'clock, the heat being intense, all was in motion in the British camp. A multitude of sloops and boats, filled with soldiers, left the shore of Boston, and stood for Charlestown: they landed at Moreton's point, without meeting resistance; as the ships of war and armed vessels effectually protected the debarkation with the fire of their artillery, which forced the enemy to keep within his entrenchments. This corps consisted of ten companies of grenadiers, as many of light infantry, and artillery in proportion, the whole under the command of major-general Howe and brigadier-general Pigot. The troops, on landing, began to display, the light infantry upon the right, the grenadiers upon the left; but having observed the strength of the position, and the good countenance of the Americans, General Howe made a halt, and called a reinforcement.

' The English now formed themselves in two columns. Their plan

* The doubts attempted to be excited by Gen. Dearborn of the courage of Gen. Putnam, and his agency in this combat, are entirely put down by the publication of Mr. Daniel Putnam of Connecticut. The two letters of Messrs. Grosvenor and Trumbull not only show that Gen Putnam was in the engagement, but that he was *active and commanding*.

was, that the left wing, under General Pigot, should attack the rebels in Charlestown ; while the centre assaulted the redoubt, and the right wing, consisting of light infantry, should force the passage near the river Mystic, and attack the Americans in flank and rear ; which would have given the English a complete victory. It appears, also, that General Gage had formed the design of setting fire to Charlestown, when evacuated by the enemy, in order that the corps, destined to assail the redoubt, should, under the protection of the flame and smoke, be less exposed to the fire of the provincials.

‘ The dispositions having all been completed, the English put themselves in motion. The provincials, that were stationed to defend Charlestown, fearing that the assailants should penetrate between the town and the redoubt, and cut them off from the rest of the army, retreated. The English immediately entered the town, and fired the buildings, and (as they were of wood) in a moment the conflagration became general.

‘ They advanced slowly against the redoubt and entrenchment ; halting, from time to time, for the artillery to come up, and act with some effect, previously to the assault. The flames and smoke of Charlestown were of no use to them, as the wind having shifted drove them in a contrary direction. Their very gradual approach, and the extreme clearness of the air, permitted the Americans to level their muskets. They however suffered the enemy to approach, before they commenced their fire ; and waited the assault, in profound tranquillity. It would be difficult to paint the scene of terror presented by the actual circumstances. A large town, all enveloped in flames, which, excited by a violent wind, rose to an immense height, and spread every moment more and more ; an innumerable multitude, rushing from all parts, to witness so unusual a spectacle, and see the issue of the sanguinary conflict, that was about to commence ; the Bostonians, and soldiers of the garrison, not in actual service, mounted upon the spires, upon the roofs, and upon the heights and the hills, and circumjacent fields, from which the dread arena could be viewed in safety, covered with swarms of spectators, of every rank, and age, and sex ; each agitated by fear or hope, according to the party he espoused.

‘ The English having advanced within reach of musketry, the Americans showered upon them a volley of bullets. This terrible fire was so well supported and so well directed, that the ranks of the assailants were soon thinned and broken : they retired in disorder to the place of their landing, and some threw themselves precipitately into their boats. The field of battle was covered with the slain. The officers were seen running hither and thither, with promises, with exhortations, and with menaces, attempting to rally the soldiers, and inspirit them for a second attack. Finally, after the most painful efforts, they resumed their ranks and marched up to the enemy. The Americans reserved their fire, as before, and received them with the same deluge of balls. The English, overwhelmed and routed, again fled to the shore. In this perilous moment, General Howe remained for some time alone upon the field of battle : all the offi-

cers who surrounded him were killed or wounded. It is related, that at this critical conjuncture, upon which depended the issue of the day, General Clinton, who, from Cop's hill, examined all the movements, on seeing the destruction of the troops, immediately resolved to fly to their succour.

' This experienced commander, by an able movement, re-established order ; and, seconded by the officers, (who felt all the importance of success to English honour and the progress of the war,) led the troops to a third attack. This was directed against the redoubt at three several points. The artillery of the ships not only prevented all re-inforcements from coming to the Americans by the isthmus of Charlestown, but even uncovered, and swept the interior of the intrenchment, which was battered in front at the same time. The ammunition of the Americans was nearly exhausted, and they could have had no hopes of a supply. Their fire must of necessity languish. Meanwhile the English had advanced to the foot of the redoubt. The provincials, destitute of bayonets, defended themselves valiantly with the but-end of their muskets. But the redoubt, being already full of enemies, the American General gave the signal of retreat, and drew off his men.

' While the left wing and centre of the English army were thus engaged, the light infantry had impetuously attacked the palisades, which the provincials had erected upon the bank of the river Mystic. If on the one side the assault was furious, the resistance was not feeble on the other. In spite of all the efforts of the royal troops, the provincials still maintained the battle at this point, and had no thoughts of retiring, until they saw the redoubt and upper part of the trench in the possession of the enemy. Their retreat was executed with an order, not to have been expected from new levied soldiers. This strenuous resistance on the left wing of the American army was, in effect, the salvation of the rest ; for, if it had given ground but a few instants sooner, the enemy's light infantry would have taken the main body and right wing in the rear, and their situation would have been hopeless. But the Americans had not yet reached the term of their toils and dangers. The only retreat that remained was by the isthmus of Charlestown, and the English had placed there a ship of war and two floating batteries, the balls of which raked every part of it. The Americans, however, issued from the peninsula without any considerable loss. It was during the retreat, that Doctor Warren received his death. Finding the corps he commanded hotly pursued by the enemy ; despising all danger, he stood alone before the ranks, endeavouring to rally the troops, and encourage them by his own example. He reminded them of the mottoes, inscribed on their ensigns ; on one side of which were these words—*An appeal to heaven* ; and on the other, *Qui transtulit, sustinet* : meaning, that the same Providence which brought their ancestors through so many perils, to a place of refuge, would also deign to support their descendants.'

This description is certainly vivid and interesting, but in many points incorrect.

1st. The suggestion, that the position given to the redoubt by Col. Prescott, was matter of *mistake*; and that *Bunker's*, not *Breed's*, hill, was the point which his orders directed him to fortify—is wholly unfounded. “On the 16th of June, 1775, it was determined to fortify a post at, or *near*, Bunker's hill, and a detachment of the army was ordered, accordingly, to advance early in the evening of that day and commence the erection of a strong work on the heights, in the *rear* of Charlestown, then called *Breed's* hill.”* Nor, had there been either mistake, or violation of orders, in this case, can it be justly attributed to Prescott; since, according to Judge Grosvenor's statement, “the ground was broken, and the redoubt formed, under the immediate superintendence of Gen. Putnam.”†

2d. Two nights, and one entire day, were, according to Mr. Botta, given to the raising of this work and its auxiliary entrenchment; so that these preparatory measures either began on the night of the 15th, or the battle was fought on the 18th, contrary to all other testimony in the case. The truth is, that the night of the 16th, and morning of the 17th, were employed on the redoubt and entrenchment, and that the battle began in the afternoon of the latter.

3d. Mr. Botta states the British force employed, to have consisted of *ten* companies of grenadiers, and *ten* of light infantry, and a proportion of artillery, and has altogether omitted the four battalions (of the 5th, 38th, 43d, and 52d) which were engaged in this action.‡

4th. Mr. Botta states the slowness with which the British moved to the attack—‘giving time,’ as he says, ‘for their artillery to act with some efficiency;’—yet according to Dearborn, no artillery was employed on either side, and from the same cause—the *ammunition boxes* having been filled with cartridges not adapted to the calibers of the guns.

5th. Dr. Warren is represented as on that day, exercising his new functions of Major-General, bringing on a re-enforcement personally, and commanding the Massachusetts militia; and Gen. Pomeroy, as commanding that of Connecticut;—statements, not supported by any, and expressly contradicted by much, credible testimony.

6th. According to our historian, the last and successful effort of the British army was made on *three* different points of

* Account of the Battle of Bunker's hill, page 1.

† Letter to Maj. Gen. Dearborn, Esq. by Daniel Putnam.

‡ British Annual Register for 1775. These battalions made part of the original corps. A battalion of marines were subsequently brought over.

the redoubt, and (at the same time) on the palisades or rail fence, extending towards Mystic river.

Now, as Gen. Dearborn tells the story, these multiplied attacks were but *one*, and that confined to the angle of the work facing Charlestown, where no enfilading fire could be brought against it, and which was precisely the thing that (after omitting to seize Bunker's hill) Gen. Howe ought to have done in his first onset. "At this time (says D.) the ground occupied by the enemy was covered with his dead and wounded. Only a few detached parties again advanced, which kept up a distant, ineffectual, and scattering fire, until a strong reinforcement arrived from Boston, which advanced on the *southern* declivity of the hill, in the rear of Charlestown. When this column arrived, opposite to that angle of the work that faced Charlestown, it wheeled by platoons to the right, and advanced directly upon the redoubt, without firing a gun, and attempted to carry it by assault, but, at the first onset, every man that mounted the parapet was cut down, by the troops within, who had formed on the opposite side of the work—not being prepared with bayonets to meet a charge. The column wavered for a moment, but soon formed again, when a forward movement was made, with such spirit and intrepidity, as to render the feeble efforts of a handful of men, without the means of defence, unavailing; they then fled through an opening in the rear of the redoubt, which had been left for a gateway. At this moment, the rear of the British column, wheeling round the angle of the redoubt, threw in a galling fire upon our troops as they rushed from it."*

7th. It was not sufficiently wonderful, that a mere yeomanry, hastily assembled, destitute of any scientific knowledge of war, and even badly supplied with arms and ammunition, should have twice repulsed from a half-finished redoubt a well-appointed and regular army—they must also, according to Mr. Botta, effect their retreat across a narrow isthmus enfiladed on both flanks by vessels of war, and pressed, on the rear, by the conquering troops, with *unexpected order and regularity!*

We have certainly no desire to lessen the merits or detract from the praise of these gallant men; but to ascribe to them a conduct, which would be hardly credible in regular troops, is not merely to tamper with historical truth, but to render doubtful every other part of the story. In this remark, we are sustained, not only by what is known to all, of militia *regularity*, but by the express testimony of Gen. Dearborn, who says,

* Account of the battle of Bunker's hill, page 4.

“our whole line now gave way, and retreated with *rapidity* and *disorder* towards Bunker's hill.”

Our next extract will describe the march of Arnold through the deserts, which then separated the province of Maine from the St. Lawrence, and the subsequent attacks on Quebec by Gen. Montgomery.

‘All the preparations being completed, and the troops appearing animated with extreme ardour, colonel Arnold departed from the camp of Boston about the middle of September, and arrived at Newburyport, situated at the mouth of the Merrimack.

‘The vessels that waited for him there, conveyed him to the mouths of the Kennebeck. The wind being favourable, he entered the river, and found two hundred batteaux in preparation, at the town of Gardiner. Having laden them with his arms, ammunition, and provisions, he thus proceeded up the river to fort Western, situated upon the right bank. Here he divided his corps into three detachments: the first, composed of riflemen and commanded by captain Morgan, formed the vanguard, to explore the country, sound the fords, prepare the ways, and especially to reconnoitre what the Americans denominate *portages*. These portages are places where, the rivers ceasing to be navigable, it becomes necessary to carry by hand or sumpter, all the lading of the batteaux, and finally the boats themselves, until the streams become navigable anew. The second detachment marched the day following, and the third, the day after that. The current was rapid, the bed of the river rocky, and often interrupted by falls and other impediments. It happened at every instant, that the water entered the batteaux, and damaged or drowned the provisions and ammunition. At every portage, and they were encountered continually, the boats were to be unladen, and transported upon shoulders, to a navigable place. The expedition upon land offered difficulties no less formidable than this of the water. It was necessary to penetrate through thickest forests, to scale mountains, to wade through quagmires, and traverse horrible precipices. The soldiers, while hewing a way through so many obstacles, were forced to carry all their baggage; and accordingly they advanced but very slowly. Provisions began to fail them before they arrived at the sources of the Kennebeck. They found themselves constrained to eat their dogs, and even aliments still more strange. Numbers, wasted by continual fatigues and hardships, were attacked with maladies. As soon as they reached the source of Dead river, which is a branch of the Kennebeck, colonel Enos received orders to send back all the sick, and all those to whom it was not possible to furnish provisions. But this officer embracing the occasion, returned with all his detachment to the camp at Boston. All the army, on seeing him appear, were transported with indignation against a man who had abandoned his own companions, in the midst of danger, and whose desertion might occasion the miscarriage of the whole enterprise. He was brought before a court-martial, but acquitted, in consequence

of the acknowledged impossibility of procuring sustenance in these wild and desert places.

‘ Meanwhile colonel Arnold pursued his march, with the two first divisions. He had employed thirty-two days in traversing dreary solitudes, without perceiving a single habitation—a single human face. Marshes, mountains, precipices, were encountered at every step, and appeared to cut off all hope of success, or rather all hope of safety. Death was to all more an object of desire than of fear: their toils, their hardships, their sufferings, had no end. Their constancy, however, did not desert them: the law of necessity seemed to sustain their energies. Arrived upon the summit of the mountains that separate the waters of the Kennebeck from those of the Chaudiere and of the river St. Lawrence, the feeble relics of food that still were found were divided equally among all the companies. Arnold said to his soldiers, they must now push forward to seek subsistence, since they had no other resource, no other chance of preservation. As to himself, he was to be seen every where, reconnoitring the places, and searching for some means to escape famine. The companies were still thirty miles distant from any inhabited place, when it was found that every species of subsistence was consumed to the last morsel. Despair became general: all at once, Arnold appeared, and brought with him wherewith to satisfy the first wants of nature. They resumed their march; and at length discovered, with inconceivable joy, the sources of the Chaudiere, and, soon after, the first habitations of the Canadians. These showed themselves heartily well disposed towards the Congress, and offered the Americans all the succours that were in their power. Arnold, who was impatient to reap the fruits of so many toils and of so many perils, would wait no longer than was necessary for the rear guard to come up, and to assemble the scattered soldiers. He then gave out a proclamation of general Washington. It was drawn up in the same style as those of generals Schuyler and Montgomery. The Canadians were exhorted to enter into the confederacy, and resort to the banners of general liberty: they were told, that the colonists came not to oppress or despoil them, but, on the contrary, to protect persons and property, in a country they considered friendly: “ Let them remain, therefore, in their dwellings; let them not fly from their friends; let them furnish the troops with all the necessaries in their power, for which they might depend upon full payment.”

‘ Arnold continued his march, and arrived, the 9th of November, at a place named *Point Levy*, situated opposite to Quebec, upon the right bank of the river St. Lawrence. It is easy to imagine the stupor of surprise which seized the inhabitants of Quebec, at the apparition of these troops. They could not comprehend by what way, or in what mode, they had transported themselves into this region. This enterprise appeared to them not merely marvellous, but miraculous; and if Arnold, in this first moment, had been able to cross the river, and fall upon Quebec, he would have taken it without difficulty. But colonel Maclean had been seasonably apprized of the approach

of the Americans, by a letter, which Arnold, being still at the sources of the Kennebeck, had confided to an Indian of St. Francis, to deliver to general Schuyler, and which this savage had suffered to be taken from him, or perhaps had voluntarily given up. The English had consequently withdrawn all the batteaux from the right bank to the other side of the river. In addition to which, the wind this day blew so violently, that it would have been impossible to cross the river without manifest danger. These two circumstances saved the city. Arnold was forced to lose several days ; and he could have no hope of being able to pass, except in the night, the river being guarded by the frigate *Lizard* and several smaller armed vessels, that were anchored under the walls of the city. But, during many successive nights, the wind was even more impetuous than by day. Meanwhile, the Canadians had furnished Arnold with batteaux ; and he waited only for a fit time to attempt the passage.

‘The commander of Quebec found himself provided with few means to defend the city. The spirit that prevailed among the inhabitants could not fail to alarm him ; and the garrison was very feeble. The merchants and English were much dissatisfied with the French laws, which had recently been introduced into the province, and the little regard shown by the government for their petitions. They complained, that all favours, that all privileges, were reserved for the French inhabitants ; and that the desire to win the benevolence of these enemies, had caused the government to despise friends. “These Frenchmen,” they said, “elated with pride by so many attentions, incessantly insult and outrage the English. Even in private circles, these zealous subjects are forward to discourse upon affairs of state, in order to sound the opinion of those that hear them, and afterwards to go and report their words to persons in authority. Thus the liberty enjoyed by the English in their actions and speech, is transformed into symptoms of disaffection, disloyalty, and sinister designs.” The English citizens also manifested an extreme disgust at the license of the soldiery, and at the conduct of the governor, who had left the city without garrison, when the troops had been sent against the insurgents in the part of the Sorel and of Montreal, without even having taken the precaution to organize the companies of militia. It appeared, also, that little reliance could be placed in the fidelity of the French, the greater part of whom were wavering, and some even declared enemies to British domination. On the other hand, the garrison was extremely feeble : it only consisted in the companies of Royal Irish, under colonel Maclean, and in a few militia, finally assembled in haste by the lieutenant-governor. The council of naval officers had not permitted the sailors to be landed, to serve on shore, as well on account of the season, now far advanced, as of the difficulties of the navigation.

‘But when the American colours were seen floating on the other side of the river, all the citizens, soldiers or not soldiers, landsmen or seamen, English or French, united by common danger, and fearing for their property, which was very considerable, hastened with emulation to the defence of the city ; and exerted the utmost ardour, in

order to make all necessary preparations, before the enemy could pass the river. The companies of militia were armed, and stationed at their posts. The Royal Irish manifested the greatest resolution. The marines were put on shore, who, accustomed to the management of cannon, were destined to serve the artillery of the ramparts. The activity of colonel Maclean was of great benefit, in this first approach of perils: he neglected nothing to inspire all minds with firmness, and to assemble whatever might contribute to the defence of the city.

‘ Finally, the wind being moderated, and Arnold having made his arrangements, in order to pass the river, and attack the city, he appointed the night of the 13th of November for the execution of his designs. He embarked all his men, with the exception of one hundred and fifty, who remained to complete the requisite number of ladders. Notwithstanding the extreme rapidity of the current, and all the pains it was necessary to take in order to avoid the ships of the enemy, he reached the left bank, a little above the place where general Wolfe was landed in 1759, under auspices so happy for his country, and so fatal to himself. Unable to scale the banks of the river, which are very steep at this point, he descended towards Quebec, always marching upon the margin of the river, until he was come to the foot of the same precipice which general Wolfe found so much difficulty in surmounting. Followed by his intrepid companions, he mounted to its summit, and drew up his little band upon the heights near the plain of Abraham. Here he waited for them to recover breath, and to give time for the companies left on the other side of the St. Lawrence to join him. He had hoped to surprise the city, and to carry it by a single effort. But the notice given by the intercepted letter, the appearance he had made at Point Levy, and the encounter of a boat that was passing from the port of Quebec to the frigate, had given the alarm, and apprized the whole city of the danger ready to burst upon them; accordingly, all were at their posts. It was not long before Arnold had full assurance of it; for, having sent forward the companies of riflemen, to reconnoitre the places and the position of the enemy, they reported, on their return, that they had encountered advanced guards who had given the alarm. The colonel was nevertheless disposed to order the attack; but the other officers endeavoured to dissuade him from it. The greater part of the muskets were become, by the accidents of a long march, unfit for service. So great a part of the ammunition had perished, that there no longer remained more than six charges to each soldier. Finally, the provincials had not a single piece of cannon. But, if Arnold had lost the hope of taking Quebec by storm, he had not renounced that of exciting within it a movement in his favour, and causing its gates to be opened to him, by showing himself in arms under its walls. Accordingly, he displayed himself frequently upon the heights; and even sent a flag, summoning the town to surrender. But all was in vain. Colonel Maclean, who commanded during the absence of the governor, not only refused to admit the message, but ordered his men to fire upon the bearers. Arnold was informed, at the same time, that the soldiers who had escaped from the discomfiture of Montreal,

were coming down the river; and that colonel Maclean was preparing to make a sally.

‘Finding himself therefore constrained to retire, he encamped at a place called *Point au Tremble*, twenty miles above Quebec, to await the arrival of Montgomery, who was expected from Upper Canada. He perceived, during his march, the ship in which governor Carleton was proceeding to Quebec. When arrived at *Point au Tremble*, he learned that this general had stopped there only a few hours before : so uncertain are the events of war—so singular are the chances on which often depends the fate of nations !

‘The governor arrived, therefore, without accident, at Quebec. He immediately set about taking all the measures of defence which the pressure of time, and the difficulty of circumstances, could allow him. He sent out of the city, with their families, all those who refused to take arms. The garrison, inclusive of the militia, amounted only to about fifteen hundred men, a number much inferior to what would have been necessary to guard suitably all the fortifications, which were extensive and multiplied : and even of this number, the proportion of regular soldiers was very inconsiderable. The companies organized by colonel Maclean were composed of new levies ; and one company of the seventh regiment were all recruits. The rest was a medley of militia, French and English, of some few marines, of sailors belonging to the frigates of the king, or to the merchant vessels that wintered in the port. These seamen constituted the principal force of the garrison ; for they at least knew how to serve the artillery.

‘In the meantime, general Montgomery, having left garrisons in the fortresses of Upper Canada, and secured the favourable dispositions of the inhabitants of the parts adjacent, commenced his march towards Quebec, and arrived, the 1st of December, at *Point au Tremble*, with a detachment not exceeding, if it amounted to, three hundred men. Here colonel Arnold advanced to receive him,—and they marched in company, and arrived the 5th of December in sight of Quebec. Their force was inferior to that of the garrison they purposed to attack. They sent to summon it by a flag. The governor ordered his troops to fire upon the bearer. Montgomery then resorted to the agency of an inhabitant, to convey another letter to the governor ; in which, after having magnified his own forces, the insufficiency of the garrison, and the impossibility of defence, he demanded an immediate surrender, threatening an assault, and all the calamities which irritated and victorious soldiers are wont to inflict upon cities taken by storm. This step was also without success : general Carleton, a veteran commander, was not a man to be intimidated so easily. As to the American general, considering the weakness of his means, and the immobility of the inhabitants, who made no demonstration in his favour, he cherished but faint hopes of success. Nevertheless, to abandon an enterprise in which he had engaged with so much ardour, appeared to him too unworthy of his name and valour. He was not ignorant, besides, that in the commencement of this revolution, the unfortunate issue of an expedition so agreeable to the people, and

upon which they had founded such brilliant expectations, would infallibly produce a pernicious effect upon the public mind. He foresaw that instead of ardour and confidence, it must introduce dejection and despair. He doubted even whether he should be able to preserve the part of Canada he had acquired, if the capital of the province remained in the power of the English. He had been informed, that, in the following spring, large re-enforcements were to arrive from England; which would enable the enemy to expel the American troops without difficulty. Wanting forces, but not courage, Montgomery resorted to the only way that was left him: he resolved to harass and reduce the garrison, by frequent and furious attacks. He was not without hope, that he might thus find some opportunity to strike a decisive blow: this expectation was the more probable, as the garrison was far from being sufficient to guard effectually the numerous fortifications of so extensive a city. The American general, accordingly, attempted to throw bombs into the town, with five small mortars; hoping in this manner to excite some movement within. But the vigilance of the governor, the zeal and bravery of the officers, and especially the efforts of the seamen, prevented this siege from producing any perceptible effect.

‘A few days after, Montgomery planted a battery of six pieces of cannon, and a howitzer, within seven hundred paces of the walls. This artillery was laid, not upon the ground, but upon banks of snow and ice; the pieces were of feeble caliber; their fire was nearly without result.

‘Meanwhile, the snow which fell incessantly, incumbered the earth; and the cold had become so violent, that it was beyond human nature to support it in the open field. The hardships which the Americans had to suffer from the rigour of the climate, and the fatigues to which their small number subjected them, surpass all the imagination can picture of the most severe. The attachment they bore to their cause, and the unshaken confidence which they had in their general, could only have sustained them in the midst of trials so terrible. To render their position still more dismal, the small-pox broke out in the camp: this scourge was the terror of the soldiers. It was ordered that those who were attacked with it, should wear a sprig of hemlock upon their hats, that the others might know and avoid them. But constancy in the human breast, gives place to despair, when sufferings appear without end. And this extremity was the more to be feared among the provincials, as the expiration of their time, with the possibility of escape from so many evils, might probably create the desire. All these considerations persuaded Montgomery, that without a bold and immediate effort, he must renounce the idea of satisfying public expectation, and witness the eclipse of his own glory. In his position, even temerity became prudence, and it was better to lose life in a glorious action, than resign himself to a shame which would have been so fatal to the American arms.

‘Accordingly, Montgomery having determined to attempt the assault, convoked a council of war, and acquainted them with his project. Without denying that it was of difficult execution, he maintained that

it was possible, and that valour and prudence would triumph over all obstacles. All were in favour of his proposition. A few companies of Arnold, dissatisfied with their commander, alone testified repugnance. But captain Morgan, a man of real merit, addressed them in a persuasive discourse, and their opposition ceased. The general had already arranged in his mind the plan of the attack, and thought of all the means proper to carry it into execution. He intended it should take place, at the same time, against the upper and the lower city. But understanding that a deserter had given notice of it to the governor, he resolved to divide his army into four corps, two of which, composed in great part of Canadians, under the command of majors Livingston and Brown, were to occupy the attention of the enemy by two feigned attacks of the upper town, towards St. John and Cape Diamond. The two others, led, the first by Montgomery, the second by Arnold, were reserved to assault the lower part of the town from two opposite points. The general was perfectly aware, that after he should have carried this part of Quebec, there would remain many difficulties to be surmounted in order to conquer the other. But he hoped that the inhabitants, on seeing so great a proportion of their property fallen into the power of the victors, would force the governor to capitulate.

‘The last day of the year, 1775, between four and five o’clock in the morning, in the midst of a heavy storm of snow, the four columns put themselves in motion, in the best order, each towards the point assigned.

‘It is said that captain Frazer, of the Irish emigrants, in going his round, perceived the fusees which the Americans fired to give the signal; and that, immediately, without waiting further orders, he caused the drums to beat, and roused the garrison to arms. The columns of Livingston and of Brown, impeded by the snow and other obstacles, were not in time to execute their feints. But Montgomery, at the head of his, composed chiefly of New-York men, advanced upon the bank of the river, marching by the way denominated *Anse de mer*, under Cape Diamond. Here was encountered a first barrier, at a place called Potash, which was defended by a battery of a few pieces of cannon; further on, at the distance of two hundred paces from this, stood a redoubt, furnished with a sufficient guard. The soldiers that composed it, being the greater part Canadians, on seeing the enemy approach, were seized with terror, threw down their arms, and fled. The battery itself was abandoned: and if the Americans could have advanced with sufficient expedition, they would certainly have been masters of it. But in turning Cape Diamond, the foot of which is bathed by the waters of the river, they found the road interrupted by enormous masses of snow. Montgomery, with his own hands, endeavoured to open a path for his troop who followed him, man by man: he was compelled to wait for them. At length having assembled about two hundred, whom he encouraged with voice and example, he moved courageously and rapidly towards the barrier. But in the mean time, a cannonier who had retreated from the battery, on seeing the enemy halt, returned to his post, and taking a match,

which happened to be still burning, fired a cannon charged with grape shot ; the Americans were within forty paces. This single explosion totally extinguished the hopes they had conceived. Montgomery, as well as captains Macpherson and Cheesman, both young men of singular merit, and dear to the general, were killed upon the spot.

‘ The soldiers shrunk back on seeing their general fall ; and colonel Campbell, on whom the command had devolved, was not a man capable of executing so perilous an enterprise. The flight soon became universal ; so that this part of the garrison no longer having enemies to combat, was at liberty to fly to the succour of that which was attacked by Arnold.

‘ This colonel, who was himself at the head of the forlorn hope, marched by the way of St. Roc, towards the place called *Saut-au-Matelot*. Captain Lamb followed him with a company of artillery, and one piece of cannon ; next came the main body, preceded by the riflemen under captain Morgan. The besieged had erected at the entrance of the avenue, a battery, which defended a barrier. The Americans found themselves confined within a passage obstructed by deep snow, and so commanded by the works of the enemy, that his grape shot swept it in every direction. Meanwhile, Arnold advanced rapidly under the fire of the besieged, who manned the walls. He received a musket ball in the leg, which wounded him severely, splintering the bone. It was necessary to carry him to the hospital, almost by compulsion. Captain Morgan then took the command, and with all the impetuosity of his character, he launched himself against the battery, at the head of two companies. The artillery of the enemy continued to fire grape shot, but with little effect.

‘ The American riflemen, celebrated for their extreme address, killed many of the English soldiers through the embrasures. They applied ladders to the parapet ; the besieged were daunted, and abandoned the battery to the assailants. Morgan, with his companies, and a few soldiers of the centre, who were come up to the vanguard, made many prisoners, English as well as Canadians ; but his situation became extremely critical. The main body had not yet been able to join him ; he had no guide, and he was unacquainted with the city ; he had no artillery ; and the day was still far from dawning. He found himself constrained to halt ; his soldiers began to reflect upon their position ; their ardour cooled rapidly. The ignorance in which they were of the fate of their other columns, the obscurity of night, the snow which fell with redoubled violence, the firing of musketry which was heard on every side, and even behind them, finally, the uncertainty of the future, filled the boldest spirits with an involuntary terror. Morgan alone resisted the panick ; he rallied his riflemen, promising them a certain victory. He ran to the barrier, to spur on those who had remained behind. Lieutenant-colonel Green, majors Bigelow and Meigs, joined him with their companies. The morning began to dawn, when Morgan, with a terrible voice, summoned his troops to the assault : he led on with fury against a second battery, which he knew to be only a few paces distant, though masked by an angle of the road ; on turning the corner, he encountered a detachment

of English, who had sallied from the battery, under the command of captain Anderson. The latter summoned the Americans to lay down their arms. Morgan levelled a musket at his head, and laid him dead upon the ground. The English then retreated within the battery, and closed the barrier. A fierce combat ensued, which cost many lives to the two parties, but most to the Americans, whose flanks were exposed to a destructive fire of musketry from the windows of the houses. Meanwhile, some of the most adventurous having rested their ladders against the palisades, appeared disposed to leap them, but on seeing two files of soldiers prepared to receive them on the points of their bayonets, they renounced this project. Cut down by a continual fire, they now sought shelter in the houses. Morgan remained almost alone, near the barrier, endeavoring in vain to recal his soldiers, and inspire them with fresh courage. Weariness, and the menacing countenance of the enemy, had disheartened the most audacious. Their arms, bathed by the snow, which continued to fall impetuously, were no longer of any use to them. Morgan then seeing the expedition frustrated, ordered the retreat to sound, in order to avoid being surrounded. But the soldiers who had taken refuge in the houses, were afraid to expose themselves to the tempest of shot that must have been encountered in gaining the corner of the avenue, where they would have been out of danger, and whence they might have retired behind the first barrier. The loss they had sustained, the fury of the storm, and the benumbing effects of the cold, had deprived them of all courage. In the mean time, a detachment of the besieged sallied out from a gate of the palace, and captain Dearborne, who, with his company of provincials, held himself in reserve near this gate, having surrendered, the English retook all this part of the city; consequently, Morgan saw himself encircled by enemies. He proposed to his followers, to open, with arms, the way of retreat; but they refused, in the hope that the assault given on the other part might have succeeded, and that Montgomery would soon come to their relief. They resolved to defend themselves, in the mean time; but having at length perceived by the continually increasing multitude of enemies, the true state of things, they yielded to destiny, and laid down their arms.

‘Such was the issue of the assault given by the Americans to the city of Quebec, in the midst of the most rigorous season of the year; an enterprise, which, though at first view it may seem rash, was certainly not impossible. The events themselves have proved it: for if general Montgomery had not been slain at the first onset, it is more than probable that on his part he would have carried the barrier, since even at the moment of his death the battery was abandoned, and only served by a few men: by penetrating at this point, while Arnold and Morgan obtained the same advantages in their attacks, all the lower city would have fallen into the power of the Americans. However this may be, though victory escaped them, their heroic efforts will be the object of sincere admiration. The governor, using his advantages nobly, treated the prisoners with much humanity. He caused the American general to be interred, with all military honours.

‘The loss of this excellent officer was deeply and justly lamented by all his party. Born of a distinguished Irish family, Montgomery had entered, in early youth, the career of arms ; and had served, with honour, in the preceding war between Great Britain and France. Having married an American lady, and purchased an estate in the province of New-York, he was considered, and considered himself, an American. He loved glory much, and liberty more. Neither genius, nor valour, nor occasion, failed him ; but time, and fortune. And if it is allowable, from the past actions of man to infer the future, what motives are there for believing, that if death had not taken him from his country in all the vigour of his age, he would have left it the model of military heroism and of civil virtues ! He was beloved by the good, feared by the wicked, and honoured even by enemies. Nature had done all for him : his person, from its perfection, answered to the purity of his mind. He left a wife, the object of all his tenderness, with several children, still infants ;—a spectacle for their country, at once of pity and of admiration ! The state, from gratitude towards their father, distinguished them with every mark of kindness and of protection. Thus died this man,—whose name, ever pronounced with enthusiasm by his own, has never ceased to be respected by the warmest of the opposite, party : marvellous eulogium, and almost without example !’

We forbear any remarks on this detail. It is perhaps, in itself, sufficiently faithful, but we cannot give the same praise to the conclusion that our historian would seem to draw from it ;—that, had Montgomery not fallen, the attack would have been successful. We must remember that the assailants did not exceed 800 men ;* that this force was virtually militia ; that a portion of it was but just rescued from a state of insubordination, and brought to the attack by a hope only of plunder ;† that the weather was particularly adverse to long continued exertion ; that the strength of the place, natural and artificial, was very extraordinary, and that the point attacked, (the lower town,) if carried, left the assailants under the guns of the upper, and without means of escaping their effect, but by hastily abandoning their first conquest ; or, by going on to another point still more difficult, by a narrow path, on the side of a steep and slippery declivity of more than 200 feet, bristling with bayonets and protected by cannon.

These considerations lead us to conclude, that, though the General had not fallen, the result of the attack would not have been different from what it was. We know how to estimate personal exertions, and believe, that they sometimes work miracles, and have no doubt but that Montgomery would have signalized himself at every step he took ; but, like other powers,

* Marshall, p. 298. Vol. 2.

† Idem. p. 302.

valour and skill have their limits, and though they can do much, there are labours they cannot achieve.

Another circumstance in this detail is still less a subject of commendation—because the mere creature of Mr. Botta's fancy, and without a shadow of authority, from any quarter.—We allude to 'that spectacle of pity and admiration'—the *orphan children* of the deceased hero! Who that knows any thing of Montgomery's story, does not know, that like Epaminondas, his only children were his *victories*?

These two extracts offer a fair specimen of Mr. Botta's talent "for sifting truth from falsehood," because, with all their errors, they are perhaps that portion of the work, which is least liable to the imputation of inaccuracy. Other of his details abound in mistakes or misrepresentations; the effect, as we suppose, of a desire of being thought "wise above what is written." It is under this impulse, that not contented with telling us, that congress was divided on the question of independence, and that speeches were made pro et contra, he goes on to inform us,—who were the speakers, and what they respectively said, on that occasion? He is also not only acquainted with the fact, that Gen. Gage meditated an attack on Roxbury, but is even privy to the *motives* which determined him to decline it. He not only knows, that Dr. Warren was killed on the retreat from Breed's hill, but represents him as having received the fatal wound, while in the act of apostrophising the standard under which he fought, and translating it's Latin motto—"Qui transtulit, sustinet!" After detailing the loss of Ticonderoga in 1777, he states, that Schuyler and Sinclair were, at the intercession of Washington, *continued in command*; but fearing that the loss of this post would have a mischievous influence on their negociations in Europe, congress "did not hesitate to disguise the truth" by instructing their agents to lay the whole blame, of their own improvidence, on these Generals! In the same spirit of conjectural boldness, he has imagined an interview, between Gates and Burgoyne, in which, he says, great care was taken to spare the feelings of the latter, for he was only asked, "how he could have found in his heart to burn the houses of the poor people?" And in illustration, as we suppose, of this tender and polite question, adds, that in the neighborhood of Saratoga, the British General had burnt the *magnificent villa* of Gen. Schuyler!

In speaking of the preliminary steps which led to the battle of Monmouth, he balances the opinions of the council of war, for and against an attack of the British army—though the fact, as stated by Marshall, is abundantly established, that of seventeen Generals, but one (Gen. Wayne) was for making the attack.—He again, in relation to the battle itself, says, 'Wash-

' ington, apprehensive that the enemy would post himself in
 ' the *mountains* of Middletown, and thence escape to New-York
 ' without interruption, ordered Gen. Lee to attack the enemy
 ' in *front*, while Morgan and Dickenson should descend into
 ' the valley upon his flanks, the first to the right, the second to
 ' the left, in *order to attack the column of Kniphausen*, encum-
 ' bered with it's long train of carriages and packhorses. Each
 ' put himself in motion to obey. Gen. Clinton having resumed
 ' his march, had already descended from the heights of Free-
 ' hold, when he perceived that the Americans were also de-
 ' scending with impetuosity, in order to attack him. He was
 ' informed at the same instant, that Kniphausen was exposed to
 ' the greatest peril, his *convoy being engaged in defiles* that
 ' continued several miles. Clinton, finding himself under the
 ' necessity of fighting, instantly took the only resolution that
 ' could extricate him from the embarrassments of his position.
 ' He determined to turn upon the Americans who menaced his
 ' rear, and to charge them with the utmost vigour. He persuaded
 ' himself, that thrown into disorder by this unexpected attack,
 ' they would hasten to recall to their succour, the *corps they*
 ' *had detached to intercept the baggage.*' In the same strain,
 knowing every thing, and doubting nothing, he tells us that
 Morgan was placed at the head of a corps of *cavalry*;—that
 Lee left only to La Fayette the command of *cavalry* and *mi-*
litia,—that Wayne *charged* the British line at one point, and
 Poor, at another; that the latter had besides his own brigade,
 a corps of *Carolina militia*; and, lastly, that ' Clinton had not
 ' to blush for this day, since with his *rear guard* alone, he had
 ' repulsed the American van, and finally arrested the whole
 ' army!'

They who believe, with Mr. Jefferson, that our historian has
 been particularly fortunate in selecting his *facts*, and in pre-
 senting only such as were material to the story and well estab-
 lished, may be somewhat surprised to learn, that the whole of
 this representation, from beginning to end, is utterly without
 foundation. Lee was ordered to attack, not the *front*, but the
rear of the enemy;—Dickenson and Morgan, not the right and
 left flanks of Kniphausen's column, but those that were led by
 Clinton; the former of these columns was not *engaged* at all,
 either while on the heights, or in the hollows—on the plains,
 or in the defiles;—Morgan commanded, not *cavalry* but *rifle-*
men; La Fayette was left in the undisturbed command of his
 division;—no *charge*, in the military sense of the word, was
 made by either Wayne or Poor;—no corps of *Carolina militia*
 was either on the field, or near it,—and lastly, the British
 troops engaged formed not the *rear guard*, but the *main body*,
 of Mr. Clinton's army. On this head, (already sufficiently long,)

we will but add, that M. Botta's *topographical sketches*, on which he appears to have bestowed some care, are not sufficiently correct. By some extraordinary misconception, he makes Boston the *centre* of Massachusetts;* raises *mountains* on Long Island, covered with wood, and *impassable but at three points*—and bestows on South Bay, the name of *Wood creek*, &c. &c.

We now proceed to the other, and least important part of our task, a view of the work, as a literary composition. And here we state distinctly, that we have only praises to bestow. The *arrangement* of the matter is good.—In the introduction, we find a general view of the colonists in their emigration and settlements,—their habits, manners and character,—the difficulties they had to combat, and the means employed to triumph over these. This is followed by a view, (more in detail,) of their frequent collisions with the mother country, on the subject of their respective rights; and which ended in the rupture, whose incidents form the body of the work. In the exposition of these, he shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the art. Remembering, that according to the remark of Lucian, history was but a long story, he contrives to make his *narration* always rapid and animating,—he wastes neither his own time nor that of his reader upon circumstances having little effect on the issue of the controversy,—and so connects his facts, as to leave no gap in the story. To effect this, he appears to have governed himself rather by the relation which the several parts bear to each other, than by their mere chronological order. His *reflections* are always lively, generally just and philosophical, and not too much multiplied; and his *style* is, as it ought to be, accommodated to the topic he treats—sometimes, flowing like a gentle stream,—at others, rolling and agitated, like a mighty river. He has no where been prodigal of ornaments, and those he has employed, are neither above, nor below his subject. He has particularly had in his eye, the great Roman masters, in their description of battles; and though he may not have attained to either the force or brevity of Sallust, his descriptions are clear, vivid, and highly interesting. Nor can his *impartiality* be often impeached. He tries at least to hold the scales, between the parties, with a decorous and steady hand, probably remembering Cicero's description of what, in this respect, history ought to be: “*Nihil viatum habet, nihil invidum, nihil atrox, nihil mirabile, nihil astutum; casta, verecunda, virgo incorrupta, quodam modo.*” In illustration of this opinion, we close the article with two other extracts from the work; the one, containing a narrative of the

* Giace Boston nel mezzo della provincia di Massacciusset sù d'un tretto di terra, &c. &c. L. Quinto T. 20.

battle of King's mountain—the other, that of the naval combat between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*.

“ An unexpected accident occurred to aggravate yet more the distress of their position. Colonel Ferguson, as we have already seen, had been detached by Lord Cornwallis, upon the frontiers of North Carolina, to encourage the loyalists to take arms. A considerable number had repaired to his standard, but the greater part were of the most ferocious description of men. Believing any thing admissible, which had the sanction of their chief, they put every thing, on their march, to fire and sword. Excesses so atrocious, must have inflamed the coldest hearts with the desire of vengeance: they excited to fury the mountaineers, who descending into the plain by torrents, armed themselves with whatever chance threw in their way. They foamed at the name of Ferguson: they conjured the chiefs they had given themselves, to lead them upon the track of this monster, that they might make him expiate the ravages and blood with which he had stained himself. Each of them carried besides his arms, a wallet and a blanket. They slept on the naked earth, and in the open air: the water of the rivulets slaked their thirst, and they fed on the cattle they drew after them, or on the game they killed in the forests. They were conducted by Colonels Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby, Seveer, Williams, Brandy and Lacy. Every where they demanded Ferguson with loud cries, and at every step they swore to exterminate him. At length they found him: but Ferguson was not a man that any danger could intimidate. He was posted on a woody eminence, which commanded all the adjacent plain, and had a circular base. It is called King's Mountain. An advanced guard defended its approach by the direct road. The mountaineers soon forced them to fall back; when, forming in several columns, they endeavoured to make their way good to the summit. The attack and defence were equally obstinate; some from behind trees, others under the cover of rocks, maintained a brisk fire. At length the party commanded by Cleveland, reached the brow of the hill. The English, repulsed them with the bayonet. But the column of Shelby coming up at the same instant, it was necessary to dispute the ground anew with it. It began to give way, when Colonel Campbell took part in the combat. Ferguson received him with gallantry; but what could avail his efforts against assaults, incessantly renewed and always with more fury. Though surrounded, he did all he could do, to extricate himself. Already the crown of the mount was inundated with Americans, and they summoned Ferguson to surrender, but in vain; he perished sword in hand. His successor immediately demanded and obtained quarter. The carnage had been dreadful: the royalists had to regret above eleven hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken, a loss extremely serious in the present circumstances. All the arms and munitions fell into the power of the conquerors. They observed the laws of war towards the English; but they displayed an excessive rigour against the loyalists. They hung several, without listening to their remonstrances. They alleged, that this exe-

cution was only a just reprisal for that of the republicans put to death at Cambden, at Ninety-six, and at Augusta. They even insisted, that the persons whose lives they had taken, had forfeited them by their crimes, according to the laws of the country. 'Thus, was added to the inevitable rigours of war, all the ferocity of civil dissensions.'

'The coasts of Great Britain had witnessed a combat, no less sanguinary, and no less honorable for the two parties. Paul Jones, a Scotchman by birth, but engaged in the service of the United States, had established his cruiser at first, in the seas of Ireland, and afterwards in those of Scotland, where he was waiting an opportunity to make some prize, or, according to his practice, to land upon some point of the coast, in order to sack the country. His flotilla was composed of the *Bon homme Richard*, of forty guns, the *Alliance*, of thirty-six, both American ships; the *Pallas*, a French frigate of thirty-two, in the pay of Congress, with two other smaller vessels. He fell in with a British merchant fleet, on its return from the Baltic, convoyed by Captain Pearson, with the frigate *Serapis*, of forty-four guns, and the *Countess Scarborough*, of twenty.

'Pearson had no sooner perceived Jones, than he bore down to engage him, while the merchantmen endeavored to gain the coast. The American flotilla formed to receive him. The two enemies joined in battle, at about seven in the evening, with great resolution, and the conflict was supported on both sides, with equal valour. The *Serapis* had the advantage of metal and manœuvre; to obviate which, Jones took the resolution to fight her closer. He advanced till the two frigates were engaged yard to yard, and their sides so near, that the muzzles of their guns came in contact. In this position, they continued to fight from eight in the evening, till ten, with an audacity bordering on frenzy. But the artillery of the Americans was no longer capable of producing much effect. The *Richard*, having received several heavy shots between wind and water, could now make no use whatever of her lower batteries, and two or three of her upper guns had burst, to the destruction of those that served them. Jones, at length, had only three left, that could be worked, and he employed them against the masts of the hostile frigate. Seeing the little impression made by chain-shot, he resorted to another mode of attack. He threw a vast quantity of grenades and fire-works on board the British frigate. But his own, now admitted the water on all sides, and threatened every moment to go to the bottom. Some of his officers having perceived it, asked him if he would surrender? "No," he answered in a tremendous tone of voice, and continued to throw the grenades. The *Serapis* was already on fire in several places, and the English could with difficulty extinguish the flames. Finally, they caught a cartridge, which, in an instant, fired all the others, with a horrible explosion. All who stood near the helm were killed, and all the cannon of that part dismounted. Meanwhile, Pearson was not disheartened: he ordered his people to board. Paul Jones prepared himself to repulse them. The English, in jumping on board, found the Americans ready to receive them, on the point of their pikes; they made the best of their way back to their own ves-

sel. But, during this interval, the fire had communicated itself from the Serapis to the Bon homme Richard, and both were a prey to the flames. No peril could shake these desperate men. The night was dark,—the combatants could no longer see each other, but by the blaze of the conflagration, and through dense volumes of smoke, while the sea was illuminated afar. At this moment, the American frigate Alliance came up. Amidst the confusion, she discharged her broadside into the Richard, and killed a part of her remaining defenders. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she fell with augmented fury upon the Serapis. Then, the valiant Englishman, seeing a great part of his crew, either killed or disabled, his artillery dismounted, his vessel dismasted, and quite enveloped in flames, surrendered. All joined to extinguish the fire, and at length it was accomplished. The efforts made to stop the numerous leaks of the Richard, proved less fortunate; she sunk the next morning. Out of three hundred and seventy-five men that were on board that vessel, three hundred were killed or wounded. The English had but forty-nine killed, and their wounded amounted to no more than sixty-eight. History, perhaps, offers no example of an action, more fierce, obstinate and sanguinary. During this time the Pallas had attacked the Countess of Scarborough, and had captured her, not however without a stubborn resistance. After a victory so hard earned, so deplorable, Jones wandered with his shattered vessels for some days, at the mercy of the winds, in the North sea, but finally made his way good, on the sixth of October, into the waters of the Texel.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Board of Agriculture of the State of New-York.* (Published by authority.) Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 539. Albany, S. Southwick, Printer to the Board.

2. *A Treatise on Agriculture; comprising a concise history of its origin and progress; the present condition of the art, abroad and at home; and the Theory and Practice of Husbandry, which have arisen out of the present state of philosophical attainments in Europe.* By a Practical Farmer. 8vo. pp. 168. Albany, J. Buel, 1820.

AGRICULTURE is a science, if such it can be styled, which is at once the simplest and most complicated of all the sciences. It requires but little skill, ingenuity or manual dexterity, to sow a grain of corn, or set out a tree, or even to engraft or inoculate that tree with different varieties of fruit; but to trace the various circumstances which affect the plant in its growth, and cause it to produce with different degrees of ability and success, requires minute observation and long experience, with great natural good sense. No subject is so well adapted to the comprehension of the most limited understanding, and there is none so deeply enveloped in mystery and obscurity. Hence arise speculations,

and theories, and dreams, in endless profusion; and the inquiring, but artless mind, often confused and embarrassed by the variety of real or unreal images that dance before it, sighs to return to the simplicity of nature, and to the erudition of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. Their science, although it dazzled not, nor illumined nor fascinated, yet in this short sentence, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is inculcated a lesson of more practical importance, and moral truth, than the sexual system of Linnæus, or the oxygen and phlogiston of Lavoisier and Priestley.

We would not have it believed, that our views of the progress of society are so rude and barbarous as to condemn the suggestions of science, because they are such, or because they are often shut up in hard names from the access of unlettered minds. There are too many who, having experienced the fallacy of speculation, are disposed to stultify the learned the moment they are known as such, either by their title or by their technical lore. But we wish it to be understood, that in comparison with the decree of the Almighty, that labour is alone the first great cause of all the good that man enjoys on earth, the speculations of the wisest naturalists are as light and airy as the gossamer. "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God that both gives and withholds the increase," is as worthy of a literal as an allegorical construction; and whether the seed be placed in the ground by the primitive lords of the soil we occupy, or their more civilized and scientific intruders, still will the sun warm, and the dews of heaven nourish and refresh the plant of the one as well as of the other; and in both alike will the sap ascend, and the leaves prepare that sap, to nourish and increase the plant, and enable it to yield its customary produce. To those farmers who are disposed to spend more time dreaming in the closet than labouring in the fields, we recommend the legacy of Dumbiedikes: "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye are sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I never fand time to mind him." Dumbiedikes was in theory a philosopher, but a superabundance of the good things of this life had withdrawn from him the stimulus to invention and exertion. Had the father planted fewer trees, the son probably would have known and felt the value of the advice without a prompter.

We are not so silly as to suppose our readers ignorant of the principle written in the very genesis of human existence, and which is possessed rather from instinct than as flowing from the cautious deductions of reason, that necessity begets labour, and that labour is the basis of all the comforts we enjoy; but we would here record our conviction, that this salutary principle has been too much surrendered up to expedients, devices and

experiments ; that the people of our State have sought other modes of growing rich than the one determined by nature, and that honest exertion has given place to subtleties of the mind, speculations about the proper food for plants, or the principles of political economy. Prosperity, too, has made us indolent ; and indolence and extravagance are the causes of our distress. It is our opinion that a long uninterrupted course of prosperity is nearly as bad as too much adversity, not because a continuance of bliss is uncongenial to our dispositions and ungrateful to our senses, but because, considering the vicissitudes to which all sublunary enjoyments are exposed, and the constitution of the world we dwell in, our lives are necessarily a chequered scene of pleasure and pain, of fortune and misfortune ; and the longer we experience uninterrupted felicity, the more closely are our habits and feelings associated with such a state of existence, that when a change takes place, the more helpless is our situation, and the deeper our affliction.

It is a well known fact, that the influx of wealth into our state has exceeded that of any state of the union. For the last thirty years, our products have been peculiarly adapted to the unusual necessities of Europe ; and the hum and bustle of active employment has sounded to the wilderness, which has echoed it back to the cities. Heaven's choicest blessings have been showered down upon us, with a profusion which the most sanguine and pious mind could scarcely have anticipated or hoped for in its moments of greatest expectation ; and even an event to others of peculiar calamity and deprecation, (we allude to the late war,) seemed like a cornucopia held upon a portion of our state, and pouring plenty into its almost overflowing lap. With unexampled rapidity, the wilderness has been made to blossom ; cities and villages rear their heads among the stumps of trees, which the active process of decay has not yet levelled with the ground ; turnpike roads, bridges, canals, manufactories, an incessant swarm of farmers, tradesmen and merchants, now occupy the soil where lately the wolf prowled unmolested, and the Indian roved in wild simplicity. What would be the sensation of a traveller, who, twenty years ago, fearfully traversed that country, a pathless forest, impervious to the light of the sun, and who should now return to mark the contrast ? To him even who has daily observed the progress of improvement, and whose ideas respond to each succeeding blow of the axe which levels a tree, and the hammer which rears a cottage, the magic change can hardly be realized ; but to him from whom time and distance have concealed each consecutive emblem of advancement, and whose attention has been engrossed by objects at a distance, nothing but a miracle will account for the mighty revolution. We desire to impress the idea, not only of advancement, but of

a rapidly accelerated advancement in wealth and consequence, as an example of which this state stands out from the civil picture of our country, a singular and striking instance. We have rapidly climbed to the mountain's top, and have placed our home and expectations upon its highest summit. True it is, we have not found "its loftiest peak covered with ice and snow," but like young and thrifty oaks, we have spread our luxuriant branches to the gale, upon an eminence where none but those whose roots have struck deep into the soil can withstand its dangerous shock.

The time was when our state stood foremost in the list of our country's exports, and every town and village throughout its dominion teemed with the glad sound of affluence and prosperity; but how changed is now the scene! It is a melancholy truth, that our domestic exports are so much diminished as hardly to exceed those of the meanest state of the union; and many of those towns and villages, once so active and flourishing, have become little else than cumberers of the ground. Why this change, so mortifying to our pride, so injurious to our comfort, and so discouraging to our future prospects? Why is it that the northern counties, once proverbial for fertility and exuberance, now wear the marks of poverty and sterility? Why is it that Albany, once the seat of wealth and industry, as of government, has now become the mouldering monument of its former self? Why is it that the domestic exports of our state have been reduced to comparatively an atom of what they once were? It is because prosperity has made us profuse, improvident, and indolent: this is the brief, but true solution of the difficulty, and the sooner we become satisfied of its reality, the sooner shall we apply the remedy to the real cause of the disease. We may establish societies to award premiums for excellence in husbandry, and write books upon rotation in crops, diseases of animals and vegetables, the nature and constituent qualities of soil; but until necessity has unlocked the ear, rendered deaf by pampering and abundance, it would be quite as rational to endeavour, by an eloquent harangue of some learned Esquire, to remove trees as trespassers from the soil they occupied, as to expect any beneficial result from treatises on agriculture, or premiums to produce emulation in husbandry.

' Since the political independence of this country was achieved, perhaps there has been no period in its history more remarkable than the present one. For a long series of years, the most enterprising citizens of this state, seduced into that vortex of speculation, which was created by the late disturbed state of the world, have succeeded in dazzling the eyes and understandings of their fellow-countrymen, by the vastness of their undertakings, and by the apparent wealth they

drew from them. This precocious prosperity has perhaps deceived the whole of us ; and we may almost be said to have been the willing dupes of a splendid and feverish dream. We have imagined that the accumulation of riches, the enormous increased value of the real estate of our cities, the luxury of our merchants, the high price of domestic produce, and the profuse plentifulness of money, were in fact the natural fruits of the intrinsic resources of the country. It was this fallacious opinion which induced upon us many extravagant habits. The people of this country, so ingenious and calculating in all the details of human business, appear now to have been positively intoxicated with their situation. It is indeed remarkable, that scarce any one should have been found, in so intelligent a community, sagacious enough to look into the general relations of human business, and predict the result ; and this can only be explained by supposing that we were all too sanguine, and had in some measure mixed our fortunes up in the general lottery ; for a lottery it has proved, and a favoured few only have obtained the prizes.'—P. xix.

' One effect, however, which has resulted from this delusive system, is greatly to be lamented : it has caused us almost entirely to overlook agriculture, that vocation which belongs naturally to man, and which is remarkably imposed upon the people of this state by their situation : and the effect has been, to lose to the state the productive labour of a whole generation, and to that generation the possession of tranquil views and moderate habits.'—P. xxi.

' If agriculture be the most independent, innocent, and useful of all human pursuits, it is a sufficient motive for regret, that a whole people, whose dearest interests it touched in the nicest manner, should have conspired to neglect it, should have joined in the chase of visionary objects, unavailable to human happiness, and have overlooked the very art which gives bread and clothing to the whole mass of mankind. But this extravagance has reached its limit, and unfortunately has left the country almost exhausted in the effort. Neglected and despised agriculture is now called upon to restore the country to its pristine vigour ; to give bread and clothing to the poor, labour to those who seek it, and an innocent and profitable occupation to those who are desirous of it. This is the voice of the people at large. The government itself feels this truth ; and the legislature of the last year, to its imperishable honour, was the first to redeem the farming interest from the unjust humiliation into which it had fallen, by patronizing it in a judicious and munificent manner.'—P. xxii.

' The character of our agriculture may be summed up in a few words. We subdue the forests, and exhaust the fine vegetable mould. As soon as the roots are sufficiently decayed to admit of cultivation, we plough, and sow, and reap, till the land is exhausted ; and then we either fly to new forests, or remain and drag on a cheerless existence, struggling with debts, and laying the blame of our condition on bad crops, worn-out land, a cold season, and inclement climate.'—P. xxiv.

The above extracts from the eloquent address of the Committee of the General Board of Agriculture, contain a clear exposition of the decline of the agricultural interest of our country,

the causes of our present embarrassment, and the reasons which prompted the legislature to aid in establishing societies to improve and promote the agriculture of the state. If, as we said before, the necessities of the people have taught them industry and frugality, and given them a willing and anxious ear to attend to the suggestions of wisdom and the maxims of prudence, such a measure could not have been more opportune. But if this awakening (as our Connecticut brethren might term it) is only the effect of talking, and spouting, and writing, operating on a desire for novelty, and sensibilities highly excited; if the complaints and lamentations universally prevalent, proceed only from a restless and captious spirit indulged to satiety, and which cannot brook the slightest deprivation: then will this fashion, like all other fashions of their day, quickly pass away, and be forgotten.

Societies for the encouragement of agriculture, are altogether of modern invention. A captious spirit might, on this account, take exception to their institution; and an antiquarian, whose only test of excellence is that the genealogy of a subject may be traced back to remote ages, will no doubt consider them as illegitimate and unholy emanations: but the present generation, who pride themselves upon having thrown by the harness of ancient prejudices, and think they can see truth, whether it be promulgated in the Domesday book of William the Conqueror, or the Ladies' Miscellany of New-York, will not consider a scheme visionary because untried; and the bolder spirits will often force success by the ardour and confidence with which they engage in the task. A moderate view of this subject must convince any one, both that these societies cannot possibly do any harm, and that much good may reasonably be expected to flow from their labours,—of the amount of which, however, experience can alone enable us to form any just estimate. It is a subject of great regret, that the British government should have thought fit to withhold the liberal aid which they furnished to the support of agricultural societies; not so much because we care about extending the comfort of our brethren of the old world, (our prejudices on this subject having long ago been abandoned,) as because we expect to be benefitted by their labours and their money expended in ascertaining the shortest cut to riches. Our regret, however, is somewhat assuaged by the example they afford us, from which we deduce such sage and wholesome proverbs as these:—Be not too zealous, though in a good cause;—let your moderation shine before all men;—be not extravagant nor profuse, but frugal and economical;—expect but little from governments, more from your own exertions: and many others, which the good sense, sagacity, and probation of our readers will save us the trouble of recording

The act of the legislature constituting the agricultural societies, provides that there shall be a General Board of Agriculture, to consist of the presidents of the several county agricultural societies, or of delegates to be chosen by them; whose duty, among others, it shall be, to receive and examine all returns and reports from the county societies, 'and select for publication ' such of them, and such other essays, as they may judge advisable; and shall annually publish a volume at the expense of ' the state, to be distributed by means of said agricultural societies ' to the good people of this state, not exceeding 1500 copies of ' such volume,' &c. Under this clause of the act, justly deemed imperative, was issued by the Board of Agriculture, a volume, the title of which stands at the head of this article. We cannot but feel much gratified that such a work should have appeared under these favourable auspices; but we must remark, that there appears to us something ludicrous in the restrictions to which it is subject. Neither the size of the volume, whether quarto, octavo, or duodecimo, or the number of pages it shall contain, or the type, or quality of the paper, are at all alluded to; and yet the number of copies is restricted to 1500. If, in defining the number of volumes, it was intended to limit the expense of publication to the state, it appears to us there was a much more definite and precise mode of effecting such object, than the one adopted; and although this was our first impression, yet, being altogether unable to reconcile the object sought after with the mode of obtaining it, and the usual sagacity of legislatures, we are compelled to seek some other motive for the restriction. Perhaps it was, that the number of "good people of this state" was accurately ascertained not to amount to more than 1500; or, as "too much learning sometimes makes men mad," that such a calamity had better be confined to 1500; or that such a volume might be made the vehicle of treason or sedition among the bad people of this state, and it was better therefore to limit the dissemination of the poison: which of these conjectures is the correct one, we are unable to say, and must wait with patience till some future legislature shall clear up the mystery in which this part of the subject is involved. Upon looking farther, it will be found that the 7th section enacts,

' That the treasurer of this state shall annually pay, on the warrant of the comptroller, to the said Board of Agriculture, one thousand dollars, to enable them to purchase and distribute among the several agricultural societies, such useful seeds as they may deem proper; and to defray such other necessary expenses, to promote the object of this act, as are not otherwise provided for.'

And by the act of 21st April, 1820, to extend the provisions of the act just alluded to, it is declared,

‘ That the treasurer of this state shall pay, on the warrant of the comptroller, to the Board of Agriculture, out of the unexpended balance of money appropriated for the promotion of agriculture and family domestic manufactures within this state, five hundred dollars, to enable them to purchase such books as they may deem necessary to aid them in publishing their annual volume, and in the diffusion of correct agricultural information.’

Now, after reading attentively these provisions of the legislature, we were confirmed in our first persuasion, that economy to the state was not the moving cause for the restriction mentioned—since as there was a specific appropriation from which all the expenses of the Board of Agriculture were to be defrayed, it was the same to the legislature on the score of frugality, whether the number of copies was 100 or 10,000. It now seems to us the more probable solution of the problem, (finding the copy-right secured to the Board of Agriculture,) that as the value of a work much depends upon the paucity of the copies extant, and as any work emanating from such a source must possess sterling merit, the copies not distributed would readily sell at a good price, and the right to publish a second edition might also be sold for a sufficient sum, at least, to defray the expenses of the first. This certainly was a shrewd calculation ; but, however justifiable on the score of policy, it is not at all compatible with those sentiments of liberality, with which we conceived the legislature impressed, when they kindly undertook to patronize the declining agriculture of our state.

However great the regret may be of thousands of the good people of this state, that this source of knowledge should be so very contracted, as not to allow them a sight of its stream, much less copious draughts at its fountain,—our mortification at the limitation of the law was much greater. The ardour of Apollo could not have received a greater check when, in the pursuit of Daphne, she was changed into a laurel, than did ours at this discovery : for we had prepared ourselves to descant with animation upon the ponderous nature of the book, the useless matter it contains, its enlarged and dilated form,—and we had made a particular computation of the number of pages, into which every thing contained within it that was useful and necessary, might have been condensed, reducing a little the type, and a great deal the margin ;—we then estimated the cost of publication of the reduced volume, and ascertained that five thousand copies might have been produced for the same sum of money as these 1500 cost ; from which, when distributed and widely circulated, what an increased harvest might not have been anticipated ? All this we are now obliged to suppress ; but we shall keep these strictures in reserve for the next volume, if it merit them, and provided

the legislature shall afford us the opportunity, by expunging this feature in the act—which is as useless as it is injudicious.

The Board of Agriculture, being aware that the volume presented by them to the public, was not such a one as was contemplated by the legislature, or expected by the people, offer their apology in the preface in the following terms :

‘ The General Committee of the Board of Agriculture, to whom was entrusted the compilation and superintendence of the annual volume, would probably upon finding itself without the necessary materials which the framers of the law had anticipated, have declined altogether issuing any publication for the first year, but for the circumstance of the statute’s being imperative on that subject.—It was therefore determined by the members to discharge the duty which had fallen upon them in the most advantageous manner which general circumstances admitted of.’

‘ To have filled the volume with detached papers extracted from other works, was at one time thought to be the only resource in their power ; although sufficiently aware that a miscellany formed from European works principally, could not possibly promise such advantages to the agriculturists of this state, as a more connected view of husbandry, accommodated to the habits and resources which prevailed amongst ourselves. This plan, however, was waived in consequence of the suggestions of a member of the committee, who eventually engaged to draw up an essay on the principles and practice of rural economy, upon a connected and popular plan, which the General Committee now presents to the public.’

This book, it may be well to bear in mind, was published in the spring of 1821.

In adverting to the Treatise upon Husbandry, ‘ by a Practical Farmer,’ we find prefixed the following copy from the minutes of the Board of Agriculture.

‘ BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,

‘ In General Committee, Jan. 24th, 1820.

‘ The Committee appointed to examine the “ Treatise ” offered to the Board of Agriculture by Mr. Buel, and to consider his proposition for the purchase of a certain number of copies, report—

That they have examined the “ Treatise,” and recommend to the General Committee to avail themselves of the very valuable materials contained in it, in order to diffuse a more general knowledge of the principles of husbandry.

The Committee consider this “ Treatise ” as comprehending a very enlarged view of all the relations of Agriculture, and to be every way worthy of the public attention.

That the proposal of Mr. Buel to the General Committee to purchase 1,000 copies of the “ Treatise ” cannot be acceded to at this

time, as the funds at the disposal of the Committee are inadequate to that purpose.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, Chairman.

Thereupon, Resolved, that the report be accepted.

S. SOUTHWICK, Sec'y.

Allowing for the caution which all public bodies should observe in the expression of their opinions, it is difficult to conceive of stronger terms of approbation than what is contained in these resolutions, and it is a subject of much regret that the funds of the Board would not allow them to meet the proposal of Mr. Buel at the time it was made; but it is a subject of considerable surprise, and of much more regret, that when their funds became adequate to the publication of their voluminous octavo, they did not then avail themselves of this valuable Treatise;* nor are we able to reconcile such a neglect with the statement, that the reports from the county societies, and the essays then extant, were insufficient to the compilation of their annual volume.

The volume possesses some merit, and we certainly feel grateful to the distinguished individual who prepared it, for the gratuitous zeal with which he engaged in the work, and the labour and spirit with which he has executed it; but we are reluctantly compelled to add, that it is not the work that was required; that it is defective both in its plan and execution; and for these reasons, that its usefulness must be circumscribed to a very narrow sphere. As we before observed, this is to be regretted, inasmuch as the Board possessed such valuable resources in the Treatise; which we consider a production of a superior order, and suited to the object and the occasion. We rarely meet with a work upon agriculture possessing such sterling merit, and so eminently calculated to be useful: a work comprising deep research, extensive science, profound thought, practical good sense, conveyed in a clear and perspicuous style, and totally divested of all superfluous and useless detail and ornament. We are always averse to expose ourselves to the odium produced by drawing comparisons between individuals; but were we to estimate the mental ability and genius of these authors by their respective productions, we should say,—that the one possesses a mind fertile but unsubdued, a lively fancy, which he permits to control his judgment—learning and science, which he has not yet incorporated with his own mind, nor applied to purposes of utility: while the other evinces an intellect strong and powerful by nature, highly invigorated by cultiva-

* We are authentically informed, that Mr. Buel offered to the Board of Agriculture, 1000 or 1200 copies of the "Treatise on Agriculture, by a Practical Farmer," at the rate of 50 cents each:—And,

2d. That no application was ever made for liberty to extract from that work, with a view to make up the annual volume of the Board.

tion and reflection, added to deep research and long experience. His information is not a suit of foreign ornament, artfully arranged to decorate a comely exterior, but it has entered into his very system, and forms a part of himself—every sentence and word of his work bear the marks of a powerful intellect.

We have detained the reader long enough with these preliminary matters, with which, however, we could not well dispense, as they form the ground-work of our plan; for we intend now to contrast these productions, not from any invidious motive or design, but that we may give him a view of the subjects of which they treat, and of their merits; and also that he may be enabled to judge how far the Board were actuated by sound discretion and correct views, in making choice of matter for their annual volume.

The first four sections of the publication of the Board (which for brevity sake we shall in future style *The Volume*) profess to be a letter from Mr. Featherstonhaugh to the President, and occupy nearly seventy pages. They appear to be in the nature of an introduction to the body of the work; and, although we cannot find in them much that deserves our particular attention, yet as they contain favourable specimens of the author's style and manner of treating his subject, we will extract from them two or three passages taken indiscriminately. In combating a supposed objection, that people for whose benefit the volume was intended are not in a situation to receive it, he supposes a farmer made acquainted with the properties of lime as a manure, and anxious but unable to comprehend how it operates:

‘The condition of such a man is somewhat affecting. He stands upon the threshold of knowledge, and yet it is to him perfect darkness and confusion; it would show little humanity to leave so ingenuous a man in that situation, when if we remove with a judicious hand the film before his eyes, he can fearlessly enter and partake all the glories and blessings of the sanctuary of nature: there is no difficulty in this: a clear-headed practical farmer may be made sufficiently to comprehend enough of chemistry to convince him of the unerring truth of the principles which must always govern his vocation,’ &c. p. Q.

In discussing the nature and objects of fat in animals, he observes—

‘Fat is an animal oil secreted from the food by which animals are sustained; it accompanies the blood in its multitudinous wanderings through the body, riding as it were upon the circulating columns by its specific lightness, and from their surfaces it is deposited in the particular situations where its functions are to be performed.—An animal poorly kept is always thin: the reason is, that the scanty

food which it digests is insufficient to repair the absolute loss which the animal body continually sustains, and therefore the whole volume of the food, without almost any exception, is assimilated for the purpose of repair.—An animal, on the contrary, which is abundantly kept, has more than enough to replace those wearings away, to which every thing that is material is subjected: and the repairing power in such an animal draws only from its own resources, and permits the secretions of fat quietly to take their destined places. The quantity of fat, then, in an animal, depends much upon the activity of the digestive organ, and of the other active powers of the body.' p. 20, 21.

When the reader shall have recovered from the effects of this rhetoric, he will probably smile with us, and inquire whether this detail of truisms was intended to enlighten the grave farmers of our state, or to fill up a blank leaf in the book, in a manner most amusing to the author.

As the practice of fallowing lands has hitherto been considered the basis of good farming, it may not be amiss to exhibit our author's views of its propriety.

'The utmost good that can be derived from a superficial fallow, only a few inches deep, is the cleansing the land in some degree, and receiving into it useful depositions from the atmosphere. In the mean time, the use of the land is lost during the whole of the period it lays in fallow.'

'If it is wished to convert an imperfect pasture into a good one, by the intervention of a crop of grain, let it be broken up in September, carefully, and crossed in November. Peas sown in the spring, and harrowed down, will furnish a valuable crop, into which hogs may be turned when the peas are half ripe, who will devour the whole, get fat, and leave the ground in high condition for a crop of grain.'—p. 39.

The practice of ploughing in buckwheat as a vegetable manure, is then adverted to, and approved of; to which end, it is proposed that the sod be broken up in September, and crossed in November; and to sow the buckwheat about the 20th of April, and by the 4th of June to roll and plough it; after which, it is to be again sown with buckwheat, and then fed off, or ploughed in, about the 4th of July. The ground is then to be prepared for a crop of turnips, which being gathered in September, it is then again to be harrowed and ploughed.

'In this manner the land will be left in the finest order for *summer wheat* the next season; and the crop will come off the ground without the mixture of any buckwheat seeds, which are so injurious to wheat flour.'—p. 44.

Before commenting upon this subject, we must introduce our readers to the Practical Farmer, whose work we shall in future style the Treatise. In taking a concise view of the present state of agriculture in Europe, the past and present situation of a part of Italy is thus alluded to:

‘In the Campania of Rome, where, in the time of Pliny, were counted twenty-three cities, the traveller is now astonished and depressed at the silence and desolation that surround him. Even from Rome to Fregati, (four leagues of road, the most frequented,) we find only an arid plain, without trees, without meadows, natural or artificial, and without villages, or other habitation of man ; yet is this wretchedness not the fault of soil or climate, which, with little alteration, continue to be what they were in the days of Augustus. “ *Man is the only growth that dwindles here ;*” and to his deficient or ill-directed industry are owing all the calamities of the scene. Instead of the hardy and masculine labours of the field, the successors of Cato and of Pliny employ themselves in fabricating *sacred vases, hair powder, and pomatums, artificial pearls, fiddle-strings, embroidered gloves, and religious relics!* They are also great collectors of pictures, statues and medals, “ *dirty gods and coins ;*” and find an ample reward in the ignorance and credulity of those who buy them.’—Treat. p. 12.

Tuscany, however, whose soil is less fertile, is said to be covered with grain, vines, and cattle in abundance ; the fruits of an active, judicious and intelligent system of husbandry. It is difficult to reconcile this fact, (that the miserable condition of the Campagna is entirely to be attributed to the lethargy, or ill-directed efforts of its inhabitants,) with the prosperous state of their Tuscan neighbours : for, wherever physical circumstances are the same, there is something sympathetic, or catching, between neighbours, which induces the one to imitate the example of the more favoured ; or, as it is in the course of nature for the skilful and diligent to eject the ignorant and slothful, the active, but redundant population of Tuscany might find, in the Campagna, (after occupying their own Maremma,) ample scope for their enterprise and skill : neither of which, however, seems to have taken place. That there is great imbecility in the inhabitants of this district of Italy, is too true ; but we apprehend that much of their wretchedness is to be placed to the account of an unhealthy atmosphere, which compels the people to fly from their farms at the very season when their services are most required there. The whole of the Campagna is visited in the summer months by a pestilential miasma, which produces disease ; and the atmosphere of the Pontine marshes is said to be charged with infection of so virulent a nature, from June till October, as greatly to endanger the lives of those who pass over them at that season. The exuberance of a soil but illy compensates for the mortality it occasions ; and its wretched occupants have but little excitement to exertion, when the chance is equal whether they survive the harvest. The rice plantations of the southern states are the most fertile and productive lands in our country ; but if the hand that cultivated them must be indigenous, we apprehend a stranger would often have to remark upon their silence and desolation.

From so melancholy a picture, let us return to one of a more cheering nature.

'The climate and soil of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, are particularly favourable to husbandry ; nor is her geographical position less auspicious, placed as she is, on the longest line, and amidst the most important markets of the continent of Europe. If to these advantages be added the laborious, enlightened, and enterprising character of the nation, we cannot but expect results the most favourable to agriculture ; yet is the fact notoriously otherwise. To show that this opinion is neither hasty nor unfounded, we must enter into details, which may not be unprofitable.

'The surface of England is estimated at 37,265,853 acres, which are distributed as follows :

In pasturage,	18,796,458
In tillage,	11,350,501
In cities roads and canals,	3,454,740
Lands fit for pasturage or tillage, not cultivated,	3,515,238
Lands unfit for cultivation,	2,148,921

Of the arable land, the following annual disposition is made :

In wheat and rye,	2,000,000
In peas, beans and buckwheat,	2,000,000
In barley and oats,	4,000,000
In fallow, or in turnips or cabbages,	3,400,000

The lands in wheat and rye yield, on an average of ten years, three quarters per acre, or 6,000,000 quarters ; yet is there an annual deficit in England of 1,820,000 quarters, which must be drawn from foreign markets.'—Treat. p. 30.

We were certainly not prepared for such a view of this subject, and we venture to say, that our author must have misconceived the real situation of the country, or have derived his information from imperfect sources. As we cannot enter in this place into details to refute what we conceive to be errors, we will confine ourselves to general remarks, and refer those who require their confirmation, to the best writers upon the statistics of England.

Let us compare, for instance, France with England : from the statements of Colquhoun and Chaptal, the greatest statisticians of these rival nations, the value of the produce of agricultural industry appears to be in favour of England.—Now, the territorial possession of France is double that of England, and the quantity of land under cultivation more than double ; a fact which, taken in connection with their comparative produce, proves beyond question, the eminent superiority of England in agricultural skill. France, too, has a number of physical advantages over Great Britain, such as climate and the use of gypsum as a manure, which certainly tend to enhance the agricultural superiority of Great Britain.

The wheat lands of Great Britain are stated to produce on an average throughout the kingdom, three quarters per acre, or twenty-four of our bushels, (a quarter containing eight bushels, and not six, as is erroneously stated.)² If this be the fact, (which, however, we think over estimated,) it is sufficient to prove the excellence of British husbandry, for we are confident there is no other country in Europe that can exhibit a similar average yield.

There is undoubtedly a mistake in estimating the quantity of wheat and rye lands, at two millions of acres.—A number of computations upon this subject have been made, none of which estimate the wheat lands alone at less than three millions of acres. Now, the consumption of wheat in England is supposed to be from 60 to 70,000,000 bushels, or about eight millions of quarters, leaving a surplus of one million of quarters beyond the necessities of the country.

It is true that England until lately has imported largely of grain, but her deficiencies must have proceeded more from the unfriendly nature of the seasons, than from a defective system of agriculture; a fact indicated by the circumstance of the exclusion to which all foreign grain has been subject for the last four years, during which period she has been abundantly supplied from her own resources.

In commenting upon the state of agriculture in France, our author takes occasion to observe upon the system of fallowing—

‘A supposed resemblance between the earth and animals gave rise to fallows: because men and horses required repose after labour, it was supposed, that after cropping, the earth also required it.—Faithful to this absurd analogy, the French landlord binds down his tenant, by lease, not to crop the soil more than three years out of four, which in effect is to consign to barrenness or weeds one fourth of the whole arable land of France yearly.’ p. 22.

The practice of fallowing was produced by necessity rather than choice. That an idea has prevailed, that land becomes fatigued by too frequent and continued cropping, we can readily believe; and also that some persons, more fanciful than philosophical, should have found a resemblance between it and the zoological portion of nature’s works; but we have no belief that this last idea either originated or prolonged the habit. Plants are composed of a congregation of particles of matter, and, as it is justly supposed, that matter can neither be increased nor diminished. the changes which take place before us, either in the form or properties of bodies, are nothing more than the effect of decomposition and recombination. Hence it follows, that the ingredients which compose vegetables, must have been derived from the objects around them by those absorbent vessels with

which they are so richly endowed by nature. The slightest attention to this subject must convince any one, that the food of vegetables is not derived exclusively either from the earth or the atmosphere, but from both.—Of the simple substances that constitute vegetables, about one-half in weight consists of carbon; now, if the quantity of manure of an highly manured spot of ground is compared with the quantity of carbon contained in a single crop of either wheat or clover taken from it, the latter will be found to equal, if not exceed the former. But the same acre will produce for several years in succession without a repetition of the manure; a circumstance which carries to the mind complete conviction, that nature has provided other sources from which plants derive sustenance, besides what is placed upon the ground by man. These sources can all be found in the atmosphere; which is also susceptible of the clearest demonstration.

‘Carbonic acid is formed and given out during the process of fermentation, putrefaction, respiration, &c. and makes 28 parts out of 100 of atmospheric air. It is composed, according to Davy, of oxygen and carbon, in the proportion of 34 of the former to 13 of the latter. It combines freely with many different bodies; animals and vegetables are almost entirely composed of it; for the coal which they give on combustion, is but carbon united to a little oxygen, &c. Priestley was the first to discover that plants absorbed carbonic acid; and Ingenhous, Sennebier, and De Saussure, have proved that it is their principal aliment. Indeed, the great consumption made of it, cannot be explained by any natural process, excepting that of vegetation.’ *Treatise*, p. 42.

Carbonic acid gas is heavier than atmospheric air in the proportion of 15 to 11; and, as it is not combined with the atmosphere, but simply mixed with it, has a constant tendency towards the earth, which is however partially interrupted by the motion of the air. A clear illustration of this position is found in the instances of wells, mines and caverns, which often produce death to those who inhale the atmosphere of their lower regions, where this pestiferous gas is constantly accumulating in proportion to the state of quiescence in which it is preserved. Now, plants are not alone the substance that absorbs carbon, but it combines eagerly with almost every ingredient of which the soil is composed. Clay, lime, magnesia, and even the very manure carted from the barn yard, have an affinity for it. But plants imbibe it with more avidity, and in greater abundance, than either or all of these substances together; and its affinity for it being perhaps greater than any other substance in nature, it will withdraw it with activity from surrounding objects, which then become sub-carbonized, if we may use the expression. The soil which was before saturated with it,—or

wherein it existed in a redundant measure, and therefore freely imparted it,—has now changed its character, becoming in its turn an absorbent, acquiring it with an activity, or retaining it with a tenacity, in proportion to its exhaustion or deficiency; in which state it is unable to afford the plant but little if any nourishment, and is therefore said to be impoverished. We think it very evident, therefore, that both the earth and the air impart to the plant the means of its growth and vigour; and we also think it clear that the soil itself is constantly imbibing from the atmosphere its carbonic acid gas, the consequence of which imbibition must be in proportion to the number of attracting surfaces. Now, the longer the soil is suffered to remain without cropping, the greater quantity of carbon will it derive from the atmosphere, and of course its ability to sustain the plant be augmented; but to enable it to exert its greatest power of attraction, it is necessary that the soil should be exposed to the sun and air, and minutely divided, which can alone be effected by ploughing and repeatedly scarifying its surface, reducing it as near as can be to powder. But, that the seed may be properly arranged, and the plant afforded the best opportunity to thrive, it is important that the weeds should be exterminated, and the clods of vegetable matter suffered to decay, a process which time alone can effect. This we consider to have been the origin of ploughing, harrowing, or scarifying, and particularly of fallowing; the rationale of which, at the inception of the practice, might not have been understood, but for which more substantial reasons may perhaps be adduced, as applicable to an early state of society, and to the present state of our own country, than most writers of the present day are willing to admit. We should not have entered upon the discussion of this subject here, particularly as it seems to be pretty well understood at the present day, did we not consider it in some measure slighted. In proportion as we dispense with fallows, we must have recourse to labour and manure, employed too in the production of green crops, the least valuable and most uncertain produce of a farmer. We readily acknowledge, that in countries where population is redundant, labour cheap, farms small, lands high, and taxes heavy, fallows should be dispensed with; and we can coincide with the European writers, who reprobate the system as absurd and unnecessary, and as consigning to waste or unproductiveness one fourth of the lands of their country. But we cannot unite with those authors of our country, who, without adverting to the relative character of Europe and America, have reiterated those sentiments as applicable to ourselves. The great object of a farmer in Europe is to derive from the soil as much as it is susceptible of producing; but the desideratum of an American far-

mer is the saving of labour and manure—to the latter, for the most part, white crops are almost the only source of profit, and to their production does he very properly apply all his energies and resources.

The author of *The Volume* informs us, that there are but two modes of illustrating the science of husbandry,—the one by collating and comparing facts which are the results of experience,—or by detailing those elementary principles upon which the science is founded; methods, perhaps, which are equivalent to the philosophic plans of synthesis and analysis. The synthetic method is considered defective, in as much as the scope of the genius is limited to the facts themselves, which however valuable they may be, yet become the boundaries of our inquiry, and of course our information,—while the analytic system, by informing us of the elementary causes of any effect, gives us a knowledge of the whole subject, ‘and we are thus enabled by a judicious combination of parts to produce any particular result at pleasure.’ We apprehend, this principle, though in part correct, is much more calculated to make confident empiricks than discreet farmers; and we are forcibly reminded of the alchemists of yore,—and more particularly of the physician, who, when he became acquainted with the Brunonian system, in a paroxysm of ecstasy, threw his Cullen and Edinburgh Pharmacopœia into the fire, as useless lumber, and strutted forth an accomplished Doctor of medicine to cure all diseases, with sthenic beef steak in one hand, and asthenic ipecac. in the other.

The relation between soils, vegetables, and animals, naturally suggest the grand divisions of the subject to the author; and, as plants and their properties are influenced, if not controlled, by the particular quality of the soil they grow in, the nature and properties of the various kinds of soils become an important object of inquiry. Speculations however upon them, further than as to their variety and properties, as also in regard to the remote condition of matter itself, are said to be not properly the objects of human knowledge.—‘And when a man asks how matter is made, it involves a presumption on his part, that he thinks himself a competent judge of how it ought to be made.’ This is stretching the principle of presumption a little too far, and may, if extended beyond the immediate subject alluded to, become the source of some mischief to others, and more inconvenience to ourselves, whose peculiar province it is to inquire into the properties of books, and how they are made; but, if limited to the particular object embraced in the remark, we do not apprehend from it any consequences of a very serious nature, at least to the present generation.

The reader is informed, that soils are nothing more than a

mixture of the various kinds of earths, vegetable and animal remains ; a knowledge of which we attain to by means of chemical analysis, and by means of which also we are enabled to determine the proportions of the mixture which constitute a barren or fertile soil. Some persons may inquire in what manner this mixture operates to produce fertility ; but the proper objects of science are rather to take advantage of the mercies of God, than to wish to know the particular process by which his beneficial designs are accomplished ; ‘ and a wish to know how things are created, is a ‘ wish to be equal to God.’ Still, however, the subject cannot well be discussed without examining a little the constitution of matter.

‘It has been observed, that the analysis of all compound bodies, if repeated a thousand times, always discloses this fact, that the constituent parts are always the same ; that if a piece of oak, or a measure of grain, or a turnip, or a bunch of clover, be regularly put through a chemical analysis, they will be found, if the operation were repeated a thousand times, to be constituted *of the same particular ingredients, and in the same definite proportions* ; from whence we may infer that *nature* is subject to a general law, which *constrains* her to a particular mode of action. We may also infer, from the various forms possessing various properties, into which the combinations of matter enter, that these forms are not the effect of a remote principle, alone of its kind, and without a companion in creation ; but that matter has been created various and different in kind, because it has various properties.’
—Volume, p. 57.

The reader must not suppose, we presume, that the author intended to convey the idea, that oak and clover are both composed of the same ingredients, entering into combination in the same definite proportions ; but simply, that the analysis of one oak compared with that of another oak, exhibits these properties ; and so on with clover, &c. Now, we are a little surprised at this, as we were under the impression that the same vegetable would exhibit, on analysis, varying results, according to the soil in which they grew ; such, for instance, as clover, or wheat, produced in a clayey or silicious soil, and abounding more or less with these earths, according to the soil in which they were cultivated. The principal constituent ingredients, of all vegetable bodies, are pretty much the same ; oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, entering into their combination in different proportions ; in which, too, are constantly found azote, the earths, and sometimes metals, according to circumstances. We are inclined to think, however, that our author has some sly allusion to the atomic theory of Dalton and Gay-Lussac ; which, even if correct, cannot, we conceive, be extended this length. That in the chrysalization of minerals, the molecules of matter may congregate in definite proportions, or that compound gases may be formed with definite and invariable volumes of the simple ones, we can readily comprehend ; but that the complicated struc-

tures of either animals or vegetables observe the same law, we must be permitted to doubt. Plants, like animals, must vary with the constituent principles of their food ; and if the analysis of a man who had lived upon vegetables and water, exhibited different results from another who had been sustained by animal food and brandy, we conceive that a plant also would yield various portions of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, clay, silex, phosphorus, &c. according to the quantity of these substances taken up by its absorbent vessels. Whether the ultimate particles of matter be homogeneous or heterogeneous, is certainly as yet a fair subject of discussion ; but we apprehend that neither Sir Isaac Newton nor Boscovitch would consider the results of their mathematical investigations much impaired by our author's premises or deductions,—the latter of whom, no doubt, would put his simple curve, with its allies the ordinate and abscissa, in array against all the variety of property and form of which matter is susceptible.

The effects of the varied proportions in which simple substances enter into combination, are truly wonderful, as exhibited in the instance of oxygen and nitrogen. Indeed, each discovery of science is nothing more than to clear away one mystery to run us foul of another ; and we are as much surprised to find, that poison, secreted from the food that fattened him, should 'ride upon the circulating columns' of a rattlesnake's blood, and be deposited within the pliant sack which lies beneath his jointed tooth—as we are with the tranquil, exhilarating, or destructive influences, of the various combinations of oxygen and azote. But whether the relation of simple substances to each other, or their properties when combined, be determined by the matter of heat, is another question. The developments of modern chemistry have greatly enlarged our views of the important nature of caloric, and its wonderful agency in producing the phenomena around us ; but we think our author's ideas of its operation quite anomalous.

'When two bodies come into chemical contact, *the one imparts to the other* a comparative superabundant portion of its heat ; and this heat, as in the case of the recomposition of water, has the effect of generating a new product, subservient to the wise purposes of creation.'

Now, so far from this being the case, when bodies combine, heat is absolutely evolved from the uniting substances, and is dissipated instead of being exchanged ; and this arises, not from any redundant portion that either may be supposed to possess, and interchange, but is produced by the violent action of the particles of the one substance upon those of the other, by which their necessary latent heat is set free, and made sensible to the thermometer. No fact in chemistry is better substantiated than this ; a circumstance which once placed chemists in an awkward dilemma, from which the ingenuity of Monge is supposed happily to have relieved them.

Soils are either sandy, clayey, or chalky,—as sand, clay, or lime predominates ; either of which, when too abundant, causes barrenness, but when properly mixed, they constitute the basis of luxuriant vegetation. It is for the farmer then to consider whether an artificial soil can compensate him for the expense and labour of creating it,—which, we are disposed to think, in this country, he will very rarely find to be the case. Manures are usually resorted to, to meliorate its condition ; but, from the open nature of a sandy soil, the effect too quickly passes beyond the reach of the roots. To obviate this disposition, our author recommends deep ploughing.

‘ The exhausted surface should be turned to the bottom ; and the former bottom, enriched with the vegetable and animal solutions which had drained from the top, together with the subsided particles of fossil manure, should be brought to the top.’—p. 72.

A better plan to make a permeable soil more open, could not be devised ; and we conceive it to be much more reasonable, by light ploughing, to endeavour to render the sub-strata more compact,—than by deep ploughing, to destroy its tenuity, for the purpose of affording the plant a precarious subsistence.

Clayey soils are the direct reverse of the other ; for, being close and rigid, the moisture is too long retained in wet weather, and in dry weather the earth becomes hard and impenetrable. These difficulties are overcome in the usual manner, by manuring, tillage, or mixing sand, lime, or limestone gravel. We are utterly at a loss, however, to comprehend what important or necessary connection the calcium, barium, or aluminum, of Davy, has with the business of agriculture : nor can we conceive the manner in which a farmer can avail himself of the trite and unimportant information, that pulverized earths are the result of the disintegration of primitive rocks : Sufficient for him is the more ancient and more sublime account of Moses, “ And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit, after his kind.”

We seize, with avidity, upon the practical information which is strewn so sparingly in this work ; and we therefore receive, with pleasure, the testimony of the author, that common salt is ascertained to be an important manure, and that it also possesses the quality of destroying insects, and parasitical fungi, particularly that species which causes rust in wheat ; but we cannot subscribe to our author’s explanation of its operation, which contains such fantasies as these :

‘ Pure soda has for its base an inflammable metal, called by Sir Humphrey Davy, *sodium*, united to oxygen ; and common salt has the same metallic base, united to chlorine.’—p. 92.

‘The remarkable effects, therefore, which it produces when used in agriculture, may, I think, be very safely referred to its active powers, and to its affinity for heat, water, and vegetable fibre.’—p. 93.

‘And as these two alkalis [meaning soda and potash] are obtained without much expense or labour, I trust that what has now been related of them, will induce many to try them in every possible manner, even upon the smallest scale.’—p. 97.

The chapter upon vegetable bodies, which, we are informed in the table of contents, treats of ‘the food of plants, and chemical combinations,’ is somewhat of a curiosity, and, we should think, rather inappropriate. It is, however, well calculated to convince those who doubt it, (and who, in this age of speculation and refinement, is not a sceptic?) that animals cannot live without eating, nor vegetables without food. It contains, also, a syllabus of the atomic theory—valuable, as it instructs the farmer of the proper proportions in which he must combine the volumes of his oxygen, nitrogen, azote, and carbonic acid gas, so as, *at pleasure*, to furnish his different varieties of plants with their peculiar food, which is said to be woody fibre, starch, sugar, gluten, albumen, nitrogen, mucilage, &c. The lovers of good cider will also find here an excellent recipe for the preparation of their favourite beverage, which they will not fail to take advantage of,—unless in the operation their hands should rebel, as in the fable, against a less noble, though a highly important, part of their system. But it is time to return to the Practical Farmer, from whom we are sorry to have been so long detained.

To those who are ignorant of the progress of chemistry, and its recent developments of the secrets of nature, it must appear strange that eminent men should have differed in regard to the proper food of plants; for it requires but little stretch of human ingenuity, to perceive that the substances which afford nourishment to plants, must be the elements of which they are composed. What those elements are, however, can only be detected by a nice analysis, an operation for which the present era has been remarkably distinguished. Lord Bacon considered that water alone furnished the ingredients for the increase of plants. The visionary and simple Tull, ‘on the other hand, and after him Du Hamel, pronounced ‘pulverized earth the only pabulum of plants, and on this opinion ‘built his system of husbandry.’ Hunter viewed it as consisting of oil and salt; De Valmont attributed it to a fluid, which, in the true spirit of quackery, he denominated the prolific liquor; and De Hare and De Vallier called it powders: Charms and incantations would probably soon have followed, and the credulity of mankind had been taxed and tithed to maintain a goodly host of impostors, had not the march of empiricism been stayed by such men as Priestley, Saussure, Lavoisier, Chaptal, and Davy. Whatever enters into the constitution of vegetables, must, of necessity,

constitute their food ; and as all plants, on analysis, yield a small portion of earth, whether clay, lime, silex, magnesia, &c. such must be convenient, if not essential to their existence. Earths, however, serve a far more important purpose, which our author thus concisely sums up :—‘ To the divisibility of the former, [earths] it is owing, that the latter [vegetables] are enabled to push their roots into the earth ; to their density, that plants maintain themselves in an erect position, rise into the air, and resist the action of winds and rains ; and to their power of absorbing and holding water, the advantage of a prolonged application of moisture, necessary or useful to vegetable life.’ The component parts of plants, however various may be their names and qualities, resolve themselves, for the most part, into carbon and the simple substances which form water and the atmosphere, to which are added, in small proportions, derived from their ashes, the alkalis and earths. But both water and the atmosphere possess fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, together with many other substances which enter into the composition of vegetables, held in solution by the one, and floating in the other. What can be plainer, then, than that both water and the atmosphere contribute directly to the sustenance of plants, and indirectly as the purveyors of their food. But these provisions of nature are not sufficient for the necessities of man, which require not only that the earth should yield crops, but that these crops should be abundant—a result to be obtained alone by artificial applications.—Manures are the means usually resorted to for this purpose, and are either themselves the food of plants, or are the caterers for them. These manures are lime, marl, gypsum, vegetable and animal remains of all kinds, to which have recently been added salt, and burnt clay. The judicious disposition and economical management of these different substances, constitute the very basis of good farming, to which no circumstance can be more conducive, than a knowledge of the soil to which the manure is to be applied. This is alone to be acquired by analysis ; to effect which, modern chemistry has furnished a few simple rules, easy both of comprehension and of practice. We are thus made acquainted with the peculiarities of the soil, and enabled to make the proper application ; or, in the nervous and emphatic language of our author, ‘ Here is the light we wanted : in knowing the disease, we find the cure. Clay and sand qualify each other ; and ‘ magnesian earth, when saturated with carbonic acid, becomes ‘ fertile.’ To change, however, the entire constitution of a soil by manures, is a work of labour and expense, often surpassing the ability of the husbandman ; and, therefore, a method of cultivation has been adopted, founded upon the peculiar habits and dispositions of vegetables, which are thus enumerated :

‘ Plants have different systems of roots, stems and leaves, and adapt themselves accordingly to different kinds of soils.’—*Treat.* p. 52.

‘ Plants of the same, or of a similar kind, do not follow each other advantageously in the same soil.’ p. 52.

‘ Vegetables, whether of the same family, or not, having a similar structure of roots, should not succeed each other.’

‘ Animal or biennial trefoils prevent the escape of moisture from sandy and arid soils, and should constantly cover them in the absence of other plants ; while drying and dividing crops, as beans, cabbages, chickory, &c. are best fitted to correct the faults of stiff and wet clays.’

‘ Plants requiring the row or hill husbandry, take least from the soil ; because, by this husbandry, the earth is kept open, divided, and permeable to air, heat and moisture ; and in this state, borrows from the atmosphere nearly as much alimentary provision as it gives to the plant.’

‘ All plants permitted to go through the phases of vegetation, and of course to give their seeds, exhaust the ground in a greater or less degree ; but if cut green, and before seeding, they take little from the principle of fertility.’

‘ Plants are exhausters, in proportion to the length of time they occupy the soil.’ p. 53.

‘ Grasses, natural and artificial, yield the food necessary to cattle ; and, in proportion as these are multiplied, manures are increased and the soil made better.’

‘ Grasses are either fibrous or tap-rooted, or both. The remarks already made on 1, 2 and 3, apply also to them.’—p. 54.

‘ The ameliorating quality of tap-rooted plants, is supposed to be in proportion to their natural duration.’

‘ Any green crop ploughed into the soil, has an effect highly improving.’

‘ Mixed crops (as Indian corn, pumpkins, and peas and oats,) are much and profitably employed, and with less injury to the soil than either corn or oats alone.’ p. 55.

However various may be the opinions of physiologists upon the proper food of plants, all seem to be fully convinced of the importance of manures in the economy of vegetation. Even the dogmatical Tull, though he entirely rejected the agency of this substance as food, yet found it convenient to consider it in connection with the plough and harrow, as beneficial in rendering the earth friable, and therefore, a coat of it equivalent, perhaps, to one or two ploughings.

Scientific men have not failed to make manures the subject of examination ; the result of which is interesting, as it exhibits the analogy between the ingredients of manures and growing vegetables.

Analysis by Kierwan.		Analysis by Saussure and Einhof.	
‘ 105 lbs. of	w dung.	200 grains of mould from the oak.	200 grains of wood from an oak.
Charcoal,	3.75	Carbonated hydrogen, 124 ins. french.	116
Lime,	1.20	Carbonic acid, 34	29
Clay,	0.15	Water with pyrolignate	
Sand,	2.4	of Ammonia, 53 grs. french.	80
Fixed salt,	0.6	Empyreumatic oil, 10	18
Carbonated hydrogen,		Charcoal, 51	41 1-2
car. acid and water, 92.80’		Ashes, 8	0 1-2

No branch of farming is more important than the judicious and economical management of this substance; and perhaps there is no country wherein it is used so improvidently as our own. Our author has devoted a chapter to this subject, which must be read with pleasure and profit. We would gladly extract the whole of it did our limits permit us; as it is, we must be content with a few selections.

Experiments have been multiplied to prove that manure subserves the purposes of plants only in a state of decomposition. Hence it is necessary to subject them to the process of corruption; to effect which it is observed—

‘ When dropped in the fields, and in small parcels by cattle, they exhibit no signs of fermentation, nor undergo in that state any degree of chemical decomposition; but, when brought together, and frequently wetted, and subjected to the action of atmospheric air, they are speedily dissolved, and give out much gaseous matter. To prevent the escape of these soluble and volatile parts, two things are necessary: 1st. That the dung be collected in a reservoir of convenient size, walled and paved with stones; and, 2d, that a layer of sand or earth be occasionally spread over the surface of the dung. The former will prevent filtration, and the latter retain the gaseous matter, so useful in vegetation, and at the same time augment the quantity of manure. To prevent an excess of moisture, which always retards, and sometimes prevents decomposition altogether, the reservoir should be covered.’—p. 63, 64.

The mode of its application differs according to the views of persons; we are much surprised, however, that there ever should have been cause for the question, whether it should be spread on the surface, or turned into the ground; but so it is, in the very face of reason and experience, farmers still continue the wasteful plan of spreading it over the surface.

‘ We have seen (says our author) in the preceding article, that dung, to become the aliment of plants, must undergo a decomposition, and that to the production of this, the combined action of air and water is indispensable. But, if the manure be buried deeply, this action cannot reach it, and the dung remains a caput mortuum; on the other hand, if spread superficially, the rains dissolve and carry away many of its juices, while the sun and wind evaporate the rest. These considerations lead to the true rule on this head, which is to lay it three

or four inches below the surface of the soil—at this depth, if short dung, its action will be most vigorous in all directions; and, if long dung, a greater depth will, as already suggested, completely destroy all action.’—p. 66.

‘Whether stable manures are best applied, directly or indirectly, to wheat crops?’

‘The practice on this head is different in different places. In France, as in all other countries where fallows are in use, the dung is applied directly to the wheat crops; while in England, where the rotation system is established, it is applied to the summer crop which immediately precedes that of the wheat. The objection to the French practice is, that the weeds brought into the field by the manure start with the grain, and do as much harm as the dung does good. Nor is there any sufficient answer that I know of to this objection. The English practice is therefore much to be preferred; because, besides the advantage of exchanging a fallow for a summer crop, it permits you, while that crop is growing, to destroy the weeds that otherwise would have infested your field!’—p. 67.

Another wasteful practice is, burning the vegetable matter to reduce it to ashes, by which the fertilizing properties of the manure are dissipated; upon which the author thus very properly comments:

‘The practice of paring and burning the surface of the earth has been much used, and warmly commended by the Irish; and, in their land of bogs, and in the marshes of Holland, where infertility arises from excess of vegetable matter, it may be useful; but to burn the surfaces of sandy, gravelly, or even of dry clay soils, would be to lose sight of all sound theory.’—p. 70.

We believe our farmers are more orthodox upon this point than the last; and we hope it will not be long before we see them universally adopting the system of the Practical Farmer, whose views upon this subject are the result of research and experience. Our inquiring readers are no doubt fully aware of the new system of husbandry introduced by General Beatson, which is founded upon a supposed fertilizing quality of *burnt clay*. We had intended to offer some remarks upon a scheme, which, if correct, will greatly change the present agricultural system, and render the operations of farming comparatively easy: but we must postpone this subject to a more convenient season, with this single remark—that although the application of this substance did not originate with the General, yet he has tried its operation by a set of experiments, conducted with much more discretion than those of any of his predecessors, and which cannot fail to awaken the observation of the reflecting part of the community, to its influence upon agricultural economy. No subject has given rise to more Utopian schemes than the cultivation of the earth, and we applaud our

farmers for receiving with caution the innovations of others; but when they come recommended to us by such distinguished individuals as General Beatson, we consider them entitled to more than ordinary attention.

There is no advantage possessed by our farmers so little availed of, and so imperfectly understood and appreciated, as that of ploughing in green crops. In our country, where land is cheap, farms large,—and which are exempt from the annual burthens of tithes, taxes, and poor rates,—it is inconceivable to us, that so much indifference should be exhibited to the value and importance of green crops as a manure; and, with our present light upon the subject, we venture to predict, that if our lands are to be recovered from the state of exhaustion in which a contracted and selfish policy has placed them, it must be effected by means of green crops turned into the soil. While blessed with such materials as clover or buckwheat, and plaster, to revive and enrich our soil, it is unjust, if not impious, to complain of bad crops from worn-out land. Our author strongly recommends this system; and, at the head of the plants valuable for this purpose, he places buckwheat,—both on account of its cheapness and effect.

‘ Cheapness, because the price of the seed, which is the only additional expense, is below consideration;—and effect, because this plant, while growing, (from its umbrageous form,) is a great improver of the soil, both by stifling weeds and preventing evaporation; and, when ploughed into the ground, none decomposes more rapidly, nor has any a more powerful effect in keeping the earth loose and open to the action of light, heat, air, and moisture—all of which are indispensable to vegetation.’ p. 72.

Next in importance to manure, is tillage. From the earliest periods this operation has occupied a high rank in agricultural science: hence we find that in all countries, where labour is cheap, and manure scarce, the people endeavour to supply the place of the latter, by stirring the soil. The Hindoos and Chinese are particularly devoted to this kind of husbandry. These people, from necessity, are obliged to adopt the most economical system; from which circumstance, we are frank to confess, we consider their authority, upon subjects of agriculture, deserving a great degree of respect. They may not be as philosophical as the European nations, but we believe them equally ingenious and discerning, and much more practical. Their knowledge is not the result of the erudite speculations of schoolmen, but derived from experience and observation, which they can neither neglect nor despise, but at their peril. We are fully convinced, that so far as respects the improvement of the soil, it cannot be stirred too often; but, in our country, where

labour is high, there is a limit in this respect which prudent men will not exceed. There is not much danger of this, however; and we believe that our farmers are much more disposed to plough too little than too much.

Every circumstance of convenience and utility is in favour of fall ploughing; and there are few now who do not practice it. In answer to the question, "what depth of ploughing is most to be recommended?" our author remarks—

‘ Tap-rooted plants require deeper tillage than others : fall ploughings may be deeper than those of spring, and spring than those of summer. If the vegetable soil be deep, deep ploughings will not injure it ; but, if it be shallow, such ploughings will bring up part of the sub-soil, which is always infertile, until it receive new principles from the atmosphere. “ They who pretend,” says Arthur Young, “ that the underlayer of earth is as proper for vegetation as the upper, maintain a paradox, refuted both by reason and experience.”

‘ Where, however, it becomes part of your object to increase the depth of the surface soil, deep ploughing is indispensable ; and, in this, as in many other cases, we must submit to present inconvenience for the advantage of future benefit.[*] But, even here, it is laid down as a rule, that, “ in proportion as you deepen your ploughing, you increase the necessity for manures.”

‘ From six to eight inches may be taken as the ordinary depth of sufficient ploughing.—(Young.)’ p. 77.

Since Young wrote his Treatise, this rule has undergone a change much more consistent with the relations which the earth and plants bear to each other,—a depth of from four to six inches, according to the nature of the plant, is, we think, a rule more consonant with sound reason; and, in practice, it has been found fully to answer every ordinary exigency. There is, however, an exception to this principle in the case of hills or knolls. The usual practice of farmers has been to plough their hillocks shallow; the natural consequence of which is, that the first two or three hard rains wash the manure and loose earth into the valley below,—to prevent which, no plan is so effectual as deep ploughing, by which the water is imbibed, and, with it, the fine particles of manure.

We have now reached a feature in agriculture which is considered highly important to successful cultivation, to wit:—the rotation of crops; and, as we consider the chapter upon this subject, among the best in The Volume, we think it a favourable opportunity so to combine our extracts from it, and from the Treatise upon the same subject, as to enable the reader, in one view, to compare the style and manner of their respective authors. We shall begin with The Volume.

[* A defective phraseology, but not injurious to the sense.]

‘ If wheat is sown successively on the same ground, the crop will be soon found to fail ; and if, in order to remedy this, the ground is manured, and the same crop continued, the facts on record in agriculture tell us that the wheat will be often diseased, and the soil in the end, to use a familiar phrase, tire of it. What is more to the purpose, repeated experiments have proved that other crops can be substituted to more advantage,—that the earth will make more ample returns of food proper to sustain *a given quantity of animal life*, by substitution of crops, than by persevering in the cultivation of crops belonging to one family.’

‘ I have no doubt, so encouraging are the facts from time to time announced, that lands under this system, which, in the best circumstances of the old practice, had enough to do to produce twenty bushels to the acre, may gradually be brought to produce fifty.’

‘ Farmers of the most ordinary intelligence, generally, know by experience that it is bad husbandry to follow wheat with wheat, or corn with corn. Upon a rich soil, the second crop will be an inferior one, and a third succession still worse ;—oats followed by wheat would be equally bad. *It is well known that a varied succession of three or more white crops, corn, wheat, and oats, in most cases leaves the soil without the power of bearing a fourth crop, of any kind, that will repay the trouble of putting it in.*’—Vol. p. 120—123.

The author subjoins a number of rules applicable to the rotation system, from which we select the following :

‘ 1st. That alternate or convertible husbandry, where leguminous plants, as rape or turnips, precede corn or wheat, and grass succeeds to wheat or barley, is the true method to be followed.’

‘ 5th. That the crops succeed each other seasonably, so that the same hands and cattle can attend them all : for instance—The wheat got in the fall or spring, harvested in August :—the oats next—the barley next—(both) harvested in September,’ &c.—Vol. p. 124.

The course of crops recommended by the author, is for a loamy soil—

Turnips.

Indian corn.

Barley and clover.

Clover eaten off by sheep.

Clover cut.

Wheat.

But where are the oats ? says the farmer :

‘ The answer is, that oats are an exhausting crop, *and suffer clover to take with them, with great difficulty*—whilst barley is one of the choicest grains to accompany with clover, and is as profitable to every purpose as oats.’ p. 130.

And where are the potatoes, cabbages, beans, peas, &c. &c. We doubt not but each farmer can give an answer, for their

omission in his rotation system, much more satisfactory than our author's answer to the first quere. The rotation upon sandy soils is stated to be—

Turnips eaten off the ground.

Barley and clover.

Clover fed off the ground.

Clover cut and then fed till winter.

Indian corn and tares.

We must now turn to the Practical Farmer, whose ideas of the rotation system are thus stated :

‘ Whatever pains we take, whatever expenses we incur, in collecting instruments of husbandry, in accumulating and applying manures, and in tilling the earth—all is to little purpose, unless to those we superadd a succession of crops adapted to the nature of the soil—to the laws of the climate, and to physical character and commercial value of the article raised.’

‘ It was long since discovered, that the soil, when left to itself, was never either exhausted, or tired, or idle ; but that however stripped or denuded by man, and the animals he employs, it hastens to cover itself with a variety of plants of different, and even opposite character ; that some of these have a tendency to render the earth more compact, while others have the effect of opening and dividing it—that some (from a peculiar structure of roots, stems, and leaves) derive most of their nourishment from the earth, while others, differently formed, draw theirs principally from the atmosphere ; and, lastly, that in these voluntary products, there is a continual and nearly regular succession of plants differently organized. These observations carefully made, and no longer doubted, and others leading to the same or similar conclusions, first suggested the usefulness of taking nature as our guide, and of conforming our artificial crops to the rules which obviously governed her spontaneous productions. The effect was such as was expected ; and, for more than half a century, the rotation system has formed the true test of agricultural improvement in every variety of soil and climate. Wherever it has been adopted, the art is found in a state of prosperous progression ; wherever neglected or rejected, it is either stationary or retrograde. Yet in the face of a fact, carrying with it such conclusive evidence, the bulk of agriculturalists continue to resist this cheap and obvious means of improvement, and pertinaciously adhere to a system (that of fallows) which condemns to annual sterility one fourth part of the earth ; and even prefer four months unproductive labour, to abundant harvests and nutritious crops.’—Treatise, p. 79—81.

The rule of general application is stated to be, ‘ Never to select for a crop, plants not adapted to the soil ; and never, in any soil, to permit two crops of the same species, or kind, to follow each other.’

The following rotation of crops is then proposed, as applicable to the peculiar situation of our country :

‘ Medium course in sandy soils :—1st year, potatoes, dunged ; 2d, rye, with turnips after harvest consumed on the fields ; 3d, oats and clover, or barley and clover ; 4th, clover ; 5th, wheat, with turnips after harvest consumed on the field ; and 6th, peas, or lupins, or lentils. We have, by this course, eight crops in six years, and five of these ameliorating crops.

‘ Medium course in loamy soils :—1st year, potatoes dunged ; 2d year, wheat, with turnips as in the preceding course ; 3d year, Indian corn and pumpkins ; 4th year, barley and clover ; 5th year, clover ; 6th year, wheat, and turnips as before. In this course we have nine crops in six years, five of which are ameliorating crops ;—And,

‘ Medium course in clay soils :—1st year, oats with clover ; 2d, clover ; 3d, wheat ; 4th, beans dunged ; 5th, wheat ; 6th, the yellow vetchling.’ p. 85.

The intelligent farmer will find no difficulty in determining which of the courses recommended by these respective authors is the most judicious ; we shall not, therefore, anticipate his decision.

But is there not, in truth, too much importance attached to this rotation system ? The most eminent writers of the present day are undoubtedly very urgent in their recommendation of this system, and therefore it is entitled to more than usual respect : and yet we cannot but think, in our own country, it may be carried too far. The most usual course of crops adopted by our farmers, is Indian corn, oats, or barley, or fallow, wheat, clover, and timothy grass. Now, our lands, under this system, have certainly been exhausted ; but we are much more disposed to attribute such a state of things to the absence of manure, than to an imperfect rotation ; for we have seen exhausted lands restored under the same system, by increasing the manure, to bring rich and luxuriant crops. There is no doubt, but that raising green crops, particularly potatoes, ameliorates the soil, and leaves it in fine condition for a crop of grain ; but the drought, to which our climate is subject in the summer months, renders such crops very precarious ; and it is a well ascertained fact, that the labour and expense bestowed upon their cultivation, are not compensated by the value of the crop produced, even upon farms which have the advantage of cities for their markets. If the rotation system, recommended by Europeans, and which may very properly be pursued there, should generally obtain with us, the value of green crops would still more diminish, in consequence of their increased abundance, and the farmer be under the necessity of increasing his stock, to consume them. Stock, we consider the most unprofitable mode in which the produce of a farm can be exhibited, and should only be increased (if manure can be obtained in any other way) in cases where the market is inconvenient, or expensive of access.

Why, we ask, cannot wheat be produced every year, or every second year, with the help of tillage, some manure, and green crops ploughed under—such as buckwheat, or clover; or, should wheat be found too exhausting, let it alternate with Indian corn: and why would not this mode of farming be profitable to the farmers of our state, with the facilities of conveyance likely to be afforded them by means of the Great Canal? Suppose that *burnt clay* should answer the expectations endeavoured to be excited by General Beatson, or suppose marl should be discovered in abundance in the western country, what is to prevent the farmer from raising any crop at pleasure, by the free use of these substances? We see rice, sugar, cotton, and coffee, produced year after year upon the same spot of ground; we see forest and fruit trees, year after year, increasing in strength and luxuriance, on the same soil; we find gardeners selecting the most favourite spots for the production of their vegetables, without regard to any series of production; we see the white clover, black grass, and salt grass, the spontaneous productions of the soil, spring up in the same spot, and continue there from age to age: why then should the cerealia be excluded from the same law? We do not believe that the soil ever becomes tired of any particular plant; but we do believe, that particular plants, by their exhausting powers, may render ground unfit for their reproduction, unless its fertilizing properties be revived by manure, and which being done, its ability to produce any crop is completely restored.

It has, for some time past, been the fashion in Europe to condemn fallows, as unnecessary waste,—and so we conceive them to be, in all countries where population is redundant, labour cheap, lands, rents, taxes and assessments, high; but in our country, where the very reverse of this obtains, we conceive they may very properly be practised, at least in many cases. A bare naked fallow is certainly of but little use, and evinces a slovenly and indolent farmer; but a fallow, with one ploughing, and a harrowing or two, is highly beneficial to the soil, particularly if to this tillage be superadded a green crop ploughed under. We must not be understood as objecting to the system of rotation; on the contrary, we fully approve of it, if the object is to obtain from the soil, in the most judicious manner, the full amount of vegetable matter which it is susceptible of yielding: but our remarks should rather be viewed as intended to start the question, whether, considering the circumstances peculiar to our country, such a system of cultivation is the most profitable to the agriculturist?

The next five chapters of the Volume profess to treat of the diseases of plants, that furnish the author with a favourable opportunity to combine the botanical with the chemical relations of agriculture, of which we have before made mention,—forming at once a beautiful compendium, which may happily be styled a

chemico-botanico system of agriculture. They contain, also, a sufficiency of the science of entomology, to merit perhaps the addition of another term ; but the allusion to this subject ought rather to be considered as included in the nosology of botany, than as occupying a prominent place in the scheme. We think the outline of botany which the author has given us, in general more correct than that of his chemistry ; but we have many misgivings as to the form in which it is presented to us, being serviceable to the farmer in the rearing of his plants ; and what, says Franklin, is science worth, if it cannot be applied to some useful purpose ? The sexual system of Linnæus is certainly a strong effort of the human intellect, and sufficient to immortalize its distinguished author ; but we much apprehend that the author of the Volume has misconceived the intentions of Linnæus, by affixing a literal signification to a term which he intended should be received only in a figurative sense. Hence, this *sexual* system is also known by the term “artificial,” as contra-distinguished from the “natural system.” We are somewhat surprised at this too, when the author himself thus rejects the idea of sensation as applied to plants.

‘The obvious analogy between plants and animals has induced some observers to impute *voluntarity* as the cause of various phenomena in plants ; and they have consequently agreed, that where *voluntarity* is, sensation must be also. These phenomena, I believe, have all been sufficiently explained, by referring the peculiar motions of tendrils, and other parts of plants, to the action of light, heat, and gravitation.’—p. 157.

And again,

‘Those who endow plants with sensations for the purposes of pleasure and pain, have very little *humanity for grass*, which is likely to be eaten up as fast as it can grow, as long as animals exist ; it may surely be said, then, of plants, that *sensations* are not necessary to them.’—p. 158.

Pursuing the argument of the author, we may remark, that some learned doctors contend, that white blooded animals are deficient in the attribute of sensation. We sincerely hope that this may be true also ; for, were it not, we should find some difficulty in reconciling the *humanity* of that species of whale with his subsistence, who fattens his huge carcase upon the animalculæ of the ocean.

The insect tribe next engages the attention of the author ; and, as their transformation is, perhaps, one of the most singular occurrences in physical science, it must not be overlooked.

‘The caterpillar, (says the author,) when it has attained its full growth, and cast its last skin, suspends itself motionless to a leaf, and becomes, in fact, a *storehouse of food*, from whence the *embryo* sustains itself : when this is exhausted, the young butterfly is ready to come out ; the case is burst, and it is set at liberty. We must either imagine, that this compound animal has two distinct vital

powers, one of which disappears with its own organization, or that the vital power of the caterpillar extends to the embryo, and is transferred altogether to it, when the active faculties of the caterpillar cease. Those who do not believe in revealed religion, and can perceive no argument in nature to support a twofold existence, may find, perhaps, in these mysterious arrangements, some matter for grave reflection.'

The imagination may, perhaps, also be assisted by recurring to the language of the ancient Greeks, who employed the word $\psi\chi\alpha$, to express both a butterfly and the soul; as well as to the theology of the Hindoos, which finds in the transformation of insects a powerful support to its system of metempsychosis; but of what earthly use to the farmer are such speculations as these? The length of this article admonishes us that we must be brief; and our limits will only allow us now to touch upon these subjects.

We are not etymologists enough to enable us to say, whether our author has justly derived the term 'blight' from *blow*, or 'mildew' from *mouldy*; or to decide between him and Dr. Johnson, who derives the latter term from the Saxon: we must therefore be content with recommending it to the attention of Mr. Hazlitt—whose future commentaries upon that part of Shakspeare's Hamlet, when the hero compares his uncle to a "mildewed ear blasting his wholesome brother," may perhaps be improved by the suggestion. We have much more interest in the subjects of rust and smut, so often fatal to our crops of wheat; and the origin and nature of which are so much involved in mystery. The author differs from those cryptogamists, who consider these phenomena as caused by parasitical fungi, but rather inclines to the opinion that fungi are the consequence, rather than the cause of the disease called rust; and that smut is produced by the absence of fecundation, and is, therefore, analogous to a rotten egg. This latter position is supported with some degree of plausibility; but, as we have not time to enter into the merits of his argument, we must content ourselves, with opposing to himself and the fanciful Darwin, the opinion of the following eminent men, Bulliard, Persoon, Willdenow, Benedict Prevôt, Parmentier, Tessier, Banks, &c.

The remainder of the essay treats of those plants which are the objects of cultivation, and the animals which contribute to the comfort or profit of the farmer. We can only refer the reader to them as perhaps the most valuable in the book. They contain some good suggestions upon the subjects of which they treat; particularly upon the rearing and management of sheep. We cannot, however, leave the subject without reprobating the unnecessary and uncalled for discussion, in regard to the generation of animals. It is well enough for such men as Buffon,

or Spallanzani, to treat upon such subjects as these, in works intended for particular readers, and to detail their observations and experiments in the true spirit of philosophy ; but why, in the name of common decency, is such a disgusting subject, with its offensive details, made to occupy a conspicuous place in a book intended for general perusal ? The author from the start has put forth the following proposition : ‘ That the chemical ‘ union of two bodies results in the generation of a third, for the ‘ purpose of continuing and multiplying the works of the Creator.’ The law of gravity was not more important, it would seem, in the system of Kepler, than is this law in the system of our author. It is indeed the *open sessame* employed upon all difficult occasions ; and it is not a little ludicrous to observe the use that is sometimes made of it.

We will appropriate the remainder of this article to the Treatise. In the chapter which treats of the plants recommended for a course of crops, the agriculturalist will find some excellent suggestions. Upon the choice of seed for potatoes, he thus observes :

‘ Some economists begin by paring the potato, and planting only the skins ; others, less saving, cut the potatoes into slices, leaving a single eye to each slice ; and a third class, almost as provident as the other two, are careful to pick out the dwarfs, and reasonable enough to expect from them a progeny of giants. These practices cannot be too much censured, nor too soon abandoned, because directly opposed both by reason and experience.’—Treat. p. 89.

Upon the proper period for the rye harvest, which is also applicable to wheat, the author judiciously remarks :

‘ Rye is not exempt from the attacks of insects ; but suffers less from them than either wheat or barley. Whenever the straw of winter rye becomes yellow, shining or flinty, and circulates no more juices, nature makes the signal for harvest, and no time should be lost in obeying it. “ Cut two days too soon, rather than one day too late,” was among the precepts of Cato ; which, if adopted here, would save much grain—terminate the harvest about the tenth of July, and give abundant time to turn down the stubble, and sow the crop next in succession.’—p. 92.

The cultivation of the turnip is not as popular as we think its importance deserves,—owing, perhaps, to the precarious nature of the crop, which may, in some degree, be obviated by attention to the following instructions :

‘ When the plants are generally above ground, give them a light covering of ashes, which, by quickening the growth of the plants, and leaching on their leaves at the same time, better protects them against the fly than any other means practicable on a large scale, with which we are acquainted. When the plants attain the height of four inches,

we set the horse-hoe to work ; running a furrow the whole length or breadth of the field, and returning with another, at the distance of three feet from the former, and so continuing the work, till the whole is laid off into beds of that width. What we lose by this method, is only the seed buried by the horse-hoe ; what we gain, is the manure created by the young plants, ploughed in between the beds, and the advantage of being able to weed and work those left standing for the crop.'—p. 93.

The ruta бага turnip, as compared with the white, is said to be—

'The more compact, the heavier, the more nutritious, the less apt to become stringy, and the more easily preserved. In both France and England, it is rising in reputation, and perhaps wants only time to get into general use here. To this article we will but add an extract from the work of M. D'Edelcrants, (of Sweden,) on the ruta бага.

"Its root is milder and more saccharine than that of the other species, particularly when boiled. Its flesh is harder and more consistent ; which better enables it to withstand frosts, and to keep from one year to another. Its leaves extend horizontally, and may be stripped off from time to time, as wanted for forage, without injuring the product of the root ; which (in good soil) gives, on the acre of Sweden, 350 quintals, and, in even poor soil, a good crop."—p. 95.

We should be happy if this root should justify the expectations that are here raised in its favour ; but the experience of some farmers is certainly against it. Its yield is great, but it has been found to be stringy and tough, which renders it defective in its esculent properties. We hope these defects may be owing to accidental causes ; but we somewhat fear this plant degenerates in our climate.

We recommend to our farmers the following excellent remarks upon the making and curing of hay :

'The largeness of the stems, the number of the leaves, and the aqueous quality of both, render it a difficult business to make clover grass into hay ; and the difficulty is not a little increased, by the brittleness or disposition of the drying grass to fall into pieces, during the process of handling. To meet this case, two supplementary means have been employed ; which enable you to house or stack clover in a much greener, or less dry state, than would otherwise be safe. The one is, to scatter over each cart-load, while stowing away for keeping, two or three quarts of sea salt ; the other, to interpose between two layers of clover, one of clean straw. By the first method, the whole mass is made acceptable to cattle ; by the second, the quantum of nutritive forage is increased ; and by both methods, the clover is effectually prevented from *heating*.'—p. 101.

In the cultivation of wheat, the judicious management and preparation of the seed is of essential importance. The following remarks upon this subject deserve particular attention :

‘Seed should be taken from some fine crop of the *preceding year*, which shall have ripened thoroughly and been well preserved. This, after passing two or three times through the fanning-mill, should be carefully washed in clean water, and again in water in which a quantity of fresh lime has been slaked ; or (if lime cannot be had) in which clean and recent wood ashes have been leached. This washing, as we have already suggested, should never be omitted ; because, besides detecting the shrunk or shrivelled grains, and many seeds of other plants, (which will float on the surface of the water,) it entirely removes the *dust of smut and rust*, &c. and thus prevents their propagation. Our next step in this process, is to roll the seed in pulverized gypsum.’—p. 104.

Upon the proper time for sowing wheat, it is thus observed :

‘Theory is certainly on the side of early sowing, because it gives time for the roots of the grain to establish themselves before winter ; and experience proves, that grain early sown, throws up more lateral stems than that which is sown late.’—p. 105.

Generally speaking, this reasoning is correct ; but, in places exposed to the ravages of the Hessian fly, an enemy more destructive than the frosts of winter, late sowing and strong soils are considered indispensable.

To confute the prevailing opinion, that oats are a poor crop, and exhaust the soil, it is correctly observed,

‘We owe to Mr. Dranus a series of experiments and calculations, which overturn this opinion, and demonstrate, that “oats, in rotation, under proper culture and in good soil, are not less profitable than wheat or rye ; that after beans, cabbages or potatoes, it yields great crops ; and that it exhausts less than other grains, which occupy the soil a greater length of time.”’—p. 114.

We have long thought that the cabbage deserved a more important rank in the scale of plants, than it has hitherto enjoyed, and are therefore much gratified with the following notice of it :

‘The advantage of this crop, will be best seen by contrasting it with another ; hay, for example : If we get a ton of timothy per acre, we think we do well, and are satisfied ; yet, if this acre had been well worked and manured, and planted in cabbages, it would, according to Mr. Young, have given you more than *thirty* times the weight of the hay. Why not then prefer the cabbages to the hay ?’ ‘But the difficulty of preserving them through the winter may be great ? Not half as great as that of preserving potatoes ; for a frost that will convert these into dirty water, will do cabbages no harm, and may even do them good.’—p. 115.

The importance of buckwheat as a manure, is thus enforced :

‘We have already spoken of it as a manure ; and we take this occasion to quote, from a late edition of the *Theatre D’Agriculture of O. Serres*, the following passage :—“We cannot too much recommend,

after our old and constant practice, the employment of this precious plant, as a manure. It is certainly the most economical and convenient the farmer can employ. A small quantity of seed, costing very little, sows a large surface, and gives a great crop. When in flower, first roll, and then plough it in. Its shade, while growing, destroys all weeds; and itself, when buried, is soon converted into terreau."—p. 117.

We should gladly multiply our extracts from this valuable work, did our limits permit; but we cannot conclude without directing the attention of our readers to the chapter upon fruit trees, from which we have room but for a single extract.

‘Whichever of the two be adopted, the holes indicated in a former part of this section, must be made accordingly, and ought to be six feet wide, and as many long, and two feet deep. The advantages of these will abundantly repay the extra labour they require, as we find by M. Chalumeau’s experiments on peach trees, from which we make the following extract:—“Four peach trees, resembling each other as to size and vigour of growth, as much as possible, were planted: No. 1, in a hole three feet square; No. 2, in a hole two feet square; and Nos. 3 and 4, in holes eighteen inches square: the soil and exposition similar. No. 1 has every year given the most abundant crops; and the relative sizes of the trees now, are as follows: the stem of No. 1, eighteen feet high, and eight inches in circumference; that of No. 2, nine feet high, and five and a half inches in circumference; No. 3, six feet high, and three inches eight lines in circumference; and No. 4, five and a half feet high, and three inches in circumference.” Here is a difference between the largest and smallest, of five inches in circumference, and twelve and a half feet in height; a most decisive proof of the advantages of trenching.’

[Note.] ‘The apple, the pear, and the cherry, occupying more room than the peach, require proportionate trenches.’—p. 143.

If proper attention was paid to the following suggestions upon the dairy, it would produce infinitely more effect in furnishing our market with good butter, than the awarding of silver cups.

‘Observation has shown, that this secretion [cream] is much influenced by circumstances of weather, of aliment, and of age. A stormy day lessens its quantity, and alters its quality; bad or deficient food has a similar, but greater effect; and the fact is well known, that very young and very old cows give poor milk. Mild weather, on the other hand, promotes the secretion; and soft nourishing aliments, easy of digestion, and in sufficient quantity, make it redundant.

‘A fact, established by the labours of Messrs. Deyeux and Parmentier, and long before known to the dairy-maid, is, that the milk first drawn is serous; that that which succeeds is less so; and that what are commonly called *strippings*, are nearly all cream.’—p. 161.

‘What now remains, is, to employ the means necessary to its preservation. These are of two kinds: a small portion of common salt, well dried and pulverized, may be wrought into the mass, and distri-

buted as equally as possible ; or, the fresh mass subjected to a demifusion, will throw up a frothy and feculent matter, which must be carefully taken off ; and which, if neither evaporated nor skimmed in this way, nor absorbed by the salt in the other, would produce the rancidity of which we have already spoken. The butter of Prevalais, the finest in Europe, is prepared after this last mode. The secret was long and well kept, but was at length divulged by M. Tessier, about the year 1809.'---p. 163.

We could dwell longer upon both these productions, if it were necessary ; but, were our remarks extended to twice the length, the reader would still have cause to object, that too much was said of the one, and too little of the other. Indeed, it always must be so, when the merits of the one are a foil to those of the other ; and there is no reason for a saving clause in this instance. To a turgid and redundant style, the author of the Volume has added by far too much confidence in the infallibility of his theories : and it seems to us, that the Board of Agriculture are not at all sensible of the quality of the persons for whom their memoirs are intended, if they expect that their complacency will be increased by the people's approbation of such matter, conveyed in such a manner. We recommend that the volume of the Board be read : its eloquence will amuse the unlearned ; and the scientific tyro will, perhaps, perceive his zeal for his favourite pursuit to have received an additional impulse from its animated pages. To the learned institution from which it emanated, such a notice of it will also be a tribute of respect—a circumstance of no little importance ; but we think it best adapted for a refreshing Sunday exercise, to be assumed when Jeremy Taylor, or Hugh Blair, begins to satiate : and to those who may be conscientious upon the subject, we offer the assurance, that its natural theology, if not so orthodox as that of Paley, is yet quite devotional, and taught, to the taste of some readers perhaps, in a more eloquent and captivating style. We cannot conceal the fact, that when we first took up this book, our sympathies were engaged by the animated and sprightly manner in which the author carried along his subject. We endeavoured to keep at the edge of the rapid current with which he swept us away, but constantly found ourselves either returning into the vortex, or thrown into the still waters of the adjacent eddy.

We before remarked, that this essay has merit—which, in taking our leave of the author, we will again repeat. Considered abstractedly as the production of a man of fortune, who valued more the poetry than the philosophy of science ; having much leisure and some literary tact, a convenient study and good library ; and who has volunteered his services, to awaken an interest in an occupation ennobled by every consideration that produces devotion

towards the Creator, and sympathy towards the creature ; it is entitled to commendation, and the author to our acknowledgments, whatever may be its imperfections : but if the grave and deliberate members of the Board of Agriculture expect to find, under such auspices,

‘ The flowers of truth in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew,’

we must record our firm conviction, that they will find themselves greatly disappointed. In consideration of the author’s apology, which we feel bound to respect, we have omitted to take notice of those violations of the rules of rhetoric which we often met with, such as the coining of new words, and misapplication of those in use ; obscurity of expression and style, distorted analogies, tautology, and circumlocution, as well as the endless truisms which are constantly obtruded upon us : but, in case it should be thought proper to give it a second edition, which, however, we do not much expect, it is but fair to apprise the proprietor of the copy-right, that such imperfections exist, some of which are easily corrected.

The “ Treatise ” is the production of a master, to whom the different branches of the subject are as familiar as the colours to the painter. Such works as this shed a lustre upon our country, and redeem it from that obloquy which a set of exotic witless pretenders have had no small share in drawing down upon it. There is no work upon the same subject, of indigenous production, at all to be compared with it in point of usefulness ; and as a manual of agriculture, it has no superior in Europe, if it has an equal. We are surprised at the small compass in which the author has managed to embody so much of the experience and learning of the world ; and we are equally surprised at the powers of discrimination, with which he has selected the pure metal from the loads of dross under which it is encumbered. Who can read this simple, unaffected, unpretending, perspicuous, manly narration of facts, and not understand it ? Who can remark the nervous, comprehensive, and concise manner, in which the subject is treated, and not admire and enjoy it ? Who is so ignorant as to be below its reach ; who so learned as not to profit by it ? If the agricultural interest of our country is to be promoted by books and pamphlets, it must be by such productions as this ; and until we perceive evinced by the people of our state, a discrimination which can select them out, as their instructors, from the spurious productions, that depend for their consequence upon the formality and parade with which they are ushered into existence—we cannot recognize the dawn of a better state of things than now exists. We hope to see this book in the hands of every farmer, accompanying him to his labours ; and its principles the subject of conversation at every club. Wishing well to its circulation, we suggest

to the publisher, whether, by reducing the price a little, he will not gain by the increased demand, what may be lost in the first charge. We hope to see shortly a second edition of it; and we recommend to the author an enlargement of his plan,—submitting for his consideration, the propriety of subjoining to his work a table of the expenses necessary to be incurred in the judicious cultivation of the different varieties of crops.

ART. III.—*Damon and Pythias, a Tragedy, in five acts.* By RICHARD SHIEL, Esq. author of the *Apostate, &c.* As performed in the *Covent-Garden and New-York Theatres.* New-York: Murden & Thomson: 1821.

It is somewhat singular that this subject, so much known, and so generally interesting, should have been so long neglected by the dramatic poets. The story of Orestes and Pylades has been celebrated by the Grecian muse, and these devoted friends of a later age, are worthy of a similar commemoration. “Such high resolve and constancy” as are displayed in the history of these men, give a rare illustration of human nature; and as it shows the trust, the tenderness, and the faithfulness of a good man’s heart, devoted to the proper object of these noble affections, it answers the highest purpose of example; which, whether it be offered in fiction or in fact, is most impressive as the exhibition of natural, yet exalted virtues. History supplies inexhaustible materials for the Drama, says Madame de Stael. Those who live in future ages must look far back for the subjects of dramatic invention. Sublime virtues grow out of extraordinary situations, and appear in all their elevating and imposing splendour, in opposition to an almost equal force of power, vainly directed to degrade and crush them. But in the happiest state of society, though the spirit of these virtues exists, it is not called forth in its strength,—as it were in single combat,—it diffuses itself through the whole of life, and is expressed in the actions of every day. It must fail, therefore, of its highest glory, and of its grandest display; for, if there are no despots, there can be no patriot heroes—if there are no challenges, there can be no champions—if there are no persecutors, there can be no martyrs—if there are no outrages, there can be no voluntary sacrifices. The time is coming, and now is, when the system of life will be so regulated by the order of society, that the powers, the passions, and the adventures, which impart such a mighty interest to past time, to the state of unsettled laws, and undisciplined morals, can no longer operate in diverse and strange influence on the character and lives

of men. Who that is extensively acquainted with the Drama can deny that some of its best lessons, some of its most affecting exhibitions of man, are derived from a state of society and government which does not now, and which, it may be presumed, can never again exist? Who does not believe, that as the actions of men become subject to acknowledged principles, which create reciprocal checks, and limit the means of adventure, that the province of fiction must be consequently circumscribed? The precious records of primitive, or partially civilized society, must hereafter be the ground work of romantic fiction. The virtues and the vices, the passions and the enterprises, the motives and the intercourse of modern men, do not furnish occasions to the tragic muse. Not that the source of tears is dry—not that innocence will no longer trust, and perfidy deceive—not that goodness cannot still suffer, and hypocrisy cannot prosper—or that injuries have ceased, and oppression is disarmed,—but, when all this is done and felt, it is in the narrow walk of daily life, or in the scarcely ampler sphere of political intrigue: There are too many eyes open, too many minds informed, too many appeals to justice, too many asylums for the persecuted, too much interference, too much independence, to permit those temptations, dangers, deliverances and triumphs, which, in their progress, complication and results, form the great interest of tragedy.

The story of Damon and Pythias is in every school-boy's memory. But this, and a multitude of other touching examples of human feeling, never become less affecting by familiarity—much as men love novelty, there are remarkable recollections that are consecrated in the heart, and no frequency of recurrence can make them uninteresting; and just so, the talent that represents the past may revive it a thousand times, with its original attractions. Upon this principle—the constancy of the human heart to its purest emotions—the tragedy of Damon and Pythias, wanting the charm of novelty in its principal incident, pleases; and, by perhaps the best criticism, a favourable sentence is pronounced upon it: It has been well received by the *public*. The fixed attention of a numerous audience, and their demonstrations of sympathetic grief and joy, are a kind of praise that may well confute the censures of the closet.

The prominent interest of this tragedy of Mr. Shiel, consists in the imminent peril of Pythias, in the distraction of Damon, and in the situation of both with respect to others deservedly dear to them. Calanthe, who is betrothed to Pythias, and Hermion, the wife of Damon, engage a large share of commiseration. The former is introduced as chiding her lover, just before their intended nuptials, for delaying to come to her as she expects. The manner in which she expresses her half-suppressed impatience at her lover's tar-

diness, and in which she afterwards describes Damon, and declares her purpose to imitate the virtues of the two friends, is very sweet and prepossessing.

Cal. My dear,
But most neglecting Pythias !

Pyth. By the birth
Of Venus, when she rose out of the sea,
And with her life did fill the Grecian isles
With everlasting verdure, she was not,
Fresh from the soft creation of the wave,
More beautiful than thee !

Cal. Thou fondly thinkest
To hide thy false oblivion of the maid,
That, with a panting heart, awaited thee.
Now, Pythias, I do take it most unkind,
That thou to friendship hast made sacrifice
Of the first moment of thy coming here.

Pyth. Nay, chide me not ; for I was speeding to thee.

Cal. Soon as I heard thou wert in Syracuse,
I ran at once to hail thee with a smile,
Although my mother would have staid me.

(Pythias kisses her hand.)

Pyth. But where's my silent friend ?
Why, Damon, what's the matter ?

Damon. *(Aside, and still lost in thought.)*
One brave blow,
And it were done ! By all the gods, one blow,
And Syracuse were free !—Pythias, is it you ?—
I cry you mercy, *(to Cal.)* fair one—Pythias,
You are to be married. Haste thee, Pythias,—
Love, and fight on. Thine arms to Mars, thy heart
Give to his paramour.—Take thou no care
Of the politician's study—'twill turn pale
Thy cheek, make thee grow sick at nature's loveliness,
And see in her pure beauty but one blank
Of dismal, colourless, sterility.
Calanthe, look to it—let him not play
The statesman's sorry part.

Pyth. Damon, you let
The commonwealth o'erfret you. I was about
To pray you to our wedding.

Damon. I intended,
Unbidden, to be there.

Pyth. From friendship's eyes
I'll win addition to my happiness.
Calanthe, come—I should be half in fear,
To seem thus loving of thee, in the sight
Of this philosopher.

Cal. Nay, he pretends
To be by half more rugged, and more wise,

Than he hath any right to : I have seen him,
(Have I not, Damon ?) looking at his wife,
When he imagin'd none was there to mark
The proud Pythagorean, with an eye
Filled with tenderness :—and his young boy too,
'That seems Aurora's child, with his fine face,
Stirr'd his stern visage to complacency.
Come, come, we will be revenged upon you both :
I swear, his wife and I will be accounted
Your rivals in the godlike quality
Your lordly sex would arrogate its own
Peculiar privilege, and show the world
The unseen, and yet unrumour'd prodigy,—
The friendship of a woman.'

Another interview between the lovers, and almost the only scene of the whole play, that is entirely withdrawn from the intense interest of an impending catastrophe, has much of the serene beauty of the poetic spirit resigning itself to the tranquillizing influence of Nature.

'Enter Pythias and Calanthe.

Pyth. So, my Calanthe, you would waste the moon
Of Hymen in this lonely spot ?

Cal. In sooth

I would, for 'tis the fairest place in Sicily :
A dell, made of green beauty ; with its shrubs
Of aromatic sweetness, growing up
The rugged mountain's sides, as cunningly
As the nice structure of a little nest,
Built by two loving nightingales. The wind,
That comes there, full of rudeness from the sea,
Is lull'd into a balmy breath of peace,
The moment that it enters ; and 'tis said
By our Sicilian shepherds, that their songs
Have in this place a wilder melody.
The mountains all about it are the haunts
Of many a fine romantic memory !
High towers old Ætna, with his feet deep clad
In the green sandals of the freshful spring ;
His sides array'd in winter, and his front
Shooting aloft the everlasting flame.
On the right hand is that great cave, in which
Huge Polyphemus dwelt, between whose vast
Colossal limbs the artful Grecian stole.
On the other side,
Is Galatea's dainty dressing-room,
Wrought in the living marble ; and within
Is seen the fountain where she us'd to twine
The ringlets on her neck that did ensnare
The melancholy Cyclop.—But what care you,

A soldier, for such fantasies ? I know
 A way that better shall persuade you to
 That place for our sweet marriage residence—
 There Damon hath his villa—Ha ! you seem
 Determin'd by the fast proximity
 Of such a friendship, more than all my love.

Pyth. Does Damon dwell there ?

Cal. No ; his Hermion

And his young boy—O ! 'tis a beauteous child !—
 Are sent there from the city's noxious air,
 And he doth visit them, whene'er the state
 Gives him brief respite. Tell me, Pythias,
 Shall we not see the Hymeneal moon
 Glide through the blue heavens there ?

Pyth. My own ador'd one,
 If thou should'st bid me sail away with thee
 To seek the isles of the Hesperides,
 I would, with such a pilot, spread my sail
 Beyond the trophies of great Hercules,
 Making thine eyes my Cynosure !'

The farewell of Damon to Hermion is exquisitely contrived to wake the tenderest sympathies of the human bosom. The unhappy man, leaving his friend surety for his return to the scaffold, resolves to take leave of his wife. The matron has retired, in compliance with her husband's will, when he finds himself liable to be sacrificed by Dionysius, to a villa, at a short distance from Syracuse. In this solitude, unapprized of Damon's danger, she anxiously anticipates a visit from him, and beguiles the weariness of absence by preparing for his reception. Her companion is a prattling boy, her only child, who is talking to her of his father. Damon finds her, engaged in arranging a little feast for him, in a garden surrounded by fruits and flowers. This situation of hope and pleasure heightens the dread and the anguish of Damon, who is forced to turn the felicity of Hermion to indescribable agony.—There is no heart that cannot be moved by such a scene.

From reading this tragedy, which is eminently devoted to the cause of virtue, which suggests no image, nor awakens any thought that does not harmonize with our best propensities and highest duties—we have been led to meditate on the nature of the pleasure derived from this class of productions : and to consider, also, the justice of those pious invectives, we have, from our youth up, been accustomed to hear lavished upon plays, play-writers, and play-actors. We know there are abuses and perversions of good things : of religion—preaching—printing,—in short, of every thing. But abuses are not genuine uses ; and the discriminating mind will not confound the one with the other. No wise man will trample upon received opinions, nor attempt to destroy the true distinction between honour and contempt, approbation and blame, good and

evil: but, before he determines in his own mind upon a disputed point, he will investigate the subject; and to try the justice of condemnation, he will examine the tendencies to evil, and the capabilities of good, attached to the object in view. Having learned the true grounds of esteem and censure, he will not hesitate to admire the beautiful, to vindicate the aspersed, and to celebrate the excellent.

The nature of the pleasure derived from tragedy, and from distressful scenes, has produced much speculation among religionists and philosophers. Some of these have resolved the impulse that urges the mind to seek out such exhibitions, into a cruel delight which is taken by human beings in the sufferings of others, or a selfish complacency they derive from the sense of their own exemption from the calamity they witness. The doctrine of the total depravity of man, or that of the consummate selfishness of his heart, offers this easy explanation of a universal propensity; but a nobler origin and a better tendency belong to it, than perverted religion or cold philosophy suggests. It may be followed to the source from which our most enlarged views of human nature, and our kindest feelings of benevolence, are derived—to the principles of curiosity, and of active sympathy with our species: and it doubtless discovers motives and means to make the best dispositions a law of our conduct.

Curiosity is one of the original principles of human nature, and is intimately connected with the affections:—like them it is developed with our earliest intelligence, and like them it continues to operate, more or less, through every stage of mortal life: it even extends, by anticipation, to that future existence, that ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man;’ towards which, it is a powerful attraction, that the secrets of all hearts, that is to say, all the influences which have secretly wrought upon us, shall be made manifest.

Curiosity embraces every possible object of human knowledge—all that is addressed to the senses or to the soul, all that exists in nature and in art, within the compass of our faculties: nor is its aspiring limited by its possible attainments, for, as there are unfathomed caves of ocean, which the diver can never penetrate, and luminaries of heaven, which the telescope can never discover, so there is a stretch of desire in regard to intellectual objects, beyond the utmost reach of our powers. All the possible circumstances of man, all the passions which excite him to action, and operate upon his soul and his destiny, afford exhibitions of character that enlarge our knowledge of human nature, and call forth various moral sentiments in those who can feel and comprehend their genuine effects. Love of novelty, the emotions of surprise and compassion, a sense of

the sublime in human nature, conscious pride in the honour of that nature, the sense of justice—and the reverse of some of these sentiments—grief, contempt, and indignation,—are the various affections excited by a fine play : and if it should be captiously objected, that the reverse of the kindly affections, produced by causes counter to them, are not amiable or salutary, it may be answered, that there is nothing malevolent in grief, contempt, or indignation, when rightly directed, and that they strengthen the sentiments opposed to themselves, by restricting them to their just and natural objects.

Benevolent and tender affections, as well as high purposes, and exalted admiration of excellence, are more vividly excited through the imagination, by dramatic poetry, than they can be by actual experience in life. Events, instructive and heart-moving, as they often are, never can operate, when real, in the same concentrated, rapid and forcible manner, as when they are displayed by the magic talent of the poet. Consequently, reality never can induce the exquisite perception of moral cause and effect, nor impart the unsuspended and intense interest, in the progress of history, and the peculiarly vivid feeling of existence, or of our moral nature,—of which we have an undefined consciousness, all at once, when we are observers of that train of circumstances, and those influences of the spirit in man, which are made to work together in a fine drama.

Individual experience cannot employ the imagination entirely, nor exercise the whole moral judgment ; and, though we observe the greater portion of our species satisfied with a narrow range of inquiry and reflection—but little susceptible of emotions through the imagination, and almost impenetrable to the touches of refined sympathy—theirs is an unnatural state, corresponding to unnatural ossification in the vital parts of the physical frame. The nature of man,—the dispensations of his Maker in respect to him—the beautiful art of a fine writer—and the nobler art of elocution, which utters what nothing else can, “warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,” illustrating and imparting all the conceptions of the poet,—mingle their powers and effects together in a well-written and a well-acted drama. This extraordinary combination awakens and prolongs the strongest power and interest of imagination—except the inspirations of pure poetic abstraction—of which our nature is susceptible. However interesting a play may be in its literary character, the personation of its spirit, only, can give perfect effect to its influence upon the imagination and the heart—for “accent reveals more than words, physiognomy more than either, and it is the *inexpressible* with which a great actor makes us acquainted.” The effect thus produced cannot be applied to a single principle of our nature ;

it is addressed to our best faculties and feelings, and for the time fills our capacity for enjoyment ; for it satisfies our love of excitement, employs and fixes the attention without effort, and banishes all sense of want or weariness. It displays what is lovely, great, and venerable, in striking contrast with what is deformed, dark, and hateful, in human nature. Tragedy, in its highest character, is peculiarly grateful to the loftiest conceptions of our nature—to those exalted conceptions an enlarged mind forms of virtue and genius. It is altogether a grand display of *talent*—that of the poet, of the actor, and in the great characters it represents—among whom, virtue, vice, passion, conscience, and intellectual energy, struggle with such mighty, and often with such fatal force. And though we do not enter into a minute examination with ourselves to explain the soul-subduing influence of this aggregated power, we should find the result very different, if any one of the particular causes, which produce the full effect of theatrical representation, were to be subtracted. If the most affecting events of history were put into the hands of an unskilful dramatist, as the subject of composition, he would not illustrate, but enfeeble our preconception of the effect to be produced from the elements committed to him : if the nature of man should be violated, or the order of Providence transgressed ; or if an air of vulgarity, inappropriate to the dignity of character, should appear in any of the prominent persons of the drama, all attendant merit would be degraded, all the ideal charm would vanish, and the moral motive to be suggested, would become entirely inefficient ; and, in place of the lively emotions, and the moral wisdom, shed abroad in our hearts, by a well-acted drama of the highest order—unmingled disgust only would be produced. Nor is it those parts of a tragedy that exhibit horrors of guilt or of suffering, that please by themselves :—guilt and suffering can only please by association.* We should not be so deeply moved with the frenzy of King Lear, if we had not previously sympathised with his generosity and tenderness of heart. In behalf of such a kind disposition, and so susceptible a soul, we take an interest in all that relates to their possessor. We are stirred with indignation against those who injure such goodness, and are melted

* Since these remarks were written, we have seen the following passage in Mr. Campbell's Lectures on Poetry, which serves to illustrate our own view of this subject.—“When a poet fills our imagination with the conception of a battle or a storm, it is not the sufferings of humanity that constitute the sublime, but our associated ideas of the human energy and intrepidity which we suppose to encounter them. In like manner when we are touched in fiction by the distress of venerable age, or innocent sensibility, our reverence, enthusiasm, and love of beauty, not the thoughts of distress, occasion our enjoyment.”—*Lecture I.*

with indescribable pity, by the bitter sorrows which overwhelm the confiding and affectionate old man ; and after his ungrateful, faithless children, have despised and abused their fond and munificent father, we rejoice in the retribution exhibited in their punishment :—And what are these sentiments but the love of excellence ?—fondness for the amiable and beneficent in man—detestation of the opposite qualities in character—and that inherent love of justice, which vindicates “ the ways of God to man,” which confides in the ultimate punishment of guilt when it appears to be delayed, and rejoices in it when it is complete and apparent ?

We hope it will not be understood that a good heart can rejoice in any species of suffering, from ill-will to the sufferer. In the view of reason and religion, punishment, as the instrument of divine or human justice, is not intended for destruction, but reformation ; its use is amendment and example—and no man of the mildest and most merciful disposition acquiesces with satisfaction in the impunity of great offenders. There is no kindness of disposition that could enjoy the prosperity and happiness of Regan and Goneril, in *Lear* ; and yet there is no man of a sound mind and a feeling heart, who cordially receives the monstrous dogma,—that the measure of eternal blessedness will be augmented by the punishment of the damned.

In *Macbeth*, we are not pleased with the ambition and cruelty of the usurper, or of his wife : if this noble tragedy were only an exhibition of malevolence and murder, it could not be endured,—but pity for confidence betrayed, a deep interest in the workings of remorse, and the struggles of the corrupt with the better nature, and, with some persons, the spell-like enchantment of that supernatural machinery, which connects the realities of this “ diurnal sphere,” with the shadowy beings of hell and heaven,—all constitute its elevating, purifying power over the mind. So in *Venice Preserved*, the contending feelings of parent, patriot and friend, husband and wife, in dreadful hostility, make the guilt and misery attendant on these interesting and beautiful relations so exquisitely affecting. But a play, having no prominent agent distinguished by intellectual power, moral attraction, or high-mindedness, would universally disgust.—Shakspeare’s *Titus Andronicus*, comes nearer to such a character than any other with which we are acquainted ; and perhaps no one ever read it without horror and aversion.

Thus simply may be overthrown the paradox of the critics, that the mind receives pleasure from the excitement of passions in themselves painful and unworthy. The painful passions are not excited by the representation of them only ; nor when they are displayed, is our sympathy with them, but it is under an undefined influence of some previous or existing excitement

or anticipation. This reference of the mind to the past and to the future, during the exhibition of the drama, constitutes an important part of the pleasure it affords. We do not relish a play, when we look first at the middle of it; nor do we like to leave it incomplete: in the former case the train of our ideas is not begun aright—in the latter, it is broken. But why should we care for this, if we have no concern with moral causes and consequences—no sense of that poetic justice which is founded in natural justice, and that ministration of it, obvious in all things? If we could enjoy pure passion, or pure misery, we should be satisfied with a single scene,—the rage of Shylock, or the deep sorrows of Mary Stuart, would please us for a moment, but we should be regardless of the victim of the Jew, or the deliverance of the captive Queen. It is the whole then, and not parts of the drama, that interest us, for we always connect the parts with the whole. We appear most affected by particular scenes or passages, but there is a certain (though often undefined) connection between the exciting cause of this emotion, and something delightful or distressing which we remember, or something to come which it reveals—like the lightning of the night, that for a moment shows the mariner the aspect of the rocks he has escaped, or of the breakers which threaten him, or the harbour of safety that yet awaits him.

The gratification of curiosity, the exercise of moral judgment, the admiration for genius, and an intelligent sympathy with virtue and distress, are the sources of our pleasure in theatrical representation. The same principles act upon the mind in social intercourse, and they appear, constantly, in the interest which every man, not utterly selfish, takes in the history and happiness of his fellow men. The desire to witness executions and spectacles of public punishment, also originates in concern for whatever affects the common nature. We do not approach the scaffold to behold a fellow creature disgraced and despised; but to learn how he suffers—to see his fortitude, his repentance, his hope, and the probable end of his misery. In this spectacle, as well as in the observation of fictitious suffering, we feel a secret complacency in our own exemption from the painful situation before us; but this is rather a grateful, than an exclusively selfish emotion—it is a sense of our own happiness, and not a malignant exultation in another's suffering. In the drama, there is always the influence of an attendant conviction through every stage of excitement and illusion, that the scene before us is not completely genuine: its agreement with truth, so far as principles and character are exhibited, makes it interesting, and the proof, that at the present moment it is false in fact also, makes it agreeable. If any one be disposed to doubt the latter assertion, let him question a person of benevolent affections,

and quick sensibility, who has first discovered the dead body of a self-murderer, or who may have vainly tried to snatch a fellow creature from a watery grave, and he will tell the transcendent power of reality, over all the effect that imagination can produce or devise.

God has implanted in us these sensibilities, as well as all our propensities and passions, for our common happiness and improvement, and has made them conducive to mutual delight and instruction, as well as to individual benefit. By the proper exercise of them we are equally enabled to do, and to obtain good,—we are prepared for distressing and difficult situations, for bold and adventurous virtues, for the duties of active beneficence, and the tender offices of consolation. “In examining others we learn to know ourselves. With limbs untorn, with head unsmitten, with senses unimpaired by despair, we know what we ourselves might have been, on the rack, on the scaffold, and in the most afflicting circumstances.” Nor can we gratify this interest in human nature, “unless when accompanied with passions of the dark and malevolent kind, without becoming more just, more merciful, more compassionate; and as the dark and malevolent passions are not the predominant inmates of the human breast, it has produced more deeds—oh many more! of kindness, than of cruelty. It discovers for our example a standard of excellence, which, without its assistance, our inward consciousness of what is right and becoming would never have dictated. It teaches us also to respect ourselves and our kind; for it is a poor mind indeed, that from this employment of its faculties, learns not to dwell upon the noble view of human nature, rather than the mean.”*

If it be objected that the characters exhibited in tragedy cannot instruct us in the knowledge of ourselves, because they exhibit men under the influences of situations, social circumstances, power and temptation, removed from common experience—it should be remembered, that though the relations they sustain differ from ours, and the transactions in which they are involved cannot affect us, yet, in a good drama, these persons partake of our common nature—all their feelings and actions are subject to the same moral laws as our own, and the operation and consequences of their passions and actions must illustrate principles of universal application. The examples of *eminent* wisdom or folly, virtue or guilt, can suggest neither strong excitements, nor fit opportunities of action to that portion of men of whom Gray says—

“Not circumscribed alone,
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined.”

* Preliminary discourse to a series of Plays on the Passions—By Joanna Baillie.

But human beings so situated, seek to enlarge their intellectual views, that the augmentation of knowledge and mental resource may afford them a compensation for the external disabilities under which they suffer. The elevated and disinterested views of the great, or their unbridled vices, unquestionably exhibit striking and true views of human nature, and they call forth those sentiments of admiration or of abhorrence, which are justly their due, and which, by a salutary law of our nature, cannot be excited or cherished in our hearts, without infusing their efficacy into our habitual feelings and conduct, and becoming of practical use, even in the humblest sphere of life. For, from the immutability and harmony of the moral perfections and obligations, the partakers of this nature may learn their duties, notwithstanding the disparities between them.— Upon this principle the highest intelligence in the universe has founded the great rule of wisdom and virtue, for his rational children: “Be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect.” Mould your actions after some sublime model, and though you must fall short of his excellence, you will yet be fellow-workers with him, in that development of truth, and labour of love, to which you are appointed.

This digression will be pardoned, if it is remembered, that it is only the following up a principle, which we have endeavoured to show, may be cultivated in a way, (that is, by theatrical exhibitions suitably regulated) which some good, and weak, and over-righteous people, suppose to be in direct hostility to the character and commands of the Deity, to the moral culture of the heart, and to the purification of manners. But we think the history of mankind, as well as individual experience, justifies our conclusions; and whatever arguments may be found in their favour, it is fair to regard these in ours.

In the imitative arts, we are endowed with the power to repeat nature; we take great delight in doing it; and we give great delight to others, by the resemblances we produce: all this can do no harm, but does great good; for it multiplies the objects and the perceptions of enjoyment, and in many instances perpetuates them. And as, in our models, we always seek the most perfect object of the kind, and divest even that of all the incumbering or incongruous appendages, only illustrating its excellence by attendant objects of contrasted inferiority or deformity; our own characters are naturally assimilated to the excellence which we aim to discover and represent, or which may be disclosed and represented to us, by the superior invention, sagacity, or taste of others. Of imitative arts, that which displays the soul, in all its capacities of joy and sorrow, of endurance and of energy, and marks the innumerable and exquisitely varied and blended shades of motive, passion and self-control—is the most admirable; and

however licentiousness may abuse, or prejudice calumniate, or ignorance misconceive it, it will ever be cherished by the good, and defended by the wise.

Among the arts, there is none more universally felt and enjoyed, than that of the great actor ; and there is none towards which the propensity is so widely manifested, through every stage of life, and in every state of society. Rude attempts at the dramatic art are made by children and savages. It is altogether conformed to the natural progress of manhood, that the same impulse which prompts the boy to wear the mock garb of the soldier, to attempt among his companions the oratory of the pulpit, and to assume the sceptre of the school, should, in after life, lead him to delight in the glories of men and times, in which he cannot even assume a part, and which can only exist to him in the scenic art ; and that, tired of repeating the routine of daily life, he should refresh his soul, and expand his existence, in the creations of those who have “ exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.” And it is equally in conformity to the progress of arts in society, that the wagon of Thespis should be supplanted and forgotten, in the splendid succession of ancient and modern theatres ; that it should at first elevate only the rhapsodist, and, in the course of years, it should be transformed to the shrine of all the Muses. That the drama has employed the brilliant talents of some of the best men in modern times, is well known ; and the rigidly pious may find, among the modern dramatic writers, names which have eminently adorned Christianity : Young, Johnson, and Home, were particularly devoted to the interests of religion ; but no scruple prevented them from contributing to the literature of the stage ; nor did their late repentance admonish others, that the stage is not the field of honest and honourable fame.—We will remind those who deny themselves the gratification of theatrical exhibitions, of the nature of the self-denial they inflict—from an old Edinburgh Review, written when some, who read now, were too young to read, and which, perhaps, others who did read, have forgotten.

“The finest exhibition of talent, and the most beautiful moral lessons, are interdicted at the theatre. There is something in the word *Playhouse*, which seems so closely connected, in the minds of these people, [the Extra-Purists] with sin and Satan, that it stands in their vocabulary for every species of abomination. And yet why ? Where is every feeling more roused in favour of virtue, than at a good play ? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learned ? What so *solemn* as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet ? To behold the child and his mother, the great man and the poor artisan, all ages and all ranks, moved by one common passion, wrung with one common anguish, and doing involuntary homage to the God that made their hearts ! What wretched in-

fatuation to interdict such amusements as these ! What a blessing to mankind, to be allured from sensual gratification to find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits!"—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 20.

Our observations have not been made with any view to combat prevailing opinions, further than to reconcile prevailing hostility ; they are not designed to mislead youthful credulity, or to bring over honest conscience to the side of corrupt inclination ; but to enlarge the circle of innocent pleasures and kind affections, to refine and exalt the recreations of daily life, to give some poetic colouring and imaginative charm to those leisure hours that are too often lost in ennui, or frittered away in heartless frivolity, or darkened by uncharitableness. To those who cannot believe in this mode of purifying and refining the intellect, who are so unhappily constituted as to imbibe poison from the nectar of human life—we leave the keeping of their own souls, warning them to avoid the pit whence contagion cometh ; but, while they fully enjoy the liberty of refraining from scenes,—which are so beautiful and interesting to those “ pure, to whom all things are pure,” by a happy affinity of their hearts with what is good—we would enjoin it upon them to possess their saintliness in peace, and not, by clamorous censures and unbecoming frowns, to exhibit the repulsiveness of their own principles, to the offence, and perhaps to the injury, of others who differ from them.

ART. IV.—*The Art of Cookery : in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry—with some letters to Dr. Lister, and others ; occasioned principally by the title of a book published by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Cœlius, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients ; with an extract of the greatest curiosities contained in that book. Humbly inscribed to the Honourable Beef Steak Club. First printed in 1708, London.*

THERE is a deficiency in the American character, or rather in American acquirements, which has not, to our knowledge, as yet excited the animadversions of our enemies ; nor does it appear in its full importance to ourselves. We do not understand the Art of Cookery. This fact, though it may appear strange at the first blush, admits of a philosophical explanation. When our worthy progenitors fled from England, to pray in peace in the desert, it may easily be supposed they had little leisure to study this noble art. What with cajoling, or fighting the savages, making new settlements, and baffling the numerous diseases occasioned by severe hardships, they could have had neither time nor inclination to discuss the merits of a beef steak or an oyster pie ; and would

probably have turned up their eyes at such carnal thoughts. Nothing was therefore to be expected of them. The only improvements to be ascribed to the early settlers, are the various modes of dressing pumpkins in the East, and hominy in the South ; but these are solitary instances. The succeeding generation, after having righteously exterminated the Heathen, and improved upon their fathers' beginnings, were interrupted in their enjoyments by the war with the mother country ; and in the course of this long struggle, how many rare invaluable recipes must have been destroyed ! Nor is this the least of the evils attending upon war. When independence was at length achieved, and the affairs of the nation were settled, it was to be expected that men would turn their attention to the fine arts ; among which we rank that of Cookery. But, while England and France have been eagerly running this glorious race, and endeavouring, with laudable emulation, to outstrip each other, America has looked supinely on the contest, and contented herself (which, by the way, is an old habit of hers,) with taking the profits, without the trouble of seeking for them.

It is wonderful to reflect, that we have not one rare dish which we can claim as original ; and that, in our corporeal as well as our mental tastes, we are obliged to turn to the aid of foreigners. We have, it is true, a Turtle Club in this city ; but we would venture to assert that the very soup is prepared by foreign hands. On this subject we cannot speak decidedly ; for who ever heard of a Reviewer becoming a member of a Turtle Club ? Alas ! like Cassius—they are lean, and seldom seen to smile. While our transatlantic brethren crimp their salmon, we are content to kill them outright before we eat them. We know not the merits of brawn : and we have seen many of our most polished countrymen, who slighted the claims of the inimitable *pâtée fôie* ; and were prejudiced enough to call the process whereby the liver of the fowl was enlarged, an inhuman operation. Our most pretending epicures will eat of pig killed in the usual way, instead of having him whipped to death—an excellent English improvement,—thus bringing the flesh tender to the hands of the cook ; or drowning him, in order to preserve his juices. Dr. Franklin has made some experiments in this line, which should be remembered to his honour. His mode of killing animals, by means of electricity, was an excellent one ; though, like all improvements, it advances slowly, and the old way seems to be preferred. Cavillers may indeed start the objection, that butchers might be killed, as well as calves, by this new weapon : we would therefore suggest the necessity of butchers becoming natural philosophers ; and who can tell how many a Franklin might rise from the greasy stall ?

After all, the ancients obtained greater perfection in cookery, than any of the modern epicures can boast. Who thinks now of supping on nightingales, or dining on peacocks ? Europeans and

Americans prefer fish fresh ; but they do not ascertain that truth, nor watch their expiring agonies while they weigh them, as the Romans did of old. The name of Lucullus puts to shame the modern connoisseurs ; and what recent sovereign can compare with that king of emperors, Vitellius, who spent, or caused to be spent, in the delights of the table, no less a sum than 7,265,625 pounds, in not quite one year ? George the Fourth, the most renowned of gastronomists, can boast of nothing to equal that emperor's Shield of Minerva, which was an immense dish, filled with one hundred different delicious viands : Though it may be urged, that the British Sovereign has discovered classical taste in patronizing Roman punch.

Who now can tell of the savoury *gout* of an Ambracian kid, or a boar served up whole, stuffed with the flesh of other animals ? Or who, that watches the arduous efforts of an awkward man, when dissecting a favourite fowl, but would wish himself in ancient Rome—where the servants were taught to carve to the sound of music ? The affluent English, indeed, adhere to the ancient hours of feasting : their dinner, so termed, agreeing with the Roman *Cæna* ; their meal at midday, with the Roman *Prandium* ; besides the breakfast, answering to their *Tentaculum*. Another good old Roman custom, was their manner of drinking toasts : they poured out as many *cyathi*, as there were letters in the name of the fair one, or agreeing with the number of years the drinker wished his friend to live. We may imagine the many cordial wishes this practice elicited from the happy guests ; nor wonder that they wore crowns of herbs and flowers, to prevent the intoxicating effects of the wine.

The Greeks also were good livers ; witness their purple covered couches, their frankincense, (of which, by the way, our pastilles are an imitation,) and their odoriferous wines, perfumed with the breath of roses and violets. Grasshoppers steeped in boiling oil, the sea hedgehog, pigs stuffed with thrushes, beccafigoes, yolks of eggs, oysters and other shellfish, were among their favourite dainties. Why should those savoury sounding dishes be neglected—the first in particular, which was used as a relish by the Athenians, as we now take smoked beef. But it is not surprising that we are ignorant of the recipes of the ancients, when we disdain to stretch our hands to those immediately within our reach. How would Lucullus or Aristippus have smacked his lips over a delicate beaver's tail, as it lay melting in the rich fat ; or the snout of a moose deer, to which the finest turtle cannot compare : yet, from these Indian “ delicacies ” we ignorantly turn with disgust. The Romans could not have known the last dish, having no moose deer whose characteristic is an immense snout ; though they used to eat deer dressed with broth made with pepper, wine, oil, honey, and stewed damsons ; which is the origin of our custom of taking sweet sauce with venison. The hare was also a favourite with

ancient epicures ; its blood being considered remarkably sweet, by reason of its fearful disposition : it was always served up like our grouse, bleeding, with no condiments to mingle with its own fine flavour. But the greatest dainty of all, which can only be compared to the inimitable maggot of South America, was a dormouse garnished with poppies ; which an author, we shall speak of, calls a “ soporiferous dainty, and as good as an owl pie to such as want a nap after dinner.” But we turn, from the tempting sauces of the ancients, to our own degenerate times.

We have waited impatiently for some notice of the culinary art in our Reviews. We looked for it in vain in the *Scientific Journal* : we found it not in the Reports of the Literary and Philosophical Society : and we are constrained to take up the pen, and arouse public attention to so important a subject ; at the same time introducing to our reader the worthy Dr. King, who lived in sixteen hundred sixty-three, and was considered a man of wit and learning. His *Art of Cookery* is the most useful of his efforts, and betrays much curious erudition. By way of preface, the author addresses some letters to Dr. Lister, on his publishing the *Essays of Apicius Cœlius* ; and the epistles are not the least entertaining part of the work.

‘ SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments ; but I must tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the ancients concerning *dentiscalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philosophical and mathematical observations : they searched into all the springs of action ; and, though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal ; whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth ; and his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitsters** in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain, that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals ; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are serrate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful sagacity in the *crocodile*, which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude ; so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating.’

* Whose tenter-grounds are now almost built upon.

After tracing thus satisfactorily the origin of the toothpick, the author proceeds to prove the existence of juries in the age of the "grandchildren of Mitzraim;" and censures Homer for bestowing so much time upon the description of a smith's forge and anvil, when he might, with more taste, have celebrated the beauty of the toothpick or snuffbox of Achilles. How important our author considered the study of cookery, we may judge from his words.

'I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits, that I call my cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven*; and for these twelve-months past, whilst Dr. Wotton with his "Modern learning," was defending *pye-crust* from scorching, his dear friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris," has been singing of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the public.

'Indeed, cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verses," shows himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage; for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemagne, that the great cook of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill required to bring an army into the field, and to set forth a magnificent entertainment; since the one was as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other to pleasure your friend." In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike profession of cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where, they being so barbarous as to make the most *contemptible* person to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience.

‘As this small essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand, of publishing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or the “Cook’s Complete Library,” which shall begin with a translation, or at least an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian feast. He shall be published, with all his *comments, useful glosses, and indexes*, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the *basting ladles, dripping pans, and drudging boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean skullery*. I design to have all authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what oriental manuscripts you have. I remember Erpinus, in his notes upon Lodman’s Fables, (whom I take to be the same person with Æsop,) gives us an admirable receipt for making the *sour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber* of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an inn poisoned him with one, saying, “If he is a prophet, he will discover it; if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him.” I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to inquire what manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors, several admirable *bills of fare* for Aristotle suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the books are fair and legible.’

We agree with Dr. King, that eating may be made an important auxiliary to poetry and the drama. The judicious Shakspeare has placed one of his finest scenes at a banquet; and though Macbeth’s bad conscience spoiled the feast, it was no fault of the cook’s. The best of fellows in tale or comedy—the fat knight—did nothing but eat and drink; and, to descend from great to meaner things, what would Jeremy Diddler be without his capacity for rolls and coffee? The author of *Waverly* has also paid due respect to this art; inasmuch as he has carefully provided his personages with good entertainment, and described their fare so *con amore* withal, as proves him to be a connoisseur. Another letter of our author, treats on this subject.

‘I have reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious consideration, find that the true understanding of the whole “Art of Cookery,” will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to poets.

‘I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that poets are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D’Urfey’s presence, this I would be bound to say, “That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:” only it is something more substantial; and, between two and three o’clock, more agreeable.

‘ I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in “ The Libertine,”* has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken ; but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs, under the table. The host in “ The Villain,”† who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when, from the crown of his hat, he produces his gold capon : so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it,) in “ The Rehearsal,” with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet ; and the Cook that slobbers his beard with his sack-posset, in “ The Man’s the Master ;”‡ have, in my opinion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus ; and with his raillery upon garlic in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero’s luxury. Juvenal spends a whole Satire about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

‘ I think all poets agree, that Episodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greatest nicety of art ; and so it is the same thing at a good table : and yet I have seen a very good Episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled : though I know that Critics with a good stomach, have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, so at our common tables, many Episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of sallad, seasoning the inside of a sirloin of beef, breaking lobsters’ claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.’

The author also cautions poets against committing anachronisms in cookery. ‘ Neither can a poet put *hops* into an Englishman’s drink before *heresy* came in : he might as well give King James the First a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which was not brought into England till many years after ; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Catherine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a diamond as large.’

In letter eighth occurs a fine piece of criticism ; and as it goes to prove our assertion, that eating gives interest to poetry, we will extract it entire.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ I cannot but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite comedy, called “ The Lawyer’s Fortune ; or, Love in a Hollow Tree ;” which

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

‡ A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the play opens with a scene of good housewifery, where Favourite, the house-keeper, makes this complaint to Lady Bonona:

"FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam, should not some fat sheep be bought in.

BON. What say you, Let-acre to it?

LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep. The fresh grass makes them fall away, and they begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves shortly."

'What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art of Cookery," where our author says,

"But though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season past,
What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what's waste,
And leads him through the various maze of taste."

'In the second act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the play, having in the first act lost his hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted, and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's*, (which is exactly according to the rule, "A prince, who in a forest rides astray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman coming, the fair Florida, her daughter, working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and, in the mean time, the good old gentlewoman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle, about a pint, and an old fashioned glass, fills, and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a small time, the old lady cries, "Well, it is my bed-time; but my daughter will show you the way to your's: for I know you would willingly be in it."* This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement, (see the great judgment of the poet!) she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the goose to the fire:" but here it is otherwise; for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast; when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already." *The lady tells him, "cold supper is better than none;" so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot. I am sure, Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A widow has cold pye,")* though Valentine, being love-sick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother, the hospitable Lady Bonora's, (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her attorney,) then affluence and dainties are to

appear (according to this verse "Mangoes, Petargo Champignons, Caveare;") and Mrs. Favourite, the housekeeper, makes these most important inquiries :

"FAV. Mistress, shall I put any mushrooms, mangoes, or bamboons, into the sallad ?

BON. Yes, I pry'thee, the best thou hast.

FAV. Shall I use ketchup or anchovies in the gravy ?

BON. What you will."

'But, however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it, with, "Well, Gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a short dinner? I promise you, it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild-fowl. There was, at least, one pheasant in the house, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, I had a good flight of a pheasant-cock, that, after my hawk seized, made head as if he would have fought; but my hawk plumed him presently." Now, it is not reasonable to suppose, that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any stomach to it for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a present of an hawk to Valentine, Florida, his mistress, grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd sort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appease her, sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, "His master, to show the trouble he took by her misapprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl. So we see the poor bird demolished, and all hopes of wild-fowl destroyed for the future: and happy were it, if misfortunes would stop here. But, the cruel beauty refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the steward, to brush off, and quit his habitation. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young master real, and Valentine having threatened the housekeeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one scene interposed, before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to represent him. There is a scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the moderns: "Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish," is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his mother's and housekeeper's extravagance, as was said before, in their mushrooms, mangoes, bamboons, ketchup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheese without bread*, and having no other drink but water. For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and a leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and

yet they venture in ; where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble :

“ Hang up thy wallet on that tree,

And creep thou in this hollow place with me ;

Let's here repose our wearied limbs till they more wearied be !

Boy. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese.
What shall we do for bread ?

VAL. When we have slept, we will seek out
Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

Boy. But no drink, Master ?

VAL. Under that rock a spring I see,
Which shall refresh my thirst and thee.”

‘ So the act closes ; and it is dismal for the audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the music was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the poets calls *catas rophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, “ I doubt I have offended him too much ; but I will attend him home, cherish him with cordials, make him broths,” (poor good-natured creature ! I wish she had Dr. Lister’s book to help her !) “ anoint his limbs, and be a nurse, a tender nurse, to him.” Nor do blessings come alone ; for the good mother, having *refreshed him with warm baths*, and kept him tenderly in the house, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, “ to get the best entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what she has and what she wants, and to get all ready in few hours.” And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre tragedies ; but give me a play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every act of it.’

We have lingered so long on our author’s letters, that we cannot afford much space for his poetical directions. The following lines are a fair specimen of his style :

‘ Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by :
Then you may put a dwarf into a pye.
Or, if you’d fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare ;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table : let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.

’Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest :
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.

Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,
 With Indian sugar and Arabian spice :
 And let your various creams encircled be
 With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
 Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
 With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
 The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursued.
 The cheerful master, 'midst his jovial friends,
 His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.
 The grace cup follows to his sovereign's health,
 And to his country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
 Performing then the piety of *grace*,
 Each man that pleases re-assumes his place ;
 While at his gate, from such abundant store,
 He showers his godlike blessings on the poor.

In days of old, our fathers went to war,
 Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare :
 Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
 And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.
 Some officer perhaps may give consent,
 To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
 Where every thing that every soldier got,
 Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
 Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
 But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
 And through the world our British worth was known,
 Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
 Their Champaign sparkled equal with their lace ;
 Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were sent,
 To grace the levee of a general's tent ;
 In their gilt plates all delicacies were seen,
 And what was earth before became a rich terrene.'

Here then we quit the tempting theme, hoping that it may be resumed by abler hands, and expressing our firm belief, that until this reproach is taken away from us, we will continue to lack genius and imagination.

Dr. King imitated Horace's Art of Love ; and composed some small poems, one of which, Mully of Mountown, was thought to have referred to political secrets, though only written for country diversion. Mountown, a pleasant villa near Dublin, is thus apostrophized :

' Mountown ! thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
 Be famous for thy apples and thy pears ;
 For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and pease ;
 For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheese.
 May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly !
 But condescend sometimes to make a pye.
 May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
 And ne'er want gooseberries or apple-sauce !

Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
 And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens!
 May thy black pigs lie warm in little stye,
 And have no thought to grieve them till they die!"

Mully, the heroine, is a cow, fat, innocent, and gentle; but she has an enemy, "Robin of Derbyshire."

'He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
 To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
 But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
 Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef;
 His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
 "Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die!"
 'Tis a brave cow. O, sirs, when Christmas comes,
 These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with plums;
 Then, 'midst our cups, whilst we profusely *dine*,
 This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine.
 What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd, and roast!
 There sha'nt one single tripe of her be lost!"

When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these sounds,
 She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
 "What crime," said she, "has gentle Mully done?
 Witness the rising and the setting sun,
 That knows what milk she constantly would give!
 Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."

"You've spoke," says Robin; "but now let me tell ye,
 'Tis not fair spoken *words* that fill the *belly*:
 Pudding and beef I love; and cannot stoop
 To recommend your bonny-clapper soup.
 You say she's innocent: but what of that?
 'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's *fat*!
 She dies."—Stop here, my muse: forbear the rest:
 And veil that grief which cannot be exprest!"

Although this author has never risen to excellence, he certainly preserved ease and humour. His "Orpheus and Eurydice" evinces much fancy and archness: and we will conclude these remarks with a specimen of his talents at anecdote, which struck us as being amusing.

'Just as you Please; or, the Incurious.

'A virtuoso had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree.
 He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
 "Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
 Out such a man, with such a character,
 As in this paper now I give you here;
 Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
 For I will break your back, and set you strait."

Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
Who, solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say, "Who is't? wilt go any where?"

Says Humpus, "Sir, my master bade me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day."
He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will?"

The master thus accosts him, "Sir, you're wet,
Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do spoil it, need I care?
I see he has eleven more to spare."

Dinner's brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
"This is not very usual," thinks the clown:
"But is not all the family his own?
And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
Lose a good dinner which he bids me take?
If from his table she discarded be,
What need's I care, there's the more for me."

After a while, the daughter's bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"

Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
And starve himself, to see the booby dine.
He does. The father asks, "What have you there?
How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"
"Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed!
Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
Don't spare him for his tears or age: I'll try
If cat-of-nine-tails can excuse a lie."

Thinks the clown, "That 'twas wine I do believe;
But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
And how know I but 't may be for his good?"

When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor revenged enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave them me."—
"No more such poison shall she ever give,
I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting she should live:

Set faggots in the court. I'll make her fry ;
 And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by ?"
 Then, smiling, says the clown, " Upon my life,
 A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife !
 And since I find 'tis really your design,
 Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

ART. IV.—*A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington, Baltimore, and New-Orleans, under Generals Ross, Packenham, and Lambert, in the years 1814 and 1815; with some account of the countries visited.* By an Officer who served in the expedition. 8vo. pp. 431. M. Carey & Sons. Philad. 1821.

THE first hundred pages of this volume, are employed in describing a part of Gascony ; the march of the corps to which the writer belonged, from Bayonne to Pauliac ; its embarkation there, and subsequent voyage to the United States—whither (after the peace in Europe of 1814) it was destined, to take part in the scenes which give title to the work.

The first of these is the capture of Washington ; and of the preliminary measures which led to this event, the author says :

'Immediately on entering the Chesapeake, we were joined by Admiral Cockburn, with three line of battle ships, several frigates, and a few sloops of war and gun brigs ; by which means the squadron could now muster above twenty vessels entitled to display the pendant, besides an equal, if not greater number of victuallers and transports. Nor were we strengthened by this addition in the naval part of the expedition alone. On board of these ships was embarked a powerful reinforcement for the army, consisting of a battalion of 700 marines, 100 negroes, lately armed and disciplined, and a division of marine artillery ; so that we could now calculate on landing a corps of at least 4000 men. The sight was, therefore, altogether as grand and imposing as any I ever beheld ; because one could not help remembering, that this powerful fleet was sailing in an enemy's bay, and was filled with troops for the invasion of that enemy's country.'

On the 18th of August, this imposing armament began to ascend the Patuxent ; and in doing so, sufficiently indicated their intention of attacking a flotilla of light and small armed vessels, which lay opposite to Nottingham, under the command of Commodore Barney. Their plan of attack, as stated in the text, was, to march the army on the left bank of the river, to a position west of Nottingham, which should prevent the farther retreat of the flotilla ; while the boats of the fleet approached, and assailed it directly and in front. To give execution to this plan, the troops were landed at Benedict, on the morning of the 19th of August, and with as many precautions as if Jackson had been at the head of the opposing army.

‘ From what I have stated, (says our author,) respecting the gun brig, you will perceive, that all things were in readiness to meet and repel any opposition that might have been offered. Her broadside being pointed directly towards the village, rendered it impossible for the enemy to bring down troops in that direction ; and, at the same time, gave to our people an opportunity of forming, and thus being able to meet, in good order, whatever force might be posted to hinder their advance up the country. Had, indeed, a few pieces of artillery been mounted upon the high ground afterwards taken possession of by us, some execution might have been done upon the boats as they drew towards the beach : but even that would have been trifling ; because, unless they had had leisure to heat their shot, no artillery in the open country could long stand before the fire of even a gun brig, armed as this was, for the occasion, with long thirty two pounders. Each boat-load of soldiers, likewise, drew up the moment they stepped on shore, forming line without any regard to companies or battalions ; whilst parties were instantly detached to reconnoitre, and to take possession of every house, as well as to line every hedge in front of the shore, where their comrades were arriving. But *these preparations*, though no more than common prudence required, were *unnecessary* ; since there was not only *no opposition* to the landing, but apparently *no enemy within many miles of the place.*’—p. 94.

The march began at 4 o’clock, P. M. of the 20th ; and was made with the same circumspection that marked the landing : A van guard of three companies, preceded by a double file, and flanked by detached parties, formed the front. Next to it marched the First or Light Infantry brigade, followed by the Second, and the artillery and ammunition, dragged by seamen. The Third brigade, with a rear guard, similar to that which formed the van, closed the line.—Their march was necessarily a short one, (not exceeding six miles ;) for, besides that night was coming on, ‘ a greater number of soldiers,’ says the historian, ‘ dropped from the ranks, and fell behind from fatigue, than I recollect to have seen in any march on the Peninsula of thrice its duration.’ ‘ The fact,’ he adds, ‘ is, that the men, *from having been so long cooped up in ships, and unused to carry their baggage and arms, were become relaxed and enervated to a degree altogether unnatural ; and this, added to the excessive sultriness of the day, which exceeded any thing we had yet experienced, quite overpowered them.*’ Here, therefore, after building their fires, they laid down, and were permitted to pass the night (like the former,) wholly undisturbed, but by a thunder gust.

In the morning of the 21st, they moved on in good order and high spirits ; and in the evening entered Nottingham, ‘ *without the slightest opposition.*’ It will be remembered, that this village, or its environs, was considered, at the time they began their march, as their ne plus ultra. When, therefore, they found, on their arrival, that the ‘ main object of their pursuit, [the flotilla] had

‘ moved higher up the stream, there was something like a hesitancy, whether they should follow the gun-boats, or return to the ‘ shipping ;’ but having had (as we have seen,) the benefit of another undisturbed night’s rest, ‘ the former course was, *at last*, resolved upon ; and the column set forward, about 8 o’clock, in ‘ the direction of Marlborough, a village about ten miles beyond ‘ Nottingham.’

During this day, (the 22d) they performed their march as usual, without annoyance from the American army ; and had, besides, the benefit of being exempted from the assaults of the sun ; since the road, from beginning to end, lay through a ‘ thick forest.’ The only alarming circumstances that occurred, was some ‘ heavy explosions,’ which had the effect, it seems, of ‘ *startling*’ the column. This feeling was, however, soon and agreeably removed, by intelligence—that ‘ Com. Barney, perceiving the impossibility of ‘ preserving, had prudently destroyed, the flotilla ;’ and that to this cause was owing the alarming explosions they had heard. The army soon afterwards reached Marlborough, where they passed another night as tranquilly as they could have desired.

On the morning of the 23d, the same hesitancy, that lost some hours at Nottingham, again occurred. It was now to be decided, whether, having gained the main object of their pursuit, without losing a man, they might not prosecute another, (the attack on Washington,) without indiscretion. Every thing, no doubt, favoured the attempt ; but particularly the fact, that the American troops had not yet given a single proof of the smallest intention on their part to disturb the execution of any project General Ross might think proper to adopt : they had even, as we have seen, anticipated his views with regard to the flotilla ; and, from all that had happened in a march of forty miles—over hill and dale, through plains and forests, by night and by day—this officer was authorised to infer, that he had nothing to fear, and probably much to gain, by extending his march to the Capitol. Whether this was exactly the reasoning employed, we cannot tell ; but we are distinctly informed by our author, that at 4 o’clock P. M. of the 23d, the army was again in motion ; and, with the exception of a skirmish, which made little noise and drew no blood, they went on to the Wood Yard, and there rested another night, without either injury or alarm.

On the 24th, the march was resumed, in the direction of Washington, by a by-path, and through woods where, for some hours, they were not even incommoded by heat or dust. As, however, the day advanced, this last favourable circumstance abandoned them : and we shall here recur to our author, for a description of the *fighting condition* of the British army, had they been resisted in front, and pressed in rear, by such men as Jackson and Carroll and Coffee.

‘We had now,’ says he, ‘proceeded about nine miles, during the last four of which, the sun’s rays had beat continually upon us, and we had inhaled almost as great a quantity of dust as of air. Numbers of men had already fallen to the rear, and many more could with difficulty keep up; consequently, had we pushed on much farther without resting, the chances were, that at least *one half* of the army would be left behind. To prevent this from happening, and to give time for the stragglers to overtake the column, a halt was determined on; and being led forward to a spot of ground well wooded, and watered by a stream which crossed the road, the troops were ordered to refresh themselves. Perhaps no halt ever arrived more seasonably than this, or bid fair to be productive of more beneficial effects; and yet, (so oppressive was the heat,) that we had not resumed our march above an hour, *when the banks by the way-side were again covered with stragglers; some of the finest and stoutest men in the army being literally unable to go on.*’—p. 117.

This was, no doubt, a precious moment for the American army: but whatever were its advantages, ‘their General,’ says our author, ‘did not think fit to employ them *in harassing our march.*’

‘The hour of noon was approaching, when a heavy cloud of dust, apparently not more than two or three miles distant, attracted our attention. Whence it originated, there was little difficulty in guessing; nor did many minutes expire, before surmise was changed into certainty; for, on turning a sudden angle in the road, and passing a small plantation, which obstructed the vision towards the left, the British and American armies became [for the first time] visible to each other: the latter ‘amounting, by their own account, to *nine thousand men*—a number exactly doubling that of the force which was to attack them.’—p. 118. 120.

On approaching Bladensburg, a halt of a few minutes was made, at the turn of the road, for the purpose of reconnoitring the village, and ascertaining whether it was or was not occupied by the American troops.*

‘The result proving that no opposition was intended in that quarter, and that the whole of the enemy’s army had been withdrawn to the opposite side of the stream; the army was again put in motion, and, in a short time, arrived in the streets of Bladensburgh, and within range of the American artillery. Immediately on reaching this point, several of their guns opened upon us, and kept a quick and well directed cannonade; from which, as we were again commanded to halt, the men were directed to shelter themselves, as much as possible, behind the houses. The object of this halt, it was conjectured, was to

* An extraordinary fact, never before made public, is, that the Secretary of State forgot to move the British Commissary of Prisoners (Col. Barclay) from Bladensburgh, till the morning the British army arrived there; and then, thinking it a pity to deprive them of a little amiable converse, left the Secretary or Clerk behind, to represent the Colonel.

give the General an opportunity of examining the American line, and of trying the depth of the river; because, at present, there appeared to be but one practicable mode of attack, by crossing the bridge, and taking the enemy directly in front. To do so, however, exposed as the bridge was, must be attended with bloody consequences; nor could the delay of a few minutes produce any mischief which the discovery of a ford would not amply compensate.

‘ But in this conjecture we were altogether mistaken: for, without allowing time *to the column to close its ranks, or to be formed by some of the many stragglers*, who were now hurrying, *as fast as weariness would permit*, to regain their places, the order to halt was countermanded, and the word given to attack; and we immediately pushed on at double quick time, towards the head of the bridge. While we were moving along the street, a continued fire was kept up, with some execution, from those guns which stood to the left of the road; but it was not till the bridge was covered with our people, that the two gun battery, upon the road itself, began to play. Then, indeed, it also opened, and with tremendous effect; for, at the first discharge, almost an entire company was swept down; but whether it was that the guns had been previously laid with measured exactness, or that the nerves of the gunners became afterwards unsteady, the succeeding discharges were much less fatal. [*] The riflemen likewise now galled us from the wooded bank, with a running fire of musketry; and it was not without trampling upon many of their dead and dying comrades, that the light brigade established itself on the opposite side of the stream.

‘ When once there, however, every thing else appeared easy.—Wheeling off to the right and left of the road, they dashed into the thicket, and quickly cleared it of the American skirmishers; who, falling back with precipitation upon the first line, threw it into disorder before it had fired a shot. The consequence was, that our troops had scarcely shown themselves, when the whole of that line gave way, and fled in the greatest confusion, leaving the two guns upon the road in possession of the victors.

‘ But here, it must be confessed, that the light brigade was guilty of imprudence. Instead of pausing till the rest of the army came up, they lightened themselves, by throwing away their knapsacks and haversacks, and extending their ranks, so as to show an equal front with the enemy, pushed on to the attack of the second line. The Americans, however, saw their weakness, and stood firm; and, having the whole of their artillery, with the exception of those captured on the road, and the greater part of their infantry, in this line—they first checked the ardour of the assailants by a heavy fire, and then, in their turn, advanced to recover the ground which was lost. Against this charge, the extended order of the British troops would not permit them to offer an effectual resistance, and they were accordingly borne back to the very thicket upon the river’s brink; where they maintained them-

[* This is the battery that Col. Wadsworth directed. One or both of the guns were made useless, by some blunder in the management of them.]

selves with determined obstinacy, repelling all attempts to drive them through it, and frequently following, to within a short distance of the cannon's mouth, such parts of the enemy's line as gave way. In this state the action continued till the second brigade had likewise crossed, and formed upon the right bank of the river ; when the 44th regiment, moving to the right, and driving in the skirmishers, debouched upon the left flank of the Americans, and completely turned it. In that quarter, therefore, the battle was won ; because, the raw militia-men, who were stationed there, as being the least assailable point, when once broken, could not be rallied. But on their right, the enemy still kept their ground with much resolution ; nor was it till the arrival of the 4th regiment, and the advance of the British forces, in firm array, to the charge, that they began to waver. Then, indeed, seeing their left in full flight, and the 44th getting in their rear, they lost all order and dispersed, leaving clouds of riflemen to cover their retreat ; and hastened to conceal themselves in the woods, where it would have been vain to follow them. The rout was now general throughout the whole line. The reserve, which ought to have supported the main body, fled as soon as those in its front began to give way ; and the cavalry, instead of charging the British troops, now scattered in pursuit, turned their horses' heads and galloped off, leaving them in undisputed possession of the field, and of ten out of the twenty pieces of artillery.'—p. 121—124.

Having thus easily won the battle, on the issue of which was staked the defence of the Capital, we shall now see the use made of the victory by the British commander.

'As it was not,' says our author, 'the intention of the British government to attempt permanent conquests in *this part* of America, and as the General was well aware, that with a handful of men, he could not pretend to establish himself, for any length of time, in an enemy's capital ; he determined to lay it under *contribution*, and to return *quietly* to the shipping. Nor was there any thing unworthy of the character of a *British* officer in this determination. By all the customs of war, whatever public property may chance to be in a captured town, becomes confessedly the just spoil of the conqueror ; and in thus proposing to accept a certain sum of money, in lieu of that property, he was showing mercy, rather than severity, to the vanquished. It is true, that if they chose to reject his terms, he and his army would be deprived of their booty ; because, without some more convenient mode of transporting it than we possessed, even the portable part of the property itself could not be removed. But, on the other hand, there was no difficulty in *destroying* it ; and thus, though we should gain nothing, the American government would lose, probably, to a much greater amount, than if they had agreed to *purchase its preservation* by the money demanded.'—p. 128.

With these financial views and calculations, and when the heat of the day had somewhat abated, the General put his army in march for the city ; but, to give time for the intended negotiation, halted the column on a plain in its immediate vicinity, while a

flag of truce was sent in with the terms. The proposal, however, was not so much as heard; for, 'scarcely,' says our author, 'had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses, and the *horse* of the General himself, who accompanied them, killed.' To kill the General's horse was, it seems, an offence not to be atoned for by money; and, of course, the only alternative offered, was the other part of the plan, (that of destruction;) and which, accordingly, was immediately resorted to. The persons occupying the house from which the offending shot came, were first 'put to the sword;' then the house itself 'reduced to ashes;' and lastly, every thing in the most distant degree connected with the government, burnt or destroyed. 'The sky,' says our author, 'was brilliantly illumined by the different conflagrations; and a dark red light was thrown upon the road, sufficient to permit each man to view distinctly his comrade's face. Except the burning of St. Sebastian, I do not recollect to have witnessed, at any period of my life, a scene more striking or more sublime.' After this brilliant achievement, the troops bivouacked in close column for the night, and were permitted to sleep soundly and quietly till the morning. A part of the next day was given to a contemplation of the mischiefs they had done: but even this pleasure was not long uninterrupted; for, according to our author, a powerful army of Americans (which report estimated at 12,000 combatants) looked down from the hills, and were preparing to descend upon and devour them.

'Whether or not such was their intention,' adds our author, 'I cannot pretend to say, because it was noon before they showed themselves; and soon after, when something like a movement *could be discerned in their ranks*, the sky grew suddenly dark, and the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant in the place, came on. Of the prodigious force of the wind, it is impossible for you to form any conception. Roofs of houses were torn off by it, and whisked into the air like sheets of paper; while the rain which accompanied it, resembled the rushing of a mighty cataract, rather than the dropping of a shower. The darkness was as great as if the sun had long set, and the last remains of twilight had come on, occasionally relieved by flashes of vivid lightning streaming through it; which, together with the noise of the wind and the thunder, the crash of falling buildings, and the tearing of roofs as they were stript from the walls, produced the most appalling effect I ever have, and probably ever shall, witness. This lasted for nearly two hours, without intermission; during which time, many of the houses spared by us, were blown down, and thirty of our men, besides several of the inhabitants, buried beneath their ruins. Our column was as completely dispersed, as if it had received a total defeat; some of the men flying for shelter behind walls and buildings, and others falling flat upon the ground, to prevent themselves from being

carried away by the tempest : nay, such was the violence of the wind, that two pieces of cannon, which stood upon the eminence, were fairly lifted from the ground, and borne several yards to the rear.'—p. 140.

It may be supposed, without any violation of probability, that the first impression of the British army, (under the effects of this unparalleled tornado,) was, that the Genius of the place, the spirit of Washington, had descended in his might, to scatter the columns of Britain, and take vengeance for the violation of a Capital, made sacred by his name and his adoption : but when the appalling effect of the storm had somewhat diminished, and they had sufficiently recollected themselves to look again at the 12,000 combatants who occupied the neighbouring hills, the suspicion that any supernatural power had taken part in the quarrel against them subsided ; because they saw, in these new and embattled legions, (even at the distance of two miles,) symptoms of terror, dismay and disorder, at least equal to their own.

'And of this,' says our author, 'Gen. Ross did not fail to take advantage ;' for, 'as soon as the necessary arrangements had been made, and darkness had come on, the third brigade, which was posted in the rear of our army, began its retreat. Then followed the guns, afterwards the second, and last of all the light brigade ; exactly reversing the order which had been maintained during the advance. Instead of an advanced guard, this last now furnished a party to cover the retreat ; and the whole procession was closed by the mounted drivers.'

'It being matter of great importance to deceive the enemy, and to prevent pursuit, the rear of the column did not quit its ground upon the Capital till a late hour. During the day, an order had been issued, that none of the inhabitants should be seen in the streets after eight o'clock ; and as fear renders most men obedient, this order was punctually attended to. All the horses belonging to different officers, had likewise been removed to drag the guns ; nor was any one allowed to ride, lest a neigh, or even the trampling of hoofs, should excite suspicion. The fires were trimmed, and made to blaze bright, and fuel enough left to keep them so for some hours ; and, finally, about half past nine o'clock, the troops formed in marching order, and moved off in the most profound silence. Not a word was spoken, nor a single individual permitted to step one inch out of his place ; and thus they passed along the streets perfectly unnoticed, and cleared the town without any alarm being given. You will imagine that our pace was none of the most tardy ; consequently, it was not long before we reached the ground which had been occupied by the other brigades. Here we found a second line of fires, blazing in the same manner as those deserted by ourselves ; and the same precautions, in every respect, adopted, to induce a belief that our army was still quiet. Beyond these, again, we found two or three solitary fires, placed in such order as to resemble those of a chain of pickets. In

short, the deception was so well managed, that even we ourselves were at first doubtful whether the rest of the troops had withdrawn.'

We have already had occasion to remark the miserable plight, in which (from a long disuse of their limbs on ship board, and the effects of a hot sun and a dusty road) the British army approached Bladensburg; and to hint, at what would have been the probable effect (at that moment) of a little pressure on their front and flanks and rear; and we shall now see, that their *retreat* exposed them to similar perils, and might have been rendered fatal,—had not our commanders understood, too literally, the maxim of Lucullus,—*not to disturb a retiring enemy*.

'In Bladensburg, the brigade halted an hour, whilst those men who had thrown away their knapsacks endeavoured to recover them: but 'the stragglers having returned to their ranks, we again moved on, continuing to march without once stopping to rest, during the whole of the night. Of the fatigue of a night march, none but those who have experienced it, can form the smallest conception. Oppressed with the most intolerable drowsiness, we were absolutely dozing upon our legs; and if any check at the head of the column caused a momentary delay, the road was instantly covered with men fast asleep. It is generally acknowledged, that no inclination is so difficult to resist as the inclination to sleep; but when you are compelled not only to bear up against this, but to struggle also with weariness, and to walk at the same time, it is scarcely possible to hold out long. By seven o'clock in the morning, it was therefore absolutely necessary to pause, because numbers had already fallen behind, and numbers more were ready to follow their example; when throwing ourselves on the ground, almost in the same order in which we had marched, in less than five minutes there was not a single unclosed eye throughout the whole brigade. Pickets were of course stationed, and sentinels placed, to whom no rest was granted; but, except these, the entire army resembled a heap of *dead bodies on a field of battle*, rather than living men.

'In this situation we remained till noon, when we were again roused to continue the retreat. Though the sun was oppressively powerful, we moved on without resting till dark, when having arrived at our old position near Marlborough, we halted for the night.'

'We had now proceeded a distance of thirty-five miles, and began to consider ourselves beyond the danger of pursuit. The remainder of the retreat was therefore conducted with more leisure; our next march carrying us no farther than Nottingham,'—'where some of our shipping had arrived.'

On the narrative we shall make a few remarks. If history be "experience, teaching by example," it is evident, that to fulfil this definition, it must, in the words of Cicero, "*tell all that is true, and nothing that is false*." Of the former branch of the rule, our author seems to be sufficiently aware; but against the latter, he sins egregiously, and (we fear) most wantonly:

1st. It was not enough that 2000 British troops, sinking under a march of ten or fifteen miles in a hot day, and hurried into action, without even time to form, should have beaten 6000 Americans—cool and fresh, inured to labour, accustomed to the climate, and occupying ground of their own choosing!—All this, we repeat, was not enough, to satisfy the personal or national vanity of our author; he must recur to the vulgar practice of swelling the number of the conquered, in order to enhance the merits of the conqueror; and thus make his conduct appear to have been, not merely meritorious, but miraculous—a trick, worthy only of a *political* historian, who writes, not to instruct posterity, but to produce some partial and temporary effect on the government, or nation, to which he belongs. No historical fact is better ascertained, than that the American force, collected at Bladensburg and its vicinity, did not much exceed 6000 men; and that of these, all were militia, excepting—Barney's seamen, a few marines, the 36th and 38th infantry, and a detachment of dragoons, amounting (collectively) to about 1300 combatants.—(See the Report of the Committee.)

2d. To make room for the 9000 men, (of which, according to our author, the American army was composed,) he forms them into *three* lines; and after defeating the *first* by looking at it, he brings his light brigade into contact with the *second*,—but here, probably recollecting the admonition of Lucian, “not to degrade his enemy too much,” he gives an account of a most obstinate conflict, which took place between these corps—the British, rushing up to the very mouths of the American cannon! and the Americans, in turn, repulsing their attacks, and driving them back to the margin of the river! We are heartily sorry, to be obliged to pronounce this a fiction, from beginning to end. What our author calls the *first line*, and which was so easily defeated, was but a few artillerists and riflemen, who, finding their flanks uncovered, did not think it prudent to prolong their stay in such a situation;—and as to the *second line*, with which the British light brigade combated so fiercely and obstinately, it was no other than the 1st, or Stansbury's line, which, according to the commanding General's official report, cannot be said to have combated at all. And, that the reader may be enabled to judge of this point for himself, we offer the following quotation from the report—observing only, that no one was more interested than Gen. Winder in making a good story out of the facts, if they had permitted him so to do; and that no one could be better authority for what he does report; as whatever it may have been, it occurred either under his eye or under his direction.

“The advanced riflemen,” says the General, “now began to fire, and continued it for *half a dozen rounds*, when I observed them

to *run back* to the skirts of the orchard on the left, where they became visible (the boughs of the orchard trees concealing their original position, as also that of the artillery, from view.) A retreat of twenty or thirty yards, from their original position towards the left, brought them in view on the edge of the orchard: they halted there, and seemed for a moment returning to their position, but in a few minutes *entirely broke*, and retired to the left of Stansbury's line. I immediately ordered the 5th Baltimore regiment, Lieut. Col. Sterrett, (being the left of Stansbury's line) to advance and sustain the artillery. They promptly commenced this movement; *but the rockets*, which had for the first three or four, passed very high above the heads of the line, *now received a more horizontal direction*, and passed *very closely over the heads of Schutz and Ragan's regiments*, composing the centre and left of Stansbury's line: a *universal flight of these two regiments was the consequence*. This, leaving the right of the 5th wholly unsupported, I ordered it to halt, rode swiftly across the field, towards *those who had so shamefully fled*, and exerted my voice to the utmost to arrest them. They halted, began to collect, and seemed to be returning to their places. An ill-founded reliance, that their officers would succeed in rallying them, when I had thus succeeded in stopping the greatest part of them, induced me immediately to return to the 5th, (the situation of which was likely to become very critical,) and that position gave me the best command of view. To my astonishment and mortification, however, when I had regained my position, I found the whole of these regiments (except a few of Ragan's, not more than forty rallied by himself, and as many perhaps of Schutz's, rallied I learn by Captain Showers and a Captain ———, whose name I do not recollect,) were *flying in the utmost precipitation and disorder*.

"The advance artillery had *immediately followed the riflemen* and retired by the left of the 5th. I directed them to take post on a rising ground, which I pointed out in the rear. The 5th, and the artillery on its left, still remained, and I hoped that their fire, (notwithstanding the obstruction of the boughs of the orchard, which, being below, covered the enemy,) would have been enabled to scour this approach, and prevent his advance. The enemy's light troops, by *single men*, showed themselves on the lower edge of the left of the orchard, and received the fire of this artillery and the 5th, which made them draw back. The cover to them was, however, so complete, that *they were enabled to advance singly*, and take positions from which *their fire annoyed the 5th considerably*, without either that regiment or the artillery being able to return the fire, with any probability of effect. In this situation, I had actually given an order to the 5th, and the artillery, to retire up to the hill, towards a wood more to the left, and a little in the rear, for the purpose of drawing them further from the orchard, and *out of the reach of the enemy's fire*, while he was sheltered by the orchard. An aversion, however, to retire before the necessity became stronger, and the hope that the enemy would issue in a body from the left of the orchard, and enable us to act upon him on terms of equality, and a fear that the move-

ment of retreat might, in raw troops, produce some confusion, and lose us this chance, induced me instantly to countermand the order, and direct the artillery to fire *into a wooden barn* on the lower end of the orchard, behind which I supposed the enemy might be sheltered in considerable numbers. The fire of the enemy now *began*, however, to *annoy the 5th still more, in wounding several of them*; and a strong column of the enemy having passed up the road as high as the right of the 5th, and beginning to deploy into the field to take them in flanks, I directed the artillery to retire to the hill, to which I had directed the Baltimore artillery to proceed and halt, and ordered the 5th regiment also to retire. This corps, which had heretofore acted so firmly, evinced the usual incapacity of raw troops to make orderly movements in the face of the enemy, and their retreat, in a very few moments, became *a flight of absolute and total disorder.*"

3d. It would have been quite anti-dramatic, after such a fray, not to have had a feast; and our author, accordingly, treats us with the description of one, provided by the President for the British army, and probably for the purpose of retarding its pursuit. Of this *culinary manœuvre*, we never heard before, and now seriously doubt whether it had the smallest foundation in fact.

4th. Knowing that novelty is the life of a story, our author, after the description of the feast, gives us one of a storm; which, according to him, set the walls and the roofs of the houses a-flying, like sheets of paper; gave the cannon new and unexpected positions, and completely dispersed the army. We, indeed, have often heard, that Washington was a windy place, particularly during the sittings of congress, but of such a storm as this, we never before heard—unless, perhaps, our late tornado might match it; of which it is gravely said, that "by one blast, a chimney was blown down, and, by another, was blown up again"—and, no doubt, exactly into the place it before had.

5th. It was not, however, for nothing that our historian thus raised the wind—for, otherwise, according to him, there would have been a most tremendous fight between Gen. Ross and some American commander, who, at the head of 12,000 men, had reached the hills which overlook the city, and who was busily employed in preparing to renew the combat. We are sorry to say, that all this machinery (as the poets call it) storm, army and commander—is all a fiction. Our General and army—God forgive them! practised only on the maxim of Marshal Saxe, that "the whole science of tactics, lay in the exercise of the legs."* Instead of halting at the heights of George-Town, (as they had proposed to do) they continued their march to Montgomery Court-house; and, at the moment that Ross was stealing away to the *Patuxent*, half frightened to death—they were intrepidly marching on a parallel line, twenty

* Tout le secret de la Tactique est dans les jambes.

miles distant, in the hope of meeting and braving him, at the *Patapsco* !*

We now return to our author's narrative ; and, passing over the *fortuitous* business of Baltimore, hasten to the description of the attack and defence of New-Orleans ; where were displayed the most distinguished courage and perseverance on both sides, and on ours, those eminent military talents which often supply the defects of physical force, and give to the few, a certain victory over the many.

On the 10th of December, 1814, the vast armament, naval and military, sent for the reduction of New-Orleans, anchored off the Chandeliers, a chain of small islands lying about midway between the northeast mouth of the Mississippi, and that of Pearl river. It was soon discovered, by the General and Admiral, that their object (the city) could only be gained by measures of promptitude ; that to ascend the Mississippi, would consume much time, and, in all probability, be eventually unsuccessful ; and that the shorter routes by lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, were also the safer and more practicable. But, as the passages into these lakes were guarded by a flotilla of gun-boats, it first became necessary to capture or destroy them. This was effected on the 13th ; and the debarkation of the army, on Pine Island, with its guns, stores, &c. began on the 16th, and was completed on the 21st. On the 22d, the first or Light Infantry brigade was pushed forward, to seize the mouth of a creek on the west end of Lake Borgne, called Bienvenue ; which, rising near the Mississippi, flowed through a ditch, the banks of which furnished paths which led to that river. Having accomplished this object early on the 23d, and surprised a small guard which had been stationed at the mouth of the creek, they began their march for Villere's plantation, distant about six miles (south) from New-Orleans. This they reached at 11 o'clock, A. M. But, of the topography of the country,—of the information on which they acted—of the measures taken to accomplish their object, and of those employed by Jackson to interrupt and defeat them,—we must permit our historian to speak for himself.

'The ground we had reached,' he says, 'was a narrow plain, of about a mile in width, bounded on one side by the Mississippi, and on the other by the marsh from which we had just emerged. Towards the open ground, this marsh was covered with dwarf wood, having the semblance of a forest, rather than of a swamp ; but, on trying the bottom, it was found that both characters were united, and that it was impossible for a man to make his way among the trees ; so boggy was the soil upon which they grew. In no other quarter, however, was there a single hedge row, or plantation of any kind ; excepting a few apple, and other fruit trees, in the gardens of such

* See Gen. Winder's narrative to the investigating committee—page 170 of the documents.

houses as were scattered over the plain : the whole being laid out in large fields, for the growth of sugar cane ; a plant, which seems as abundant in this part of the world as in Jamaica.

‘ Looking up towards the town, which we at this time faced, the marsh is upon your right, and the river upon your left. Close to the latter runs the main road, following the course of the stream all the way to New-Orleans. Between the road and the water, is thrown up a lofty and strong embankment, resembling the dikes in Holland, and meant to serve a similar purpose ; by means of which, the Mississippi is prevented from overflowing its banks, and the entire flat is preserved from inundation.’—p. 282.

‘ Noon had just passed, when the word was given to halt ; and therefore every opportunity was afforded of posting the pickets with leisure and attention. Nor was this deemed enough to secure tranquillity : several parties were sent out, in all directions, to reconnoitre ; who returned, with an account that no enemy, nor any trace of an enemy, could be discerned.’ ‘ The deserters who had come in, and accompanied us as guides, assured the General, that he had only to show himself, when the whole district would submit. They repeated, that there were not five thousand men in arms throughout the state ; that of these, not more than twelve hundred were regular soldiers ; and that the whole was at present several miles on the opposite side of the town, expecting an attack on that quarter, and apprehending no danger on this.’

‘ It was now about three o’clock in the afternoon, and all had as yet remained quiet. The troops, having finished their meal, lay stretched beside their fires, or refreshed themselves by bathing ; (for to day the heat was such as to render this latter employment extremely agreeable ;) when suddenly a bugle, from the advanced posts, sounded the alarm, which was echoed back from all in the army. Starting up, we stood to our arms, and prepared for battle, the alarm being now succeeded by some firing ; but we were scarcely in order, when word was sent from the front, that there was no danger ; only a few horse having made their appearance, who were checked and put to flight at the first discharge. Upon this intelligence, our wonted confidence returned, and we again betook ourselves to our former occupations ; remarking, that *as the Americans had never yet dared to attack*, there was no great probability of their doing so on the present occasion.

‘ In this manner the day passed, without any further alarm ; and darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendour ; our evening meal was eat, and we prepared to sleep. But about half past seven o’clock, the attention of several individuals was drawn to a large vessel, which seemed to be stealing up the river, till she came opposite to our camp ; when her anchor was dropped, and her sails leisurely furled. At first, we were doubtful whether she might not be one of our own cruisers, which had passed the fort unobserved, and had arrived, to render her assistance in our future operations. To satisfy this doubt, she was repeatedly hailed, but returned no answer ; when an alarm spreading through the bivouac, all thought of sleep was laid aside. Several musket shots were now fired at her, with the design of exacting a reply, of which no notice

was taken ; till at length, having fastened all her sails, and swung her broadside towards us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out, in a commanding voice, " Give them this, for the honour of America. "— The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp.

' Against this dreadful fire we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed, was too light to bring into competition with an adversary so powerful ; and, as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision or effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air : but the rocket is an uncertain weapon ; and these deviated too far from their object, to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten under the dike. Thither all accordingly repaired, without much regard to order and regularity ; and, laying ourselves along, wherever we could find room, we listened, in painful silence, to the pattering of grape-shot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

' The night was now as dark as pitch ; the moon being but young, and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires, deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy's shot, began to burn red and dull ; and, except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us, cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there ; when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention towards the pickets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American : and till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops, by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire, having paused for a few moments, was succeeded by a fearful yell ; and the heavens were illuminated on all sides, by a semi-circular blaze of musketry. It was now clear that we were surrounded, and that by a very superior force ; and therefore no alternative remaining, but either to surrender at discretion, or to beat back the assailants.

' The first of these plans was never, for an instant, thought of ; and the second was immediately put into force. Rushing from under the bank, the 85th and 95th flew to support the pickets ; while the 4th, stealing to the rear of the encampment, formed close column, and remained as a reserve. But, to describe this action, is altogether out of the question ; for it was such a battle as the annals of modern warfare can hardly match. All order, all discipline, were lost. Each officer, as he was able to collect twenty or thirty men round him, advanced into the

middle of the enemy ; when it was fought, hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, and sword to sword, with the tumult and ferocity of one of Homer's combats.—p. 226—291.

It was not at all extraordinary, that after such a hearty reception from Jackson, the confidence of the British in their spies and guides should begin to abate, and that with it their prospect of success should abate also. They now found, that instead of an amusing chase after booty and beauty, as they had expected, 'their undertaking presented difficulties, not to be surmounted, without much patience and determination.' Nor was this impression effaced by the arrival of a new commander in chief, and two strong additional regiments ; nor even by that of Christmas day, with all its ordinary and annual mirth and jollity. 'Never,' says our author, 'was I present at so melancholy a Christmas dinner !' Pakenham may have partaken of the general gloom, and, to shake it off, wisely determined to *act*. He accordingly began, by dislodging the ship and burning the schooner which had so long annoyed him ; and, having no longer any thing to fear for his left flank, determined to march against New-Orleans on the 27th.

'The whole of the 26th,' says our author, 'was therefore spent in bringing up stores, ammunition, and a few heavy guns from the ships ; which, being placed in battery upon the banks of the river, secured us against the return of our floating adversary. All this was done quietly enough, nor was there any cause of alarm till after sunset ; but from that time till towards dawn, we were kept in a constant state of anxiety and agitation. Sending down small bodies of riflemen, the American General harassed our pickets, killed and wounded a few of the sentinels, and prevented the main body from obtaining any sound or refreshing sleep. Scarcely had the troops lain down, when they were roused by a sharp firing at the outposts, which lasted only till they were in order, and then ceased ; but as soon as they had dispersed, and had once more addressed themselves to repose, the same cause of alarm returned, and they were again called to their ranks. Thus was the entire night spent in watching, or at best in broken and undisturbed slumbers, than which nothing is more trying, both to the health and spirits of an army.

'With the pickets, again, it fared even worse. For the outposts of an army to sleep, is at all times considered as a thing impossible ; but in modern and civilized warfare, they are nevertheless looked upon, in some degree, as sacred. . . . But the Americans entertained no such chivalric notions. An enemy was to them an enemy, whether alone, or in the midst of five thousand companions ; and they, therefore, counted the death of every individual, as so much taken from the strength of the whole. In point of fact, they no doubt reasoned correctly ; but *to us*, at least, it appeared an ungenerous return to barbarity. Whenever they could approach unperceived, within proper distance of our watch fires, six or eight riflemen would fire amongst the party that sat round them, while one or two, stealing

as close to each sentinel, as a regard for their own safety would permit, acted the part of assassins, rather than of soldiers, and attempted to murder them in cold blood. For the officers, likewise, when going their rounds, they constantly lay in wait ; and thus, by a continued dropping fire, they not only wounded some of those against whom their aim was directed, but occasioned *considerable anxiety and uneasiness throughout the whole line.*

‘ Having continued this detestable system of warfare till towards morning, they retired, and left us at rest. But, as soon as day began to break, our pickets were called in, and the troops formed in order of attack. The right column, under General Gibbs, took post near the skirts of the morass, throwing out skirmishers half way across the plain ; while the left column drew up upon the road, covered by the rifle corps, which, in extended order, met the skirmishers from the other. With this last division went the artillery, already well supplied with horses ; and, at the signal given, the whole moved forward.

‘ It was a clear frosty morning, the mists had dispersed, and the sun shone brightly upon our arms, when we began our march. The enemy’s corps of observation fell back as we advanced, without offering in any way to impede our progress ; and it was impossible to guess, ignorant as we were of the position of his main body, at what moment opposition might be expected.’ ‘ We therefore advanced about four or five miles without the smallest check or hindrance ; when, at length, we found ourselves in view of the enemy’s army, posted in a very advantageous manner. About forty yards in their front was a canal, which extended from the morass to within a short distance of the high road. Along their line, were thrown up breastworks, not indeed completed, but even now formidable. Upon the road, and at several other points were erected powerful batteries ; while the ship, with a large flotilla of gun boats, flanked the whole position from the river.... Scarcely had the head of the column passed the houses, when a deadly fire was opened from both the battery and the shipping. That the Americans are excellent shots, as well with artillery as with rifles, we have had frequent cause to acknowledge ; but, perhaps, on no occasion did they assert their claim to the title of good artillerymen more effectually than on the present. Scarce a bullet passed over, or fell short of its mark ; but all striking full into the midst of our ranks, occasioned terrible havoc. The shrieks of the wounded, therefore, the crash of firelocks, and the fall of such as were killed, caused at first some little confusion ; and what added to the *panic*, was, that from the houses beside which we stood, bright flames suddenly burst out. The Americans, expecting this attack, had filled them with combustibles for the purpose ; and directing one or two guns against them, loaded with red hot shot, in an instant set them on fire. The scene was altogether very sublime. A tremendous cannonade mowed down our ranks, and deafened us with its roar ; while two large chateaux, and their out-buildings, almost scorched us with the flames, and blinded us with the smoke which they emitted.

‘ The infantry, however, was not long suffered to remain thus exposed; but, being ordered to quit the path, and to form line in the fields, the artillery was brought up, and opposed to that of the enemy. But the contest was in every respect unequal, since their artillery far exceeded ours, both in numerical strength and weight of metal. The consequence was, that in half an hour, two of our field pieces and one field mortar, were dismounted; many of the gunners were killed; and the rest, after an ineffectual attempt to silence the fire of the shipping, were obliged to retire.

‘ In the mean time, the infantry having formed line, advanced under a heavy discharge of round and grape shot, till they were checked by the appearance of the canal. Of its depth, they were of course ignorant; and to attempt its passage without having ascertained whether it could be forded, might have been productive of fatal consequences. A halt was therefore ordered, and the men were commanded to shelter themselves as well as they could from the enemy’s fire. For this purpose, they were hurried into a wet ditch, of sufficient depth to cover the knees, where, leaning forward, they concealed themselves behind some high rushes which grew upon its brink, and thus escaped many bullets which fell around them in all directions.

‘ Thus fared it with the left of the army, while the right, though less exposed to the cannonade, was not more successful in its object. The same impediment which checked one column, forced the other likewise to pause; and, after having driven in an advanced body of the enemy, and endeavoured, without effect, to penetrate through the marsh, it also was commanded to halt. In a word, all thought of *attacking* was for this day abandoned; and it now only remained to withdraw the troops from their present perilous condition, with as little loss as possible.

‘ The first thing to be done was to remove the dismounted guns. Upon this enterprise, a party of seamen was employed, who, running forward to the spot where they lay, lifted them in spite of the enemy’s fire, and bore them off in triumph. As soon as this was effected, regiment after regiment *stole* away; not in a body, but one by one, under the same discharge which saluted their approach. But a retreat, thus conducted, necessarily occupied much time. Noon had therefore long past, before the last corps was brought off; and, when we again began to muster, twilight was approaching. We did not, however, retire to our former position; but having fallen back only about two miles from the canal, where it was supposed that we should be beyond reach of annoyance from the American artillery, we there established ourselves for the night; having suffered less during the day than, from our exposed situation, and the enemy’s heavy fire, might have been expected.’—p. 309–316.

Failing in this attempt, and discovering that the dry ditch, in which Jackson had posted himself, was too formidable for field artillery and bayonets, Sir Edward thought it necessary to treat this American work, with the respect due to a regular fortification. He accordingly, on the night of the 31st, estab-

lished *six batteries*, (mounting thirty pieces of heavy cannon,) which, on the morning of the 1st of January, 1815, opened a terrific fire upon the American parade, and somewhat disconcerted it; but their batteries opening in turn, a cannonade was kept up during the whole day: when Sir Edward, finding himself overmatched in the use of this arm, as in that of muskets and rifles, gave up the attack, and retired "leaving his heavy guns to their fate."

'Of the fatigue,' says the historian, 'undergone during these operations by the whole army, from the General down to the meanest sentinel, it would be difficult to form an adequate conception. For two whole nights and days, not a man had closed an eye except such as were cool enough to sleep amidst showers of cannon ball; and, during the day, scarcely a moment had been allowed, in which we were able so much as to break our fast. We retired, therefore, not only baffled and disappointed, but in some degree disheartened and discontented. All our plans had as yet proved abortive; even this, upon which so much reliance had been placed, was found to be of no avail; and it must be confessed, that something like murmuring began to be heard through the camp.'

Sir Edward's next, and last expedient, was to divide his force; to throw fourteen hundred men on the west side of the river; to seize an American battery recently established there, and thence to assail the right flank of Jackson's position—while with the main body, he attacked it in front. To execute the former part of this plan, however, boats were necessary; and these could not be had but from lake Borgne, nor transported but by means of the ditch or canal already spoken of, and which required, for this purpose, to be considerably enlarged. The labours of the army were accordingly directed to this object, from the 1st to the 8th, when about day-break of the latter, (every thing being supposed to be ready for the coup de grace,) the signal for battle was given, and the army moved on to the attack.

'But,' says the author, 'in storming an entrenched position, something more than bare courage is required. Scaling ladders and fascines had, therefore, been prepared, with which, to fill up the ditch and mount the wall; and, since to carry these was a service of danger, requiring a corps well-worthy of dependence, the 44th was for that purpose selected, as a regiment of sufficient numerical strength, and already accustomed to American warfare; but this regiment either misunderstood or neglected its orders; and now headed the column of attack, without any means being provided for crossing the enemy's ditch, or scaling his rampart.

'The indignation of poor Pakenham, on this occasion, may be imagined, but cannot be described. Galloping towards Col. Mullens, who led the 44th, he commanded him instantly to return with his regiment for the ladders; but the opportunity of planting them was

lost, and though they were brought up, it was only to be scattered over the field by the frightened bearers. For our troops were by this time visible to the enemy. A dreadful fire was accordingly opened upon them, and they were mowed down by hundreds, while they stood waiting for orders.

‘Seeing that all his well-laid plans were frustrated, Pakenham gave the word to advance, and the other regiments, leaving the 44th with the ladders and fascines behind them, rushed on to the assault. On the left, a detachment of the 95th, 21st, and 4th, stormed a three gun battery, and took it. Here they remained for some time, in the expectation of support; but none arriving, and a strong column of the enemy forming for its recovery, they determined to anticipate the attack, and pushed on. The battery which they had taken was in advance of the body of the works, being cut off from it by a ditch, across which only a single plank was thrown. Along this plank did these brave men attempt to pass; but, being opposed by overpowering numbers, they were repulsed; and the Americans, in turn, forcing their way into the battery, at length succeeded in recapturing it with immense slaughter. On the right, again, the 21st and 4th being almost cut to pieces, and thrown into some confusion by the enemy’s fire, the 93d pushed on and took the lead. Hastening forward, our troops soon reached the ditch; but to scale the parapet without ladders, was impossible. Some few, indeed, by mounting one upon another’s shoulders, succeeded in entering the works, but these were instantly overpowered, most of them killed, and the rest taken; while as many as stood without, were exposed to a sweeping fire, which cut them down by whole companies. It was in vain that the most obstinate courage was displayed. They fell by the hands of men whom they absolutely did not see; for the Americans, without so much as lifting their faces above the rampart, swung their firelocks by one arm over the wall, and discharged them directly upon their heads. The whole of the guns, likewise, from the opposite bank, kept up a well directed and deadly cannonade upon their flank; and thus were they destroyed, without an opportunity being given of displaying their valour, or obtaining so much as revenge.

‘Poor Pakenham saw how things were going, and did all that a General could do, to rally his broken troops. Riding towards the 44th, which had returned to the ground, but in great disorder, he called out for Col. Mullens to advance; but that officer had disappeared, and was not to be found. He, therefore, prepared to lead them on himself, and had put himself at their head for that purpose, when he received a slight wound in the knee from a musket ball, which killed his horse. Mounting another, he again headed the 44th, when a second ball took effect more fatally, and he dropped lifeless into the arms of his aid-de-camp.

‘Nor were Generals Gibbs and Keane inactive. Riding through the ranks, they strove by all means to encourage the assailants and recal the fugitives; till at length both were wounded, and borne off the field. All was now confusion and dismay. Without leaders,

ignorant of what was to be done, the troops first halted, and then began to retire ; till finally the retreat was changed into a *flight*, and they *quitted the ground in the utmost disorder.*

While things were going on thus badly with the main body, the detachment on the west side of the river, though reduced by accident from 1400 to little more than 400 men, succeeded in storming a redoubt, in driving from their entrenchment nearly 1500 militia, and in capturing eighteen pieces of cannon. But, at this moment arrived the messenger, with the melancholy news of the defeat of the army and the fall of the commander in chief. and with an order recalling the detachment to the eastern bank of the river.

General Lambert, upon whom the command now devolved, (for Gibbs and Keane were both severely wounded,) prudently determined not to risk another attack ; and, if possible, to escape a Burgoyneade, by retiring to his shipping. But, to accomplish this purpose, time was necessary, for preparing a road, and for getting off the sick and wounded, and the baggage and stores. Nor was it till the 17th, that, with all the efforts they could make, they were ready to begin the movement.

‘ During these nine days,’ says our author, ‘ we remained in position, without making any attempts to molest the enemy. The Americans, however, were not so inactive. In the course of two days, six guns were again mounted upon the west bank of the river, from which a continual fire was kept up on our camp. The same mode of proceeding was adopted in front ; and thus, night and day, were we harassed by danger, against which there was no fortifying ourselves. Of the extreme unpleasantness of our situation, it is hardly possible to convey any adequate conception. We never closed our eyes in peace ; for, we were sure to be awakened, before many minutes elapsed, by the splash of a round shot or shell in the mud beside us. Tents we had none, but lay, some in the open air, and some in huts made of boards, or any materials that could be procured. From the first moment of our landing, not a man had undressed, excepting to bathe ; and many had worn the same shirt for weeks together. Besides all this, heavy rains now set in, accompanied with violent storms of thunder and lightning ; which, lasting during the entire day, usually ceased towards dark, and gave place to keen frosts. Thus were we alternately wet and frozen ; wet all day, and frozen at night. With the outposts, again, there was constant skirmishing. With what view the Americans wished to drive them in, I cannot tell ; but every day were they attacked, and compelled to maintain their ground by dint of hard fighting. In one word, none but those who happened to belong to this army, can form a notion of the hardships which it endured, and the fatigue which it underwent.’

The enemy effected his retreat about the 20th.

We cannot dismiss this subject, long as the article already is, without invoking the reader’s attention, for a moment, to the dif-

ference of means, that, on this occasion, existed between the assailant and the assailed; and to the measures by which the latter was enabled to triumph over an enemy accustomed to war, skilful in its practices, and more than double his numerical force. On the 10th of December, the day on which the enemy first showed himself on the coast, the measures taken at Washington for the defence of New-Orleans, had literally produced nothing; for, though Jackson and thirteen hundred combatants were on the spot, they were there, not in consequence of orders given under the present alarm, but as the permanent and ordinary defence of the district. On the 13th, the whole naval force assigned by the government for the protection of the city on the side of Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, was, as we have seen, completely swept away; a circumstance which, by its necessary operation, produced new or increased detachments from the feeble force of Gen. Jackson. On the 23d, the head of the British line reached the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and took a position within six miles of New-Orleans. On the morning of that day, and after a forced march, (of 150 miles in forty eight hours,) General Coffee, with about 500 mounted gun-men, arrived in the American camp; and soon afterwards, by another route, and by exertions equally great, Gen. Carrol, with a part of the Tennessee infantry, arrived also. These reinforcements (the effects of the General's own calls upon Governor Blount, issued about the last of August, and on information derived directly from Pensacola,) enabled him to make his night attack of the 23d; in which, his force did not exceed 1800 combatants. On the 27th, he sustained the attack of the collected strength of the British army; and to resist this, his actual force was but 3500 men. Again, on the 8th of January, when the last and decisive battle was fought, and the city saved, and when the American army had reached its maximum, Mr. Jackson did not count more than 4049 effectives!*

Let us now see how the account of force stands on the other side. According to the acknowledgment of our author, General Pakenham had in the field, on the 8th of January, an army of 8000 men: but Major Latour, who has taken great pains to come at the truth on this point, estimates their number on that day at 14,700. His detail is as follows: Thirteen regiments of infantry, and a detachment of dragoons, serving as such, 9700; artillerymen, drivers, sappers and miners, rocket-men, and engineers, 1500; marines, 1500; and seamen, 2000. These conflicting statements, however, may, in some degree, be conciliated, by taking for granted, (what in itself is highly probable,) that the number given by the British author, was confined to *infantry* and *effectives*; (for of the sick and wounded he does not speak;) which would make the

* Latour.

difference between the two statements, 1700—a number by no means unreasonable, as we think, for sick, wounded and convalescent, if the nature of the climate and service be considered. But, on this supposition, a proportionate deduction must be made, in Mr. Latour's statement, from the corps of marines, seamen, artillerists, &c. &c. who, as well as the infantry, had their wounds and diseases : and all such as may be acquainted with the composition of modern armies, will probably think, (as we do,) that 1500 artillerists, sappers, miners, and engineers, is a number, out of all proportion, too great for an army of 13,000 men. Our estimate, therefore, founded on these views, will leave to the British a grand total (including all arms present and fit for duty,) of 11,500 men, on the 8th of January, 1815 ; or nearly *thrice the number of Gen. Jackson.*

Another and important view of this subject, is the promptitude with which Gen. Jackson adopted, and the science with which he pursued, the only system of defence, by which New-Orleans could have been saved against such terrific odds. Instead of waiting to count the files or battalions of his enemy, and either fighting or running away, according to the favourable or unfavourable result of the inquiry—he at once determined to put the temper and discipline and strength of his enemy to the test, by a *night attack*. The result was such, as to excite and establish the confidence of his own troops, and to fill those of his adversary with doubts and jealousies and fears, which every future step of his conduct tended to quicken and multiply. Finding that the corps with which he had been engaged in the night of the 23d, was but the advance-guard of the British army ; and that, from the loss of the flotilla, and the nature of the ground, it was impossible for him to prevent the junction, or even to annoy the march of the main body—he wisely took the determination of entrenching his first line, and putting himself on the *defensive* ;—not, however, that droning and drivelling species of it, which employs only the pick-axe and the spade ; and which, while it strengthens itself, does nothing to weaken or disturb its enemy,—but that other and nobler and only legitimate species, which is at once vigilant and daring and adroit ; which keeps an enemy constantly occupied, and always in alarm ; which punishes every fault or folly he commits ; which permits him neither to eat nor drink nor sleep in quiet ; which renders the discharge of all his duties both perilous and painful ; which disgusts him with himself and with the service ; and lastly, which fills his heart with fears, and his mouth with murmurs.

Such was the situation to which Jackson had reduced the British army, before he beat it, on the 8th of January. And the lessons inculcated by the fact, are highly important to both the soldier and the statesman : to the first, it holds out an invitation, “ to go and do likewise ;” and to the latter, an admonition, that a

General, really gifted with military talents, may, with very deficient means, effect great objects; but, that the most abundant means, under the direction of a pretender, will generally fail.*

* "Ut facile," says Livy, "appararet ducibus validiorem quam exercitum Romanum esse." Such was the experience of the Romans—Such is our own.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*: by LUCY AIKIN. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 873. Wells & Lilly, Boston. 1821.

It was said a long time ago, that of the making of many books, there was no end. How would the moralist have sighed at this day, when Magazines—Retrospective, Eclectic, and Analectic, Edinburgh, London, Quarterly and Monthly Reviews, Gazettes for every week and each day in the week, meet our eyes in every direction: add to these the innumerable histories, biographies, essays moral and immoral, novels, epics, tragedies, melo-drames, odes, elegies, and miscellaneous collections, which crowd our circulating libraries; while readers and critics rave, recite, and madden round the land. This wonderful fertility of authors bears particularly hard upon certain worthies, ycleped Reviewers, who set themselves up as distinguishers between good and evil, and directors of the public taste. Although it would be, perhaps, exacting too much, to require them to read all the works they criticise; yet they must, of necessity, at least dip into them. The reader may imagine, then, with what a desperate courage one of these servants of the public surveys a catalogue of new books, and sees "hosts on hosts in countless numbers pour." We had scarcely recovered from the dissipations of Kenilworth, when the Buccaneer was announced. We, however, comforted ourselves, by determining to have nothing to say to one who can write faster than we can criticise. We scarce have had leisure to look at *Faliero*, or glance at the first page (but that was enough) of the famed *Mirandola*; Miss Baillie's new poems escaped us in the crowd; we pretended not to see Miss Porter's last novel; with one step we cleared the *Anna Matilda* of the day, besides a dozen new tragedies; and were preparing to spring over a mountain of travels—when, face to face, we were met by a large and goodly looking volume, whose wide margins and fair type were most inviting. We wish to be understood as not sneering at wide margins: indeed, we think them a decided improvement in literature. Any of our readers, who have been so unfortunate as to write, and so miserable as to print, will, we are sure, agree with us.

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Since the author of *Waverly* has been pleased to transport us to the scenes of olden time, and lay before our charmed view the secrets of antiquity, the public have all turned antiquarians, and every old book and chronicle has been ransacked to gratify their curiosity. Amidst these researches, just as all the world had returned from the fêtes at Kenilworth, nothing could be more apropos than *Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth*.

The English nation have always regarded the reign of this Princess with peculiar complacency; though it must be confessed, that her court bore more resemblance to that of an eastern despot, than to the mild government of an English sovereign. The abject submission which degraded every courtier around Elizabeth's throne, is excused, or softened, by referring their obedience to a spirit of gallantry which added the devotion of lovers, or the courtesy of gentlemen, to the loyalty of subjects. This spirit of gallantry must, however, have been very strong, as well as universal, to have pervaded both houses of parliament, and led them to lay their privileges at the feet of their haughty mistress, and to be accessories to many of her unjust acts. The chief merits of Elizabeth's character seem to have been a resolute temper and shrewd mind; qualities inherited from her father, and to which she added much art and prudence. But she did not possess a great mind, and she never performed a kingly action. Her gratitude was limited by her avarice; her policy disgraced by petty cunning. Her hate and her love were alike dangerous,—the one from its implacability, the other from her caprice. Her learning, of which too much has been said, was not without pedantry; and she too often permitted her opinions as a sovereign to be guided by absurd womanish prejudices. If we view her as a woman, we find few virtues to commend, even if we accord to her the praise of purity of conduct. Vain and credulous, the dupe of the grossest flattery, and the vassal of an ungovernable temper—who, that beholds her as Elizabeth Tudor, would recognize the reverse of the medal, where she is commemorated as Queen of England?

But, it is not in the character of Elizabeth alone, that the glory which surrounds her reign resides. It was the Burleighs, the Bacons, and the Sydneys, who made her arms and councils glorious; and the different, but striking characters of Leicester, Essex, Raleigh, and Sussex, that rendered her reign interesting. The many great men who adorned England at that period, the varied and disastrous destiny of the Queen of Scotland, and the situation of affairs on the Continent—all combine to render *Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth* susceptible of the highest interest.

In the department of writing styled *Memoirs*, it is allowed that the French have always excelled. English literature has nothing to equal the freshness and simplicity of Marmontel, the naivete of Montaigne, the strength and skill of Simon, and, to pass over other

names, the grace and truth of Genlis. It is not only in the beauty of their portraits, for which the French claim our praise ; but in the setting, if we may so express it, of the picture. They do not lead us from character to character, with the dry introduction—‘this is Monsieur le Duc ; that is Madame la Duchesse :’ but draw us into an acquaintance, with a grace and spirit as entirely their own, as the skill with which their cooks prepare a ragout, or their dancing-masters execute a pirouette.

The deficiency in this walk of literature will not, we think, be exactly supplied by the work before us. While we accord high praise to the extensive research of the author, and the diligence with which she has collected every particular that could heighten the interest of her picture, we must also remark, that the grouping is stiff, and the characters touched with too timid or too weak a hand. The work has neither the nervousness of history, nor the point and grace of lighter writing.

Without intending to disparage Miss Aikin’s abilities, we think she has aimed at an object beyond her reach. That the powers of the female mind have of late years been wonderfully developed, and the literary attainments of women greatly increased, is undeniable. We think that a woman of education might be better employed than in mixing puddings ; and that it would not be discreditable, were she to betray deeper knowledge than that which is to be gathered from the trifles of the day. But there are certain limits to female ambition. Whether the difference between male and female talent be owing to the laws of nature, or to the institutions of society, we think the evidence of superiority is in favour of what Lord Coke terms the “worthier sex.” Let woman be in literature what she is in life—the being who enlivens, soothes, and decorates our path : let works of imagination be her province ; but let her leave to man the more laborious occupations of the mind. Some females, it is true, have risen above the ordinary powers of their sex ; but these are rather objects of wonder, than models of imitation. Even such as were most profound, have pleased more when they were contented to be only pleasing, than when they assumed the tone and office of instruction. The talented Madame de Stael puzzled not only her readers, but herself, when she dabbled in metaphysics ; but on more appropriate subjects, what can excel the acuteness of her judgment, the justness of her taste, or the beauty of her sentiments ? And highly as we esteem Miss Edgeworth, we somewhat doubt, if her writings have not excited more admiration, from the circumstance of their flowing from a woman’s pen. We must not, however, be suspected of undervaluing the talent and merit of the sex. We have, indeed, been gratified to hear foreigners remark, as a peculiarity of the American character, that the women are superior to the men : and may they ever be so ; for it is the purity of the women which forms

the safeguard to the morals of any country. It may be a trite, but it is an important observation, that the degradation of the female mind has ever been the most fatal symptom of a country's ruin.

The work of the fair author before us, will be found, notwithstanding the faults we have mentioned, to contain much curious and amusing information. The account of the reception of the Queen at London, on her accession to the crown, and the character of Leicester, are among the author's best efforts.

‘ On November 23d, the queen set forward for her capital, attended by a train of about a thousand nobles, knights, gentlemen, and ladies, and took up her abode for the present at the dissolved monastery of the Chartreux, or Charterhouse, then the residence of lord North ; a splendid pile, which offered ample accommodation for a royal retinue. Her next remove, in compliance with ancient custom, was to the Tower. On this occasion, all the streets from the Charterhouse were spread with fine gravel ; singers and musicians were stationed by the way, and a vast concourse of people freely lent their joyful and admiring acclamations, as preceded by her heralds and great officers, and richly attired in purple velvet, she passed along mounted on her palfrey, and returning the salutations of the humblest of her subjects with graceful and winning affability.

‘ With what vivid, and what affecting impressions of the vicissitudes attending on the great, must she have passed again within the antique walls of that fortress, once her dungeon, now her palace ! She had entered it by the Traitor's gate, a terrified and defenceless prisoner, smarting under many wrongs, hopeless of deliverance, and apprehending nothing less than an ignominious death. She had quitted it, still a captive, under the guard of armed men, to be conducted she knew not whither. She returned to it in all the pomp of royalty, surrounded by the ministers of her power, ushered by the applauses of her people ; the cherished object of every eye, the idol of every heart.

‘ Devotion alone could supply becoming language to the emotions which swelled her bosom ; and no sooner had she reached the royal apartments, than falling on her knees, she returned humble and fervent thanks to that Providence which had brought her in safety, like Daniel from the den of lions, to behold this day of exaltation.

‘ Elizabeth was attended, on her passage to the Tower, by one who, like herself, returned with honour to that place of his former captivity ; but not, like herself, with a mind disciplined by adversity to receive with moderation and wisdom “ the good vicissitude of joy.” This person was lord Robert Dudley, whom the queen had thus early encouraged to aspire to her future favours, by appointing him to the office of master of the horse.

‘ We are totally uninformed of the circumstances which had recommended to her peculiar patronage, this bad son of a bad father ; whose enterprises, if successful, would have disinherited of a kingdom Elizabeth herself, no less than Mary. But it is remarkable, that even under the reign of the latter, the surviving members of the Dudley family had been able to recover in great measure from the effects of

their late signal reverses. Lord Robert, soon after his release from the Tower, contrived to make himself so acceptable to king Philip by his courtier-like attentions, and to Mary by his diligence in posting backwards and forwards to bring her intelligence of her husband during his long visits to the continent, that he earned from the latter several marks of favour. Two of his brothers fought, and one fell, in the battle of St. Quintin's; and immediately afterwards the duchess their mother found means, through some Spanish interests and connexions, to procure the restoration in blood of all her surviving children. The appointment of Robert to the place of master of the ordnance soon followed; so that even before the accession of Elizabeth, he might be regarded as a rising man in the state. His personal graces and elegant accomplishments are on all hands acknowledged to have been sufficiently striking to dazzle the eyes and charm the heart of a young princess of a lively imagination, and absolute mistress of her own actions. The circumstance of his being already married, blinded her perhaps to the nature of her sentiments towards him, or at least it was regarded by her as a sufficient sanction in the eyes of the public for those manifestations of favour and esteem with which she was pleased to honour him. But whether the affection which she entertained for him best deserved the name of friendship, or a still tenderer one, seems after all a question of too subtle and obscure a nature for sober discussion; though in a French "*cour d'amour*," it might have furnished pleas and counterpleas of exquisite ingenuity, prodigious sentimental interest, and length interminable. What is unfortunately too certain is, that he was a favourite, and in the common judgment of the court, of the nation, and of posterity, an unworthy one; but calumny and prejudice alone have dared to attack the reputation of the queen.'—Vol. I. p. 210—213.

The character of Lord Hunsdon is a fine specimen of the rough, but brave and honest old English baron: and it is to the credit of Elizabeth, that she perceived and rewarded his virtues, in despite of his uncourtier-like demeanour; a deficiency generally so fatal to those who sought her favour. It is refreshing to turn from the moral abasement of Elizabeth's courtiers, to the boisterous, but manly independence of this nobleman.

"As he lived in a ruffling time," says Naunton, "so he loved sword and buckler men, and such as our fathers wont to call men of their hands, of which sort he had many brave gentlemen that followed him; yet not taken for a popular or dangerous person." Though extremely choleric, he was honest, and not at all malicious. It was said of him, that "his Latin and his dissimulation were both alike," equally bad, and that "his custom in swearing and obscenity in speech made him seem a worse Christian than he was."

Fuller relates of him the following characteristic anecdote:—"Once, one Mr. Colt chanced to meet him coming from Hunsdon to London, in the equipage of a lord of those days. The lord, on some former grudge, gave him a box on the ear: Colt presently returned the principal with interest; and thereupon his servants, drawing their

swords, swarmed about him. 'You rogues,' said my lord, 'may not I and my neighbour change a blow but you must interpose?' Thus the quarrel was begun and ended in the same minute."—p. 215.

Elizabeth's bearing towards the sects that agitated the kingdom, reminds us strongly of the conduct of her father on the same occasion, who was said to have burned the Catholics and hanged the Protestants. Though Elizabeth did not go so far, she never acted with decision, but maintained in the affairs of the church the same crooked policy, in which she delighted to entangle those of the state. An attachment to the Catholic religion, or rather perhaps to its forms, seems to have lingered in her heart; but, as Miss Aikin remarks, she was still more attached to her own power and authority: and it was her prudence, more than her inclination, which led her "to assume the protection of the Protestant interest in Europe, and to re-establish the worship in her own dominions." She also took the title of head or governess of the church, and with it the power, in the most unlimited meaning of the word.

'There was no part of the regal office, the exercise of which appeared so likely to expose Elizabeth to invidious reflections, as that which comprehended the management of ecclesiastical affairs. Few divines, though protestant, could behold, without a certain feeling of mingled jealousy and disdain, a female placed at the head of the religion of the country; and by the whole papal party, such a supremacy was regarded perhaps as the most horrible, certainly as the most preposterous, of all the prodigies which heresy had yet brought forth. "I have seen the head of the English church dancing!" exclaimed, it is said, with a sarcastic air, an ambassador from one of the catholic courts of Europe.'—p. 264.

Miss Aikin gives an amusing instance of the pitiable vanity of Elizabeth—who, in her thirtieth year, was seriously disturbed,

'On account of certain ill-favoured likenesses of her gracious countenance, which had obtained a general circulation among her loving subjects. So provoking an abuse was thought to justify and require the special exertion of the royal prerogative for its correction; and Cecil was directed to draw up an energetic proclamation on the subject.

'This curious document sets forth, that "forasmuch as through the natural desire that all sorts of subjects had to procure the portrait and likeness of the queen's majesty, great numbers of painters, and some printers and gravers, had and did daily attempt in divers manners to make portraitures of her, wherein none hitherto had sufficiently expressed the natural representation of her majesty's person, favour, or grace; but had for the most part erred therein, whereof daily complaints were made amongst her loving subjects,—that for the redress hereof, her majesty had been so importunately sued unto by the lords of her council and other of her nobility, not only to be content that some special cunning painter might be permitted by access to her

majesty to take the natural representation of her, wherefor she had been always of her own right disposition very unwilling, but also to prohibit all manner of other persons to draw, paint, grave, or portrait her personage or visage for a time, until there were some perfect pattern or example to be followed: 'Therefore, her majesty,' &c.'—p. 315, 316.

The proclamation was issued accordingly, solemnly forbidding the exhibition or sale of other than correct representations of the countenance of her Majesty. The letter of Melville, the envoy of Mary of Scotland, affords another specimen of her inordinate desire of admiration, and the petty arts to which she descended for its gratification.

.... ' "At divers meetings we had divers purposes. The queen my mistress had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise she should be wearied; she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy; the buskins of the women was not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me, which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally.

' "She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest? I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest? I said, she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired, which of them was of highest stature? I said, my queen. Then, said she, she is too high, for I myself am neither too low nor too high. Then she asked, what exercises she used? I answered, that when I received my despatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting. That when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories: that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said, reasonably, for a queen." '—Vol. I. p. 331, 332.

As the history of Elizabeth becomes involved with that of Mary, it increases in interest; although her conduct throughout the affair, redounds neither to the credit of her honour as a princess, or her feelings as a woman. Mary Stuart, detached from the interest which her singular beauty, the romance of her life, and the horrors

of her death, throw around her, was a wanton guilty woman; and sober history will pronounce no other judgment on her character. Her political, or personal misdemeanors, did not, however, call for Elizabeth's interference; and the treatment she experienced from that princess, when she sought her country as an asylum, needs all the apologies Elizabeth's friends can offer. So much has been said and sung upon this subject, that it would be needless to dwell longer upon it; but we must remark, that the worst trait in the character of Elizabeth was—the mingled cruelty, hypocrisy, and injustice, she evinced at the death of Mary. She was guilty in shedding the blood of her prisoner; she pretended to bewail it, and destroyed Davidson, whose only fault was obeying her reiterated commands,—a fault, which his mistress, as a poor screen for her guilt, punished with ruin and disgrace. The policy and good sense of Elizabeth forbade her to marry, though her inclination, more than once, seems to have rebelled against her better judgment. It was probably this struggle between the proper and the desirable, that gave birth to the narrow-minded envy with which she regarded the happiness of married life. Matrimony seems to have been the only crime of her favourites which she could not forgive; and her conduct to Lady Catharine and Lady Mary Grey, betrayed not only inherent coarseness, but cruelty and womanish spite. Miss Aikin has not forgotten to record her gross and ungracious thanks to the wife of the primate Parker, at whose house she had been courteously entertained, and which she quitted with this unqueenly speech: “Madam I may not call you—Mistress I am ashamed to call you, and so I know not what to call you; but, howsoever, I thank you.” But we must not forget to make due allowance for the rudeness of the age; and, when we read that Queen Elizabeth pinched and maimed her ladies in waiting, we should also recollect that she took pleasure in the noble sport of baiting bears. The history of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, from whose affection for the Queen of Scotland so many romances have sprung, is very interesting, and related in Miss Aikin's best manner. She also gives a specimen of Elizabeth's skill in poetry, which, though well enough for a queen, would not have deserved notice as the production of any inferior person.

‘ SONNET by *Queen Elizabeth.*

‘ The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
 And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy.
 For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb;
 Which would not be if Reason ruled, or Wisdom weaved the web.
 But clouds of joys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
 Which turn to rain of late repent by course of changed winds.
 The top of hope supposed the root of ruth will be;
 And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see.

Those dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights whose foresight falsehood finds.

The Daughter of Debate that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.

No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port ;
Our realm it brooks no strangers' force, let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,

To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy.'

Miss Aikin's remarks on the conduct of Elizabeth, upon the massacre of the Hugonots, deserve to be extracted, as much for their justice as proper warmth of feeling.

'No act would have been hailed with such loud and general applause of her people, as an instant renunciation by Elizabeth of all friendship and intercourse with the perjured and blood-stained Charles, the midnight assassin of his own subjects ; and it is impossible to contemplate without disdain the coldness and littleness of that character, which, in such a case, could consent to measure its demonstrations of indignation and abhorrence by the narrow rules of a self-interested caution. But that early experience of peril and adversity which had formed the mind of this princess to penetration, wariness, and passive courage, and given her a perfect command of the whole art of simulation and dissimulation, had at the same time robbed her of some of the noblest impulses of our nature ; of generosity, of ardour, of enterprise, of magnanimity. Where more exalted spirits would only have felt, she calculated ; where bolder ones would have flown to action, she contented herself with words.

'Charles and his mother, while still in uncertainty how far their master stroke of policy,—so they regarded it,—would be successful in crushing entirely the Hugonots, prudently resolved to spare no efforts to preserve Elizabeth their friend, or to prevent her at least from becoming an open enemy. Instructions had therefore been in the first instance despatched to La Mothe Fenelon, the French ambassador in England, to communicate such an account of the massacre and its motives as suited these views, and to solicit a confirmation of the late treaty of amity. His reception at court on this occasion was extremely solemn : the courtiers and ladies who lined the rooms leading to the presence-chamber were all habited in deep mourning, and not one of them would vouchsafe a word or a smile to the ambassador, though himself a man of honour, and one whom they had formerly received on the footing of cordial intimacy. The queen herself, in listening to his message, assumed an aspect more composed, but extremely cold and serious. She expressed her horror at the idea that a sovereign could imagine himself under a necessity of taking such vengeance on his own subjects ; represented the practicability of proceeding with them according to law, and desired to be better informed of the reality of the treasonable designs imputed to the Hugonots. She also declared that it would be difficult for her to place reliance hereafter on the friendship of a prince who had shown

himself so deadly a foe to those who professed her religion ; but, at the suit of the ambassador, she consented to suspend in some degree her judgment of the deed till further information.

‘ Even these feeble demonstrations of sensibility to crime so enormous were speedily laid aside. In spite of Walsingham’s declared opinion, that the demonstrations of the French court towards her were so evidently treacherous, that its open enmity was less to be dreaded than its feigned friendship, Elizabeth suffered her indignation to evaporate in a few severe speeches, restrained her subjects from carrying such aid to the defenders of Rochelle as could be made a ground of serious quarrel, and even permitted a renewal of the shocking and monstrous overtures for her marriage with the youngest son of Catherine de’ Medici herself. By this shameless woman various proposals were now made for bringing about a personal interview between herself and Elizabeth. She first named England as the place of meeting, then the sea between Dover and Calais, and afterwards the isle of Jersey ; but from the first plan she herself departed, and the others were rejected in anger by the English council, who remarked, with a proper and laudable spirit, that they, who had ventured upon such propositions, must imagine them strangely careless of the personal safety of their sovereign.

‘ Charles IX. was particularly anxious that Elizabeth, as a pledge of friendship, should consent to stand sponsor to his new-born daughter ; and, with this request, after some difficulties and a few declarations of horror at his conduct, she had the baseness to comply. She refused, however, to indulge that king in his further desire, that she would appoint either the earl of Leicester or Lord Burleigh as her proxy,—not choosing apparently to trust these pillars of state, and of the protestant cause, within his reach ; and she sent instead her cousin the earl of Worcester, “ a good simple gentleman,” as Leicester called him, and a catholic.’—p. 22—25.

In chapter nineteenth, we have an anecdote of the Earl of Leicester, which adds another shade to his suspected character ; but whether it be preferred with truth against him, or is a calumny of his numerous enemies, it is now too late to decide.

‘ It appears that a criminal intimacy was known to subsist between Leicester and lady Sheffield even before the death of her lord, in consequence of which, this event, which was sudden, and preceded it is said by violent symptoms, was popularly attributed to the Italian arts of Leicester. During this year, lady Sheffield bore him a son, whose birth was carefully concealed for fear of giving offence to the queen, though many believed that a private marriage had taken place. Afterwards he forsook the mother of his child to marry the countess of Essex, and the deserted lady became the wife of another. In the reign of James I., many years after the death of Leicester, sir Robert Dudley his son, to whom he had left a great part of his fortune, laid claim to the family honours, bringing several witnesses to prove his mother’s marriage, and among others his mother herself. This lady declared on oath, that Leicester, in order to compel her

to form that subsequent marriage in his lifetime, which must deprive her of the power of claiming him as her husband, had employed the most violent menaces, and had even attempted her life by a poisonous potion which had thrown her into an illness by which she lost her hair and nails. After the production of all this evidence, the heirs of Leicester exerted all their influence to stop proceedings ;—no great argument of the goodness of their cause ;—and sir Robert Dudley died without having been able to bring the matter to a legal decision. In the next reign, the evidence formerly given was reviewed, and the title of duchess Dudley conferred on the widow of sir Robert, the patent setting forth that the marriage of the earl of Leicester with lady Sheffield had been satisfactorily proved.

‘ So close were the contrivances, so deep, as it appears, the villanies of this celebrated favourite ! But his consummate art was successful in throwing over these and other transactions of his life, a veil of doubt and mystery which time itself has proved unable entirely to remove.’—Vol. II p. 29.

The visit of the Queen to Kennilworth, and its “ princely pleasures,” are wisely passed over with a slight notice, as the author could not hope to equal the vividness with which the great northern enchanter has described them. It must be allowed that the taste in amusements at that day was very peculiar, ‘ characterised,’ as our author rather turgidly observed, ‘ by the unmerciful tediousness, the ludicrous incongruities, and the operose pedantry of a semi-barbarous age.’ The following show was to have formed one of the rare spectacles witnessed by her majesty.

‘ It appears that the inventing of masks, pageants and devices for the recreation of the queen on her progresses, had become a distinct profession. George Ferrers, formerly commemorated as master of the pastimes to Edward VI., one Goldingham, and Churchyard, author of “ the Worthiness of Wales,” of some legends in the “ Mirror for Magistrates,” and of a prodigious quantity of verse on various subjects, were the most celebrated proficients in this branch ; all three are handed down to posterity as contributors to “ the princely pleasures of Kennelworth,” and the two latter as managers of the Norwich entertainments. They vied with each other in the gorgeousness, the pedantry, and the surprisingness of their devices ; but the palm was surely due to him of the number, who had the glory of contriving a battle between certain allegorical personages, in the midst of which, “ legs and arms of men, well and lively wrought, were to be let fall in numbers on the ground as bloody as might be.” The combat was to be exhibited in the open air ; but the skies were unpropitious, and a violent shower of rain unfortunately deprived her majesty of the satisfaction of witnessing the effect of so extraordinary and elegant a device.’—p. 54.

The year fifteen hundred and seventy-seven, seems to have been marked with nothing remarkable but her majesty’s suffering a violent tooth-ache, which was by some supposed to be the effect

of magic, though they need have had recourse to no other power than the gradual hand of time. Miss Aikin thinks that the disorder was cured by extraction, there being, alas! no royal remedy. "As it is on record, that Aylmer bishop of London once submitted to have a tooth drawn, in order to encourage her majesty to undergo the operation; and, as the promotion of the learned prelate was at this time recent, and his gratitude, it may be presumed, still lively, we may, perhaps, be permitted to conjecture, that it was the bishop who performed the office of exorcist." The next year, however, brought an old suitor, Duke Casimir, whom the queen received with great attention; although she would have contented herself with bestowing upon him, as a parting gift, "the cheap distinction of the Garter," had not Walsingham extorted from her reluctant hands something more substantial. The negotiation with France was also recommenced, and Simiers, the French envoy, gained such an ascendancy over the queen by his ingratiating arts, as to alarm the Leicester party, who employed every means to remove him. Simiers revenged himself by disclosing to the queen the important secret of Leicester's marriage with the countess of Essex, which none of the courtiers had dared to reveal; and, while reading this account, we must allow, that the author of *Waverly* has not exaggerated her indignation.

'The rage of the queen on this disclosure transported her beyond all the bounds of justice, reason, and decorum. It has been already remarked, that she was habitually, or systematically, an open enemy to matrimony in general; and the higher any persons stood in her good graces, and the more intimate their access to her, the greater was her resentment at detecting in them any aspirations after this state; because a kind of jealousy was in these cases superadded to her malignity, and it offended her pride that those who were honoured with her favour should find themselves at leisure to covet another kind of happiness of which she was not the dispenser. But, that Leicester, the dearest of her friends, the first of her favourites, after all the devotedness to her charms which he had so long professed, and which she had requited by a preference so marked and benefits so signal,—that he—her opinion unconsulted, her sanction unimplored, should have formed,—and with her own near relation,—this indissoluble tie, and having formed it, should have attempted to conceal the fact from her, when known to so many others,—appeared to her the acme of ingratitude, perfidy, and insult. She felt the injury like a weak disappointed woman—she resented it like a queen and a Tudor.

'She instantly ordered Leicester into confinement in a small fort then standing in Greenwich park, and she threw out the menace, nay, actually entertained the design, of sending him to the Tower. But the lofty and honourable mind of the earl of Sussex revolted against proceedings so violent, so lawless, and so disgraceful in every point

of view to his royal kinswoman. He plainly represented to her, that it was contrary to all right and all decorum that any man should be punished for lawful matrimony, which was held in honour by all; and his known hostility to the favourite giving weight to his remonstrance, the queen curbed her anger, gave up all thoughts of the Tower, and soon restored the earl to liberty. In no long time afterwards, he was readmitted to her presence; and so necessary had he made himself to her majesty, or so powerful in the state, that she found it expedient insensibly to restore him to the same place of trust and intimacy as before; though it is probable that he never entirely regained her affections; and his countess, for whom, indeed, she had never entertained any affection, remained the avowed object of her utter antipathy even after the death of Leicester, and in spite of all the intercessions in her behalf, with which her son Essex, in the meridian of his favour, never ceased to importune his sovereign.'—p. 61, 62.

Of the vacillating conduct of Elizabeth, on the subject of her union with the French prince; the pitiable, yet ludicrous perplexity of her courtiers; the noble independence of Sir Philip Sidney; the kind reception of her royal lover, and the sudden refusal of his hand, Miss Aikin gives a minute and entertaining account. Meanwhile, the queen was growing old; and, added years, brought peevishness and malignity, of which disposition the following instance is sufficient evidence.

'The decay of her beauty was an unwelcome truth, which all the artifices of adulation were unable to hide from her secret consciousness; since she could never behold her image in a mirror, during the latter years of her life, without transports of impotent anger; and this circumstance contributed not a little to sour her temper, while it rendered the young and lovely the chosen objects of her malignity.

'On this head the following striking anecdote is furnished by sir John Harrington.—"She did oft ask the ladies around her chamber, if they loved to think of marriage? And the wise ones did conceal well their liking hereto, as knowing the queen's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved. 'You seem honest i'faith,' said the queen; 'I will sue for you to your father.'—The damsel was not displeased hereat; and when sir Robert came to court, the queen asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished at this news, said he never heard his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection; but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness will and advice. 'Then I will do the rest,' saith the queen. The lady was called in, and the queen told her that her father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the lady, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.' 'So thou shalt, but not to be a fool and marry; I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never

get it into thy possession. So go to thy business, I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'"—("Nugæ.")—p. 92.

About this time arose the sect called Brownists ; which caused some disturbance to the Queen, who was very tenacious in religious concerns. The dread of punishment induced Brown, the founder, to recant, though his party still preserved their existence. That they were objects of ridicule and contempt, we learn from the sneer which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Sir Andrew Ague cheek : "I'd as lief be a Brownist as a politician."—The character of Sir Philip Sydney, that boast of his age, who embodied all that we fancy of knightly valour, courtly grace, magnanimity and genius, and even whose early death renders him more interesting—exemplifying the truth of the assertion, "Whom the Gods love, die young"—is thus described by our author :

' Philip Sidney was educated, by the cares of a wise and excellent father, in the purest and most elevated moral principles, and in the best learning of the age. A letter of advice addressed to him by this exemplary parent at the age of twelve, fully exemplifies both the laudable solicitude of sir Henry respecting his future character, and the soundness of his views and maxims : in the character of his son, as advancing to manhood, he saw his hopes exceeded and his prayers fulfilled. Nothing could be more correct than his conduct, more laudable than his pursuits, while on his travels ; young as he was, he merited the friendship of Hubert Languet. He also gained just and high reputation for the manner in which he acquitted himself of an embassy to the protestant princes of Germany, though somewhat of the ostentation and family pride of a Dudley was apparent in the port which he thought it necessary to assume on the occasion. After his return, he commenced the life of a courtier ; and that indiscriminate thirst for glory, which was in some measure the foible of his character, led him into an ostentatious profusion, which, by involving his affairs, rendered it necessary for him to solicit the pecuniary favours of her majesty, and to earn them by some acts of adulation unworthy of his spirit : for all these, however, he made large amends by his noble letter against the French marriage. He afterwards took up, with a zeal and ability highly honourable to his heart and his head, the defence of his father, accused, but finally acquitted, of some stretches of power as lord deputy of Ireland. This business involved him in disputes with the earl of Ormond, his father's enemy, who seems to have generously overlooked provocations which might have led to more serious consequences, in consideration of the filial feelings of his youthful adversary.

' These indications of a bold and forward spirit appear however to have somewhat injured him in the mind of her majesty ; his advancement by no means kept pace either with his wishes or his wants ; and a subsequent quarrel with the earl of Oxford,—in which he refused to make the concessions required by the queen, reminding her at the

same time that it had been her father's policy, and ought to be hers, rather to countenance the gentry against the arrogance of the great nobles than the contrary,—sent him in disgust from court. Retiring to Wilton, the seat of his brother-in law the earl of Pembroke, he composed the *Arcadia*. This work he never revised or completed ; it was published after his death, probably contrary to his orders ; and it is of a kind long since obsolete. Under all these disadvantages, however, though faulty in plan, and as a whole tedious, this romance has been found to exhibit extensive learning, a poetical cast of imagination, nice discrimination of character, and, what is far more, a fervour of eloquence in the cause of virtue, a heroism of sentiment and purity of thought, which stamp it for the offspring of a noble mind,—which evince that the workman was superior to his work.

‘ But the world re-absorbed him ; and baffled at court, he meditated, in correspondence with one of his favourite mottoes,—“ *Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam*,”—to join one of the almost piratical expeditions of Drake against the Spanish settlements. Perhaps he might then be diverted from his design by the strong and kind warning of his true friend Languet, “ to beware lest the thirst of lucre should creep into a mind which had hitherto admitted nothing but the love of truth and an anxiety to deserve well of all men.” After the death of this monitor, however, he engaged in a second scheme of this very questionable nature, and was only prevented from embarking by the arrival of the queen's peremptory orders for his return to court, and that of Fulke Greville who accompanied him.

‘ It would certainly be difficult to defend in point of dignity and consistency his conspicuous appearance, as formerly recorded, at the triumph held in honour of the French embassy, or his attendance upon the duke of Anjou on his return to the Netherlands.

‘ The story of his nomination to the throne of Poland deserves little regard ; it is certain that such an elevation was never within his possibilities of attainment. His reputation on the continent was, however, extremely high ; Don John of Austria himself esteemed him ; the great prince of Orange corresponded with him as a real friend ; and Du Plessis Mornay solicited his good offices on behalf of the French protestants. Nothing but the highest praise is due to his conduct in Holland ; to the valour of a knight-errant he added the best virtues of a commander and counsellor. Leicester himself apprehended that it would be scarcely possible for him to sustain his high post without the countenance and assistance of his beloved nephew ; and the event showed that he was right.

‘ His death was worthy of the best parts of his life ; he showed himself to the last devout, courageous, and serene. His wife, the beautiful daughter of Walsingham ; his brother Robert, to whom he had performed the part rather of an anxious and indulgent parent than of a brother ; and many sorrowing friends, surrounded his bed. Their grief was, beyond a doubt, sincere and poignant, as well as that of the many persons of letters and of worth who gloried in his friendship and flourished by his bountiful patronage.

‘ On the whole, though justice claims the admission that the character

of Sidney was not entirely free from the faults most incident to his age and station, and that neither as a writer, a scholar, a soldier, or a statesman,—in all which characters during the course of his short life he appeared, and appeared with distinction,—is he yet entitled to the highest rank; it may, however, be firmly maintained, that, as a *man*, an accomplished and high-souled man, he had among his contemporary countrymen neither equal nor competitor. Such was the verdict in his own times, not of flatterers only, or friends, but of England, of Europe; such is the title of merit under which the historian may enroll him, with confidence and with complacency, among the illustrious few, whose name and example still serve to kindle in the bosom of youth the animating glow of virtuous emulation.’—p. 134.

Miss Aikin enters minutely into the circumstance of Queen Mary’s imprisonment, trial, and execution; but it was impossible to throw more light on this subject, than former researches have afforded. The contents of the ill-timed, violent letter, addressed by Mary to Elizabeth, are given. The language used in it was gross enough to rouse a meek spirit: how it must have fired the lion heart of a Tudor, the sequel of the tragedy informs us.—Among many coarse charges, Mary says:

‘That her conceit of her beauty was such, that no flattery could be too gross for her to swallow; and that this folly was the theme of ridicule to all her courtiers, who would often pretend that their eyes were unable to sustain the radiance of her countenance,—a trait, by the way, which stands on other and better authority than this infamous letter. That her temper was so furious that it was dreadful to attend upon her;—that she had broken the finger of one lady, and afterwards pretended to the courtiers that it was done by the fall of a chandelier; and that she had cut another across the hand with a knife;—stories very probably not entirely unfounded in fact, since we find the Earl of Huntingdon complaining, in a letter still preserved in the British Museum, that the queen, on some quarrel, had pinched his wife “very sorely.”’—p. 123.

We think the author might have dwelt more upon the literature of Elizabeth’s age. She has passed it over, with some extracts from Puttenham’s *Art of Poetry*, and a cursory glance of the authors who flourished during the reign. Of the drama, she speaks in the following terms:

‘By the appearance of *Ferrex and Porrex* in 1561, and that of *Gammer Gurton’s Needle* five years later, a new impulse had been given to English genius; and both tragedies and comedies approaching the regular models, besides historical and pastoral dramas, allegorical pieces resembling the old moralities, and translations from the ancients, were from this time produced in abundance, and received by all classes with avidity and delight.

‘About twenty dramatic poets flourished between 1561 and 1590; and an inspection of the titles alone of their numerous productions

would furnish evidence of an acquaintance with the stores of history, mythology, classical fiction, and romance, strikingly illustrative of the literary diligence and intellectual activity of the age.

‘ Richard Edwards produced a tragi-comedy on the affecting ancient story of Damon and Pithias, beside his comedy of Palamon and Arcite, formerly noticed as having been performed for the entertainment of her majesty at Oxford. In connexion with this latter piece, it may be remarked, that of the chivalrous idea of Theseus in this celebrated tale, and in the *Midsummer’s Night’s Dream*, as well as of all the other *gothicized* representations of ancient heroes, of which Shakspeare’s *Troilus and Cressida*, his rape of Lucrece, and some passages of Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, afford further examples, Guido Colonna’s *Historia Trojana*, written in 1260, was the original : a work long and widely popular, which had been translated, paraphrased and imitated in French and English, and which the barbarism of its incongruities, however palpable, had not as yet consigned to oblivion or contempt.

‘ George Gascoigne, beside his tragedy from Euripides, translated also a comedy from Ariosto, performed by the students of Gray’s Inn, under the title of *The Supposes* ; which was the first specimen in our language of a drama in prose. Italian literature was at this period cultivated amongst us, with an assiduity unequalled either before or since, and it possessed few authors of merit or celebrity whose works were not speedily familiarized to the English public through the medium of translations. The study of this enchanting language found however a vehement opponent in Roger Ascham, who exclaims against the “ enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy to mar men’s manners in England ; much by examples of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books, of late translated out of Italian into English, and sold in every shop in London.” He afterwards declares that “ there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many years before.” To these strictures on the moral tendencies of the popular writers of Italy some force must be allowed ; but it is obvious to remark, that similar objections might be urged with at least equal cogency against the favourite classics of Ascham ; and that the use of so valuable an instrument of intellectual advancement as the free introduction of the literature of a highly polished nation into one comparatively rude, is not to be denied to beings capable of moral discrimination, from the apprehension of such partial and incidental injury as may arise out of its abuse. Italy, in fact, was at once the plenteous storehouse whence the English poets, dramatists and romance writers of the latter half of the sixteenth century drew their most precious materials ; the school where they acquired taste and skill to adapt them to their various purposes ; and the Parnassian mount on which they caught the purest inspirations of the muse.

‘ Elizabeth was a zealous patroness of these studies ; she spoke the Italian language with fluency and elegance, and used it frequently in her mottos and devices : by her encouragement, as we shall see, Harrington was urged to complete his version of the *Orlando Furioso*,

and she willingly accepted in the year 1600 the dedication of Fairfax's admirable translation of the great epic of Tasso.

‘ But to return to our dramatic writers :—Thomas Kyd was the author of a tragedy entitled *Jeronimo*, which, for the absurd horrors of its plot, and the mingled puerility and bombast of its language, was a source of perpetual ridicule to rival poets, while from a certain wild pathos, combined with its imposing grandiloquence it was long a favourite with the people. The same person also translated a play by Garnier on the story of *Cornelia* the wife of *Pompey* ;—a solitary instance apparently of obligation to the French theatre on the part of these founders of our national drama.

‘ By Thomas Hughes, the misfortunes of *Arthur*, son of *Uther Pendragon*, were made the subject of a tragedy performed before the queen.

‘ *Preston*, to whom, when a youth, her majesty had granted a pension of a shilling a day in consideration of his excellent acting in the play of *Palamon and Arcite*, composed on the story of *Cambyzes* king of *Persia*, “ A lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth,” which is now only remembered as having been an object of ridicule to Shakspeare.

‘ *Lilly*, the author of *Euphues*, composed six court comedies and other pieces, principally on classical subjects, but disfigured by all the barbarous affectations of style which had marked his earlier production.

‘ *Christopher Marlow*, unquestionably a man of genius, however deficient in taste and judgment, astonished the world with his *Tamburlain the Great*, which became in a manner proverbial for its rant and extravagance : he also composed, but in a purer style, and with a pathetic cast of sentiment, a drama on the subject of king *Edward II.*, and ministered fuel to the ferocious prejudices of the age, by his fiend-like portraiture of *Barabas* in *The Rich Jew of Malta*. *Marlow* was also the author of a tragedy, in which the sublime and the grotesque were extraordinarily mingled, on the noted story of *Dr. Faustus* ; a tale of preternatural horrors, which, after the lapse of two centuries, was again to receive a similar distinction from the pen of one of the most celebrated of German dramatists : not the only example which could be produced of a coincidence of taste between the early tragedians of the two countries.

‘ Of the works of these and other contemporary poets, the fathers of the English theatre, some are extant in print, others have come down to us in manuscript, and of no inconsiderable portion the titles alone survive. A few have acquired an incidental value in the eyes of the curious, as having furnished the groundwork of some of the dramas of our great poet ; but not one of the number can justly be said to make a part of the living literature of the country.

‘ It was reserved for the transcendant genius of Shakspeare alone, in that infancy of our theatre when nothing proceeded from the crowd of rival dramatists but rude and abortive efforts, ridiculed by the learned and judicious of their own age, and forgotten by posterity, to

astonish and enchant the nation with those inimitable works which form the perpetual boast and immortal heritage of Englishmen.

‘ By a strange kind of fatality, which excites at once our surprise and our unavailing regrets, the domestic and the literary history of this great luminary of his age are almost equally enveloped in doubt and obscurity. Even of the few particulars of his origin and early adventures which have reached us through various channels, the greater number are either imperfectly attested, or exposed to objections of different kinds, which render them of little value ; and respecting his theatrical life the most important circumstances still remain matter of conjecture, or at best of remote inference.’—p. 277—281.

After all that has been said of Elizabeth’s love of learning and poetry, we do not find that she ever patronized either. She gave nothing, but praise, to Shakspeare ; she permitted Spenser to die in penury ; and Bacon rose slowly to the height to which his genius entitled him. The account of the rise, reign and fall of the accomplished Essex, is the most interesting part of the work ; and the remorse which is said to have haunted the Queen ever after his death, is well depicted in the following letter from Sir John Harrington to his lady :

“ Sweet Mall ;

“ I herewith send thee, what I would God none did know, some ill bodings of the realm and its welfare. Our dear queen, my royal godmother, and this state’s natural mother, doth now bear some show of human infirmity ; too fast, from that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow, for that good which she shall get by her releasement from pains and misery. Dear Mall, how shall I speak what I have seen or what I have felt ? thy good silence in these matters emboldens my pen. For thanks to the sweet God of silence, thy lips do not wanton out of discretion’s path like the many gossiping dames we could name, who lose their husbands’ fast hold in good friends rather than hold fast their own tongues. Now, I will trust thee with great assurance ; and whilst thou dost brood over thy young ones in the chamber, thou shalt read the doings of thy grieving mate in the court. I find some less mindful of what they are to lose, than of what they may perchance hereafter get : Now, on my own part, I cannot blot from my memory’s table the goodness of our sovereign lady to me, even, I will say, before born. Her affection to my mother, who waited in privy-chamber, her bettering the state of my father’s fortune (which I have, alas, so much worsted,) her watchings over my youth, her liking to my free speech and admiration of my little learning and poesy, which I did so much cultivate on her command, have rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askant from her condition with tearless eyes, would stain and foul the spring and fount of gratitude. It was not many days since I was bidden to her presence ; I blessed the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state ; she bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone ? I replied with reverence

that I had seen him with the lord deputy ; she looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said : O ! now it mindeth me that you was *one* who saw this man *elsewhere*,* and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom ; she held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips ; but in truth her heart seemeth too full to need more fulling. This sight moved me to think of what passed in Ireland, and I trust she did not less think on *some* who were busier there than myself. She gave me a message to the lord deputy, and bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock. Hereat *some* who were about her did marvel, as I do not hold so high place as those she did not choose to do her commands Her majesty inquired of some matters which I had written ; and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humour, and read some verses, whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say : ‘ When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less ; I am past my relish for such matters ; thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well ; I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yester-night.’ She rated most grievously at noon at *some one* who minded not to bring up certain matters of account : several men have been sent to, and when ready at hand, her highness hath dismissed in anger ; but who, dearest Mall, shall say, that ‘ your highness hath forgotten ? ’ ”

The affairs of Ireland, which had always been a subject of anxiety, now added to the Queen’s uneasiness ; and after some days of sudden and profound melancholy, she expired. And Miss Aikin seems to believe the story of the ring of the Earl of Essex,—which, being secreted by the Countess of Nottingham, was produced at last, when it was too late. Amidst all the grief and horror which this proof of the repentance of her favourite inflicted, Elizabeth was true to her character ; as she is said actually to have shaken “ the dying Countess in her bed, and, vehemently exclaiming, that God might forgive her, but she never would—flung out of the chamber.”

‘ Returning to her palace, she surrendered herself without resistance to the despair which seized her heart on this fatal and too late disclosure.—Hence her refusal of medicine and almost of food ;—hence her obstinate silence interrupted only by sighs, groans, and broken hints of a deep sorrow which she cared not to reveal ;—hence the days and nights passed by her, seated on the floor, sleepless, her eyes fixed, and her finger pressed upon her mouth ;—hence, in short, all those heart-rending symptoms of incurable and mortal anguish which conducted her, in the space of twenty days, to the lamentable termination of a long life of power, prosperity, and glory.’—p. 429.

The work concludes with a kind of summary character of

* Harrington had been at a conference held with him by Essex ; for which he had been severely rated by the queen.

Elizabeth ; which, bating a little excusable partiality, appears to be justly drawn.

We cannot dismiss this work, without noticing the freedom with which the fair author remarks upon subjects, where her delicacy might have taught her at least to be silent : it is the only masculine trait in the work. We might point out several instances where she is unnecessarily broad in her allusions ; and which, without affecting fastidiousness, we would wish, for her own sake, she had avoided.

ART. VII.—*Dissertation on the Gipsies : representing their manner of life, family economy, religion, language, &c. &c. with a historical inquiry concerning their origin and first appearance in Europe.* From the German of H. M. G. Grellmann. 8vo. pp. 210. London, 1807.

THE extraordinary fact, that the Jews have continued a separate people for nearly two thousand years, in a state of dispersion throughout the civilized world, does not appear to be wholly unparalleled in the history of mankind. We do not pretend to find an *exact* parallel in the history of any other people ; but the Gipsies of Europe furnish another instance, of a numerous people dwelling among the nations without amity or assimilation, retaining to themselves peculiar manners, appearance, and language, and suffering every species of oppression and contumely, without losing their essential characteristics, or perishing from the face of the earth like the persecuted natives of our western world. For a period of more than three hundred years, the Gipsies have wandered about among civilized men ; yet they still remain what their fathers were ; never incorporated into any settled community, nor conformed to the manners of any nation among whom they dwell. — ‘ Africa makes them no blacker, nor Europe whiter : they neither become more lazy in Spain, nor more diligent in Germany. ‘ In Turkey, Mahomet, and in Christendom, Christ, remain equally without their homage. Around on every side, they see fixed habitations, with settled inhabitants ; they, nevertheless, proceed in their own way, and continue, for the most part, unsocial, wandering robbers.’—(*Grellmann.*)

The most authentic accounts of the Gipsies state, that they appeared in different countries of Europe at different times in the 15th century. The most remarkable company of them was first noticed at Bologne. This company consisted of about one hundred persons of both sexes, of a tawny complexion, dressed in ragged attire, and using a language totally unknown to the people

among whom they came. Their leader was called Andrew, Duke of Egypt; and they related, that they had been driven out of their possessions in Egypt by a king of Hungary. This was unquestionably false, so far as the King of Hungary was concerned; but it is presumed by learned men who have investigated their language and history, that they were originally from Hindostan. Sir William Jones asserts, (*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. III. p. 7.) that many of their words are pure Sanscrit; and he likewise supposes they emigrated from their native country to the coast of Arabia or Africa, and thence they rambled into Egypt, extending their wanderings over the continent of Europe. That they sojourned awhile in Egypt, is rendered probable by the fact that a numerous people resembling them is now in existence near Thebes in Upper Egypt.*

The Gipsies possessed little skill in any useful art; were grossly ignorant; and, to the disgusting appearance which usually attends excessive poverty, they added the utmost depravity of manners,—subsisting together without even that low degree of decorum which is found among the meanest ranks of civilized society, and choosing to live by rapacity and fraud, rather than by regular industry. The true science of astronomy was then in a manner unknown; but the false one of astrology was in high vogue. Those who professed divination and palmistry, were peculiarly acceptable to the indolent and inquisitive in that age. Then the greater portion of society was much more eager to discover “hidden things of darkness,” than to acquire that easy knowledge of nature which has since become general, and which has served at once to enlighten and to limit curiosity. For this reason chiefly, the Gipsies found encouragement wherever they came: but, though the credulity of the times furnished them employment in the supernatural capacity of fortune-telling, it was never a very lucrative or permanent resource; and they requited themselves for insufficiency of profit, by making free with whatever they could grasp, to gratify their whims, or supply their wants.

In Italy, the Gipsies were called *Zigari*; and were supposed by Pope Pius II. to be emigrants from Zigi, or the modern Circassia. In the 16th century, they so swarmed in the different countries of Europe, that the most severe laws were passed against them by almost every government; laws as wise and as merciful as those enforced against witchcraft, and tending, like them, not to enlighten and improve their unhappy subjects, but to cut them off from all possible advantages, even from life itself.

They began their wanderings in England and Scotland in 1534, and soon excited general execration. In the reign of Henry VIII. a law was passed, commanding them to leave the kingdom under

* Rees' Cyclopædia.

pain of imprisonment and confiscation of goods, and extending the same penalty to such as should join them, or should assume a disguise in resemblance of them, or hold any intercourse with them. By a statute of Elizabeth, it was made felony without benefit of clergy, for any Egyptian (so the Gipsies were called) to remain a month in the kingdom : and Sir Matthew Hale relates, that thirteen Gipsies were executed in his time at the assizes in Suffolk, merely because they were Gipsies. The following account of their present condition in England, may be found in the *European Magazine*, of November, 1820.

‘ There appears to be good ground to believe these extraordinary itinerants were originally of the lowest class of Hindoos ; having emigrated, it is supposed, from Hindoostan about A. D. 1408. Their language is undoubtedly a species of Hindostanee, as is shown by a comparison of grammatical peculiarities, as well as of a number of words taken down as specimens of their language, from English Gipsies, and from Turkish Gipsies in Hungary, (printed in the 7th volume of *Archæologia* ;) also, by selections from the Vocabulary compiled by Grellmann, the learned author of a dissertation on the subject ; and by words obtained, as a translation of familiar English words, from Gipsies in the immediate neighbourhood of London. Throughout the countries of Europe, during the four centuries that they have wandered about as outcasts, they appear to have preserved among themselves, and transmitted unimpaired to their descendants, together with other invariable characteristics of their origin, while speaking the languages of the respective countries they inhabit—one common language of their own, to which they appear to be attached, yet which serves them for no other purpose, that we are acquainted with, than that of concealment. The combined influence of time, climate, and example, has not effected any material alteration in their state. A recent traveller states, that he met with numerous hordes in Persia, with whom he had conversed, and found their language the true Hindostanee. In Russia, he found them, both in language and manners, the same, corresponding exactly to the Gipsies of our own country. In Poland and Lithuania, as well as in Courland, they exist in surprising numbers. In Hungary, their number amounts to about 50,000 : and they are scarcely less numerous in other parts of Europe ; every where exhibiting the same deeply-rooted attachment to their ancient habits and half-savage customs, and the same features of an oriental character, as vagrants, thieves, and fortune-tellers. How far the treatment they have received from civilized nations, among whom they have been universally objects of contempt or persecution, has tended to keep them in their present state of intellectual debasement, by strengthening their prejudices, and driving them to the usual resources of indigence, demands the serious and dispassionate consideration of every friend of humanity. In our own country, hunted like beasts of prey from township to township, advertised as rogues and vagabonds, even rewards being offered for their apprehension, their condition is becoming daily more deplorable, while no asylum

is offered them, and no means are devised of remedying the defects of their habits, or of holding out to the well-disposed, encouragement to reformation. The *routing* of the Gipsies, as it is termed, from various parts of the south of England, has occasioned their appearing lately in great numbers in the northern counties. "The winter before last, severe as it was," Mr. Hoyland states, "a gang of about fifty or sixty, lay upon Bramley-moor, three miles from Chesterfield." In the summer of 1815, a numerous horde, who had been driven from the township of Rotherham, had two encampments in the neighbourhood of Sheffield: there were also encampments of Gipsies at Borough-
 Bridge, at Knaresborough, and at Pocklington, in the east riding of Yorkshire. A few continue all the year in London, excepting during their attendance at fairs in the vicinity: others go out twenty or thirty miles round the metropolis, carrying their implements with them; and are found, sometimes, assisting in hay-making and hop-picking, in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Among those who have winter quarters in London from Michaelmas till April, a few take in summer still wider circuits, extending to Suffolk, Herefordshire, and even South Wales. In fact, there is reason to think the greatest part of the island is traversed in different directions by hordes of Gipsies. One of the most important facts mentioned by Mr. Hoyland, is the disposition, and even anxiety, manifested by some of those who winter in towns, to obtain for their children the benefit of education. Uriah Lovell, the head of one of the families, paid sixpence a week for each of his three children, who attended, during four winters, a school for the Irish, kept by Partak Ivery. Partak, on being called upon to verify this statement, confirmed the account; adding, that there had been six Gipsy children at his school, who, when placed among others, were reducible to order.'—(*From Hoyland on Gipsies.*)

By this it appears, that though the philanthropic spirit of the nation is hardly extended to them, these poor outcasts have caught something from that great impulse towards intelligence and virtue, which is operating, more or less powerfully and obviously, through the whole world of moral beings; and which, it is surely the duty and the privilege of the most favoured among men, to accelerate by all possible encouragements. That the miserable condition of the Gipsies will be improved, is rendered probable by the suggestions of rational and philosophic Christians; who begin to discover, that our anxiety to spread the gospel *far and wide*, is somewhat premature; and that much must be done at home, before it can be expedient to attempt any thing abroad. An evidence of this has lately appeared in an English publication.

'The Committee of the Home Missionary Society, feeling deeply for the condition of the neglected Gipsy race, of whom *eighteen thousand* are wandering through this country, earnestly entreat the Christian world to come forward in support of measures for the melioration of their condition. This people have been wonderfully preserved, a distinct people, for the space of four hundred years; having been

expelled from India about that space of time, and scattered all over Europe, Asia, and Africa. It is ascertained by Oriental scholars, that they speak, not a cant language, but the same as that spoken by the Suder caste of India, whom they resemble in person, manners, and habits. The circumstance of their speaking the same language amongst all their tribes in every country, as well as that of their aborigines in the East, may be most favourable for the circulation of the scriptures, and diffusion of oral instruction ; and being so widely scattered among all nations, whose languages are spoken by their different tribes, they may also be the instruments of much good among others, and well repay the privilege of sojourning among them, by scattering among them that wealth which surpasses the riches of Golconda and Peru. It is proposed to form a *Branch Society* to that for Home Missions, which will both leave the funds for village preaching untouched, and afford an opportunity to those persons to contribute, who may be favourable only to the promotion of morality and education.—(*Christian Herald*, No. 178.)

The character and habits of the people who stand in need of this instruction, are too extraordinary to be uninteresting ; and their physical and intellectual powers, strangely perverted as they are, afford elements of enjoyment and usefulness which ought not to be neglected nor lost to society.

The peculiar hue of their complexion, appears to be somewhat artificially induced and cultivated. In infancy, they are smeared over with some black ointment, and in their succeeding years, live almost always in the sun, or near the fire in a smoky hut, without any purification of the skin ; and they are consequently coloured by these practices. Their habits in respect to food, are more disgusting than those of any savages ; for they subsist upon animals which have died of disease, and upon the refuse of ordinary food. They dress in rags, being only partially covered ; yet they display the love of finery in their very tatters : but, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, they generally live to a considerable age, are remarkably free from disease, and distinguished by muscular strength, symmetrical proportion, and animated countenances. Though the greater part of the Gipsies are wanderers, a few of them are stationary. Some of the latter are innkeepers in Spain, mechanics and gold-washers in Hungary, and domestic slaves in Turkey : but the principal portion of these outlaws have no other habitations than tents and caves ; and in summer they live chiefly in the open air. The picturesque effect of their encampments has not escaped that fine observer, Cowper ; and he has given a poetical sketch of their economy, so true and particular, as almost to supersede the necessity of any other historian.

‘ I see a column of slow rising smoke,
O’ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.

A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
 Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloin'd
 From his accusom'd perch. Hard faring race !
 They pick their fuel out of every hedge ;
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
 The spark of life. The sporting wind blows wide
 Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthless drops into its place :
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
 Strange ! that a creature, rational, and cast
 In human mould, should brutalize, *by choice*,
 His nature ; and, though capable of arts
 By which the world might profit, and himself
Self banish'd from society, prefer
 Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !
 Yet even these, though, feigning sickness, oft
 They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
 When soft occasion offers ; and with dance,
 And music of the bladder and the bag,
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
 Such health and gayety of heart enjoy
 The houseless rovers of the western world ;
 And breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
 Need other physic none, to heal the effects
 Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.*

* Mr. Cowper could not have considered the history of the Gipsies—could not have estimated the influences of the laws and of public sentiment, at once powerful and hostile in respect to them, and believe that they were *brutalized by choice*, and *self-banished from society*. In relation to the character of the low Irish, Mr. Edgeworth has made the following remarks :—
 “Impute a peculiar, incurable mental disease to any people ; show that it incapacitates them from speaking and acting with common sense ; expose their infirmities continually to public ridicule ; and in time, probably, this people, let their constitutional boldness be ever so great, may be subjugated to that sense of inferiority, and to that acquiescence in a state of dependence, which is the necessary consequence of the conviction of imbecility.” What is here said of mental imbecility, is equally true of moral depravity. Unjust accusation, prejudice, and suspicion, attaching vice and meanness to the character of any individual or community, has a very strong tendency to engender and confirm the guilt it deprecates ; and at any rate, deprives the unhappy subjects of reproach, of the incentives and means to encourage and aid those virtues and abilities, *by which the world might profit*.

The Gipsies travel for the most part on foot ; but sometimes the aid of the ass, or a decayed horse and cart, relieve them of the burthen of tools, furniture, and children, which constitute their wealth. Their manufactures are small and rude works in wood or iron ; and the dexterity they exhibit in them, makes up for the deficiency of the instruments they use, and shows what they might accomplish with suitable facilities. Beds and chairs make no part of their accommodations ; their furniture consists of an iron pot and pan, a jug, a spoon, and a knife, and sometimes a dish. The only superfluity they ever have, is a silver cup, which is procured often by great privation, and seldom used when possessed, being for the most part buried under the hearth stone, or as effectually hidden somewhere else. Under these circumstances, begging, as well as stealing, is a means of subsistence. Their excessive vivacity and impudence attract the attention of people ; and they practise wild music, unseemly dancing, and grotesque grimace, so as sometimes to extort money, and sometimes to withdraw observers from the vigilant care of their property, and thus expose it to their depredations. That some of them have very fascinating powers, capable of high cultivation and producing great effect, is proved to a certainty, in the singular instance described by Cumberland in his *Memoirs*. The following animated representation of the famous *Tiranna*, not only illustrates the genius of this strange race, but it forcibly reminds one of that celebrated ancient sorceress, *Medea*.

“ That extraordinary woman, whose origin is traced to the outcast race of Gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers which nature and art had combined to give her. My friend, Count *Pietra Santa*, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters ; telling her at the same time, that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country. In consequence of this intimation, she sent me word, that I should have notice from her, when she wished me to come to the theatre ; till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill ; for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

“ In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons. I had not been many minutes in the theatre, before she sent a mandate to me to go home ; for that she was in no disposition that evening, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of her tribe. When some-

thing more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of tragedy ; for, in the course of the plot, she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage, lying on each side of her ; whilst she, sitting on the floor between them, (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description,) presented such a high-wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, '*laughing wild amidst severest wo,*' as placed her, in my judgment, at the very summit of her art : in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher ; and such was the effect upon the audience, that, whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain ; and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

"A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box. The artificial paleness of her cheeks ; her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids ; her fine arms, bare to the shoulders ; the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven—gave her the appearance of something so more than human—such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impressive—that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask, but to claim my applause ; demanding of me, if I had ever seen any actress, in my own or any other country, that could be compared with her ? 'I was determined,' she said, 'to exert myself for you this night ; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to conclude the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason.'"—(*Memoirs of Richard Cumberland.*)

Grellman has described a Waywode (chief among the Gipsies) of Courland, who was distinguished by elegance of manners and richness of attire, and who was received into the most polite circles of the country. And we are disposed to believe, from some recorded traits of the Gipsy character, that that wonderful creation of the Poet, Meg Merrilies, was not without a prototype among those tribes which Fletcher of Saltoun has described as interesting Scotland in his time.

No human creatures can live with more indifference to social honour and disgrace, than the Gipsies ; nor any, more emphatically without God in the world : yet, worthless as life is without any moral enjoyment, the mere sense of physical existence endears it to them. No great interest is attached to their lives ;

no hazard, care, nor hope : consequently, they can suffer no fear, vexation, nor despair. A Gipsy is never known to commit suicide. When one of a company dies, the survivors bewail him with the most intemperate grief; and when one falls under the sentence of capital punishment, (no very uncommon case,) he sometimes makes a ludicrous resistance to the execution of the law. The only sense of honour they ever indicate, respects those of their own fraternity. 'A man once requested that he might not be hanged with his face towards the high road; saying, "Many of his acquaintance passed that way, and he should be very much ashamed to be seen by them hanging on a gallows."' '

The Gipsies have nothing like acknowledged principles of internal government. In all associations of men, however, it uniformly happens, that one or more individuals are elevated, by their understanding, above the rest; and when differences arise, or any common difficulty involves the society, the superior minds will be regarded as those most capable of directing or delivering the more humble and inefficient: and if they assume no direction, the welfare of their fellow-men will be entrusted, from the very sense of blindness or weakness, to their presumptive intelligence and power.

The first title of a Gipsy Chief on record, that of Duke, appears only to have been adopted by them in imitation of civilized people, and has long ago been dropped. The Gipsies in England give no titles to their leaders ; but those of Hungary and Turkey designate their chiefs by the title of Waywode. The principal authority of this great man, is in the disposal of what may be stolen. Every time a Gipsy brings in a booty, he gives account of it to the Arch-Gipsy, who divides it as he thinks fit. "To choose their Waywode, the Gipsies take the opportunity when a great number of them are assembled in one place, commonly in the open field. The elected person is lifted up three times, amidst the loudest acclamations, and confirmed in his dignity by presents : his wife undergoes the same ceremony.—Every one descended from the family of a former Waywode, is eligible ; but those who are best clothed, not very poor, of large stature, and about the middle age, have the preference. Understanding, or wise conduct, is of no consideration : therefore, it is easy to distinguish the Waywode from the multitude, by his size and clothing."

Though the Gipsies retain their own language, they have no letters. They understand the language of the countries where they live ; and the few that can read and write, of necessity confine their learning to their adopted language. They observe no religious rites as their own ; but, as the whim takes them, they pretend to be Mahommedans, Roman Catholics, or Protestants. No sect, however, has any confidence in such proselytes : and

though they are sometimes permitted to wear the white turban in Turkey, they are never freed from the payment of the charadsch, (the poll-tax, from which converted Jews are absolved,) because no reliance is placed on their sincerity.

The Gipsies, then, are a people without religion, without letters or science, without property, without settled habitations, without civil rights, and without ordinary rules or motives of action.—There are between 7 and 800,000 of them scattered over Europe, exclusive of those of Egypt and Asia. What a difference would it make in the sum of human happiness, if these idlers, beggars and thieves, were honest, laborious, intelligent members of society! We cannot but be struck with the cruel and blind policy of governments in respect to these wretched creatures. England, Italy, Spain, France and Germany, Denmark and Sweden, have severally excluded them from the protection of the state, and all the privileges of citizens; indeed, from those of rational beings: nor has any community ever yet held out to them that knowledge, which might break up their bad habits, afford them motives to a contrary course, and procure them means to pursue it. The millions of these miserable men, who have lived and died in their ignorance and sins, have afforded multiplied occasions to the enlightened and the generous, to reclaim waste places in human society; and as they exist at present,* they are genuine objects of that mercy which characterizes the gospel. Nor does it characterize the written word only; it is taking an acknowledged place in the public sentiment of all countries; and it ought, and we hope one day will, lay at the foundation of all legislative and municipal measures. But we would not forget, that the “quality of mercy is not strained;” it does not compass sea and land to find objects,

“But droppeth like the gentle dew of Heaven,
Upon the *place beneath*.”

We are aware, that in the concern we have felt for the beggars of Europe, we have strayed from that principle of utility we commend—that of confining our regards to those we may benefit. Still, this slight sketch of a peculiar people, may be instructive: if it does not appeal to any feeling of personal or local interest, the philanthropist is not unconcerned with it. It induces a grateful spirit in us, that we live in a land unincumbered with a supernumerary population under insurmountable moral and legal disabilities: and it should induce concern and care for such of the indigent and unfortunate among ourselves, as the provision of society has not favoured with means of knowledge and usefulness. Such, whoever they are, victims of vice, or bad example, or neglected education, are those whom the enlightened and the kind are born to bless, and whom they are taught to encourage and to

aid—by him who was not only the friend of the righteous, but the deliverer and benefactor of the sinner. No degree of guilt in a human being, should entirely cut him off from human kindness. As long as the intellectual and moral character is not wholly corrupt, (and who can ascertain when all capabilities of goodness are extinct?) the redeeming principle may be resuscitated, and become operative. A certain degree of suffering necessarily accrues from transgression; this result is ordained by God: but let his creatures leave the measure to him, who has constituted himself sole avenger; and while they strictly preserve the safety of society, also cherish the latent virtue of the offending. A lamp to the feet, and a guide to the path, will reclaim many of the devious and benighted; and the legislator or the philosopher who has no pity for the ignorant, and for them who are out of the way, makes no just use of his powers, and has no just sense of the infirmity with which he himself is compassed.

ART. VIII.—*Gedichte von Frederick von Schiller. Zweyte Etui Ausgabe.*—Aachen, 1812. Bey Forstmann und Comp.
2.—*Poems, and Translations from Schiller.* 8vo. pp. 346.—London, 1821.

GERMAN literature, which, twenty years ago, was so slighted in England, has at length assumed its proper station in the opinion of that people. It is worth remarking how strangely prejudice confounds things most dissimilar. At the time of the French revolution, French chemistry was avoided as containing principles equally dangerous to law and gospel. It is well known that the dread which Englishmen felt of French philosophy extended to the chemical discoveries of Lavoisier, and that their horror of the German illuminati rendered them averse to all the productions of German genius. The English reviews teemed with illiberal remarks; and, forgetting that it was to Germany mankind owed the vast benefits derived from the reformation, their writers consigned the country to dulness and absurdity. It cannot be denied, however, that those whose knowledge of German literature is derived from translations, and who penetrated no further than the wild reveries of Kant or Fichte—the loose works of Kotzebue, and the extravagant ones of the Burger school—might reasonably have been discouraged. It is as if a German should judge of English morality by translations of the songs of Moore—of English profundity by the dissertations of Jeremy Bentham—or of the taste of the English stage by the heterogeneous compositions called melo-dramas. Other critics have urged, plausibly enough, that the Germans are gross even

in their greatest attempts at refinement. This objection admits of an easy refutation, when we consider the difficulty a foreigner inevitably meets in studying the spirit and idiom of a strange language. A German of refinement would probably read the works of Swift, Fielding, and Smollett, with absolute disgust. He would understand only the broad part of the humour, while the simplicity which half conceals the indelicacy, and the vivacity which almost excuses it, would entirely escape him. Another often-urged charge against the German authors is mysticism—Here we have not much to answer. Schlegel himself in speaking of it does not refute it, but rather apologizes, by tracing it back as the inheritance of past ages, and the consequence of particular causes. That it is a disorder they are all prone to there can be little doubt. Madam de Stael says, that their distinguishing trait is imagination; and it is this quality which gives birth to the credulity which marks their character, and to the simplicity which spreads such an untranslatable charm over some of their productions. Imagination mingles with their religion and their philosophy, and even sheds its graces over the soul of the warrior. The resolute Luther composed verses—the fanciful theories of the German philosophers are well known—and their youthful hero Koerner was not the less brave that he could express the ardour of his mind in melodious strains. When Luther flourished, the German language flourished also in its richness and purity. But the passion for the dead languages which succeeded him, independent of the natural importation of words from the countries which surrounded them, interlarded the language with foreign idioms. Nor was this the only effect of that general study of the classics which distinguished German authors. By accustoming themselves to admire, write, and correspond in the ancient tongues, they not only lost that necessary respect for their own, but they ceased to pay attention to its purity, and countenanced, perhaps committed, abuses against it. The learned and intelligent part of the nation, thus writing in another language, and undervaluing or neglecting their own, the natural consequence ensued that the body of the people admitted freely all innovations, which they mixed with their own vulgarities. For it is not grammar-schools and lectures which preserve the purity of a language. The power is vested in the hands of the learned and polite, to polish and preserve their mother tongue; when left to the inferior classes, who are badly educated and unaware of its importance, the language becomes low, corrupted, and unfixed. As was the English, from the same causes, when Chaucer complained, that he wrote in sand. Such was the state of the German language—which Frederic III. (who did not deserve the name of German) rendered worse by his con-

tempt for his own tongue, and his affection for and constant use of the French. His courtiers, of course, followed his example; and, while many German authors languished in obscurity, he wasted his favours and smiles upon such men as the Marquis De Argen. While things were in this situation, the Silesian school arose, at the head of which was Opitz—Hagedorn, Cramer, and Rabener, followed him, and did much to restore the purity of their language. The publication of Klopstock's *Messiah* (1748) was also a signal benefit to the German tongue. Goethe succeeded him, and, since the establishment of his literary consequence, German literature has risen from the dust, and shaken off its impurities. Though, we believe, he never formed what is called a school, yet the authority of his distinguished name, aided by the fascination of his genius, gave him that beneficial influence over literature, which the greatest of his countrymen have not hesitated to acknowledge; and rising authors naturally became eager to emulate his purity and richness. But even Goethe has not escaped the prevalent faults of his age. His works are sometimes tinged with obscurity, often deformed by trite classical allusions, or degraded by irreverence of things sacred, and carelessness of things decent. His style is, however, unexceptionable; sometimes inimitable in its simplicity and naiveté; at others, rich in all the magnificence of the language; and, always, entirely German. His poetry is enlivened by a constant succession of original and natural images; nor does he stop to enlarge upon them, but pursues his melodious way, throwing around him flowers of poesy fresh and numerous. One of the most striking instances of his felicity, in describing an object by a single touch, is his little piece called *The Four Seasons of the Year*. In the first, he twines a wreath of flowers around the brow of Spring; and, to this, which has been done by every poet of every clime, Goethe has succeeded in giving originality, and breathing as it were a new charm over the flowers, which bloom in his verse. Summer and Autumn are beautifully painted; but his lines on Winter breathe a melancholy feeling, which is both soothing and appropriate.

Schiller's was a mind of a high, but different order. Keen in his perceptions, filled with rich and lofty imaginations and ardent feelings, every line he has written, whether grave or gay, is marked with the energy of his genius. His diction is beautiful; his verse possesses more measured flow than that of Goethe; though he has not that exquisite archness with which the other charms. His dramatic powers are confessedly great; and it is on his tragedies of *Wallenstein*, *William Tell*, and *Marie Stuart*, that his fame will eventually rest. Unsatisfied with poetic celebrity, he has also grasped at historic fame. His history of the *Thirty Years War* is an important and highly interesting

work ; but it may be an English prejudice that prompts us to object, that it is not sober enough for history. The language is too flowery ; and we perceive that the historian is sometimes, in his conclusions and descriptions, led away by the poet. Yet, when we recollect his account of the establishment of the independence of the Netherlands, we are almost tempted to recall our disparaging words.

It was after perusing some of Schiller's minor poems, that we took up the work before us, purporting to be a translation of them. The difficulty of translating the spirit together with the sentiments of an author, has always been a subject of complaint ; and this obstacle is heightened in the German language, which, by its numerous compound words, is rendered much more expressive than ours. Hence it is that the German translations from the Greek are the most literal and the most vigorous, the German authors being enabled by their compound phrases often to give the exact sense in fewer words, which we would be forced to extend and weaken by the introduction of particles and helping verbs. The constant and skilful use which Schiller has made of these advantages of his language, forms an additional difficulty to his translator, a difficulty which our author has not been able to overcome ; and while he has adhered to the measure of Schiller, he has certainly permitted great part of the poet's energy to escape him. One of the finest of Schiller's poems is the " Glock," or, as the translator makes it, " The Chiming of the Bell." Who but Schiller would have availed himself of the history of moulding a church bell to paint the course of life from infancy to the grave, with all its joys and sorrows. It were a hopeless attempt to give the English version of this production more than a faint glow of the fire which animates it, and we are inclined to believe that the translator would have succeeded better if he had thrown off the shackles of rhyme. What his version might then have wanted in smoothness would have been amply made up in truth and power. The labourers are supposed to beguile their work with soothing " roundelay," and thus proceeds the song :

What, deeply sunk in earthy chamber,
 Our hands achieve, through might of flame,
 Shall up to turret-aerie clamber,
 And loudly of our feats proclaim ;—
 —Endure it shall through many a morrow,
 On many an ear its clamour light,
 And chime in unison with sorrow,
 And summon to devotion's rite ;—
 —What silently, apart fulfilling,
 The various fates of man prepare,

Loud from beneath its broad pavilion
 A voice of warning shall declare.
 "Bright bubbles are the surface lifting,
 —Brave!—the masses loose their hold;—
 In the alkaline be drifting,
 Hastier than in flood they fold;
 From dross and cumber free
 Must the lava be;—
 That from purest metal springing,
 Pure and clear the note be ringing."
 For with the merry peal of greeting
 It must the fondled babe alarm,
 Forth on its earliest march proceeding,
 Circled, the while, with slumber's arm;
 —For him as yet develops not
 The brighter or the darker lot;—
 Amid maternal cherishings
 The golden morn of life begins;
 —But years are brief and ever fleeting.—
 Impatient of the nurse's band,
 The boy disdainful springs to roam;
 With pilgrim-staff treads many a land,
 And turns a stranger to his home;
 —There, into youth's full bloom emerging,
 Like to some heaven-descended guest,
 In presence stands the bashful virgin,
 Her modest charms his sight have bless'd;
 Unwonted longings straight surprise
 The stripling's heart;—he wanders lone,
 Tears rush unbidden to his eyes,
 No more at revel is he known;
 Upon her trace he treads unceasing,
 Perplex'd, and feeds upon her smile,
 The choicest flowers his hands are reaching,
 And haste to deck her with the spoil.
 —Oh! envied longings! sweet expectance!
 Golden age of early love!
 When Heaven expands before the glance,
 And hearts the height of rapture prove;—
 —Oh! never might the verdure perish
 Of those spring-days, young Love doth cherish!
 "Ruddier now the pipes are glowing;
 —Mark:—this rod I forward urge;
 —Now the metal shall be flowing,
 If full-glazed the rod emerge;
 —Comrades!—brief;—explore;
 Prove me the molten ore;—
 If the yielding and contending
 To a glad result be blending."

For where the stubborn and complying,
 Where stern and gentle are allying,
 Then shall the best of peals be rung;
 —Bethink them well!—who yoke for ever;
 If heart from heart no doom dissever;—
 —The trance is short;—regrets are long;
 —Lovely, 'mid her bridal tresses
 Doth the maiden's garland flower;
 When the suitor's ear first blesses
 Marriage-bell from holy tower;
 —Alas!—the rite that is its crowning,
 Brings the May of life to end;
 Zone and veil and visions dawning
 Ever fair—together read!

On the very threshold we perceive the deficiency of the translation in giving the compound expression.

‘Denn mit der Freude Feyerklänge,
 Begrüsst sie das geliebte Kind.’

Is thus rendered—

‘For with the merry peal of greeting
 It must the fondled babe alarm.’*

The following beautiful passage, whose greatest charm is its simplicity, is degraded by taudry della cruscan decorations.

‘Oh! zarte Schusucht, süßes Hoffen,
 Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit,
 Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
 Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit.
 O! dass sie ewig grünen bliebe,
 Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!’†

The description of the might of fire, contains, perhaps, as much strength as any language is susceptible of expressing. In the original, the scene glows in all its horror before us; the agitated measure, if we may so call it, and the variety of distressing images brought together, and heightened by the contrast with scenes of happiness which preceded it, all add to the effect. The translator has done his best; but no translation

* Literally—

‘Then with the fire sound of joy
 It salutes the beloved child.’

† Literally—

‘O! delicate desire, sweet hopes
 Of first love's golden time,
 The eyes see Heaven open,
 It swells the heart in blessedness.
 O! that they ever green remained
 The fair days of young love!’

could do justice to such lines as these, which are faintly expressed in the extract which follows them.

Wehe, wenn sie losgelassen
 Wachsend ohne Widerstand,
 Durch die Volkbelebten Gassen
 Wälzt den ungeheuern Brand!
 Denn die Elemente hassen
 Das Gebild der Menschenhand.
 Aus der Wolke,
 Quillt der Segen,
 Strömt der Regen,
 Aus der Wolke, ohne Wahl,
 Zuckt der Strahl!
 Hört ihrs wimmern hoch vom Thurm?
 Das ist Sturm!
 Roth wie Blut
 Ist der Himmel,
 Das ist nicht des Tages Glut!
 Welch Getümmel
 Strassen auf!
 Dampf wallt auf!
 Flackernd steigt die Feuersäule,
 Durch der strasse lange Zeile,
 Wächst es fort mit Windeseile;
 Kochend wie aus Ofen's Rachen
 Glühn die Lüfte, Balken krachen,
 Pfosten stürzen, Fenster klirren,
 Kinder jammern, Mutter irren, —

—Oh, direful! when the fiend uprising,
 With a sway no checks withstand,
 O'er the many-peopled city
 Shakes her all-consuming brand;
 —Elements are spare of pity
 For the work of human hand!

From the cloud
 We reach a blessing,
 Dew out-pressing:—
 —Starts from cloud, on mission vague,
 The thunder-plague!—
 —Heard ye how the turret clatter'd,
 Tempest-batter'd?
 —Sanguine ray
 Invests the region;—
 Other than glare of day;
 Dread contagion
 Of sounds rushing!
 Torrents gushing!
 —Flickers broad the mast of fire,
 Clothes the street in fierce attire,
 Stalking forth with whirlwind's ire;

—Hot, as 'scaping furnace-shackle,
 Glows the blast, the timbers crackle,
 Planks down toppling, portals creaking,
 Mothers raving, children shrieking ;—
 Cattle lowing
 Tomb'd in ruin ;—
 All abandon'd !—all in flight ;
 Flames with flush of day, the night ;—
 Through lengthen'd chain of hands transmitted,
 Brief-acquitted,
 Flies the bucket ; upward-arching,
 Spouts the rain, from earth discharging ;
 —But the whirlwind flaps its wings,
 Succour to the flame it brings ;
 —Rafters in combustion steeping,
 O'er the growth of seasons sweeping,
 Through the stores of plenteous reaping ;—
 —And as if in one fell blast,
 All the wealth of earth 'twould gather,
 Hurrying through the range of ether,
 Up it towers above the waste,
 To giant height ;
 In woful plight,
 Mortals bow before the scourge,
 Despairingly behold it urge
 O'er all their fairest works, unstay'd.
 Fire stricken
 Stands the dwelling,
 Shatter'd home of angry storms ;
 —Through dismantled portals yelling,
 Brood therein unsightly forms ;
 To every cloud above it hung
 Wide open flung.'

Here we have, the street ' clothed in fierce attire,' ' dread contagion,' ' sounds rushing,' and ' torrents gushing,' when, in sober truth, there are no such ideas in Schiller's work. The true sense of the expression, ' Heard ye how the turret clatter'd, Tempest batter'd,' is, ' Heard ye screaming from the high tower? It is the storm,' ' Red as blood is the heaven, It is not the glow of day!' This writer has fallen into a mistake, very common to a certain class of authors—that of scrupulously avoiding common phrases, and substituting in their stead high-flown terms. Thus we have in these poems, ' portals' for doors, and ' tombed' for buried. We never observe these errors without remembering the remarks of the instructor of Mr. Coleridge, " Lute, harp and lyre, muse, muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him." In fancy, I can almost hear him now, exclaiming, " Harp? Harp? Lyre?—Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse?

—Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring?—O, aye; the cloister pump, I presume!"

It is, however, but just to notice the passages which are rendered with more success. The circumstance of laying the ore in the earthen mould prepared for its reception suggests to the mind of the poet the following beautiful sentiments.

'To guardianship of sacred earth
Commit we what through toil we speed;
Even as the sower strows the seed,
And hopes to hail it springing forth,
With aid of Heaven, in plenteous birth;
—More precious tribute on the bed
Of hidden soil our hands bestow;
Well deeming, that from charnel freed,
'Twill goodlier in revival blow.
From the dome,
With heavy roll,
List the din
Of funeral-toll.

Oh! solemn strike those echoes of the knell
That wafts a pilgrim to his silent cell.

—Ah!—the spouse—the loved one is it
—Ah! the tender mother 'tis!
Whom the prince of shades doth visit,
And from clasp of love doth seize;
—From amid the circle torn
Of the pledges to him born;—
Those that on her faithful breast
Oft were lain to seraph-rest;
—Ah! for ever burst asunder,
Bonds, that lent the home its life,
—Gone, amid the shades to wander,
Is its boast, the tender wife!—
—None shall shield it now from evil,
None shall watch its welfare more;
—Stranger-rule profuse shall revel,
Where true love hath sway'd before!

It is the peculiar gift of genius that it sees brightness "in stones, and good in every thing;" like the magic hazel wand which involuntary points to hidden springs, the poet draws forth beauty, where common eyes only perceive barrenness. How finely does Schiller, in describing the breaking of the mould, a difficult and delicate operation, introduce an allusion to that whirlwind the French Revolution, which did indeed deal "convulsion through the dome," and how new, yet natural, is the transition from the circumscribed yet dangerous ore, to that mighty spirit which once awakened in a nation, who can say to it, thus far—

The master bids the mould be riving,
 With hand of craft, in season meet ;
 —But wo !—if with its limits striving,
 Self-freed, expand the flooded heat ;
 —Wide-wasting, with the thunder's clamour,
 It deals convulsion through the dome ;
 As issuing from infernal cavern,
 It scatters round its fiery foam.
 Where undirected passions strive,
 Nought perfect thence shall man derive !
 —Where banded throngs their rights assert,
 Relief is vague ;—the triumph short.
 —Dire !—when within the peopled town,
 Sedition fires her secret train ;
 And frantic tribes to arms have flown,
 Scorning the bonds that should restrain ;
 —Then, Uproar gives the bell to bray,
 And loudly for contention plead ;
 —Of joy the glad sonorous lay
 Is signal for revolt decreed !
 “ Freedom and native right ! the call ;—
 —Unpractised burghers grasp the sword ;
 The spacious street, the council hall
 Infests the exterminating horde ;
 —Then woman, like hyæna seen,
 'Mid horrors wears no face of woe ;
 —The panther seeks with thirst less keen,
 The life-blood of each kindred foe ;
 Nought revered more ;—none more from bane,
 Through timid circumspection awed ;
 Worth yields to sterner hands the rein,
 And Vice stalks unreprieved abroad ;—
 —Dread is the lion in his wrath ;
 The tiger's tooth is a dismay ;—
 —Direst of all that cross our path,
 The monster, man, to dreams a prey !
 —Lost ! who to ever-blinded guides
 Surrender Heaven's own gifted light ;
 For them it streams not ;—it but prides
 In cities' brand and harvests' blight.

The Ideal is written with great feeling, and the original verse is inimitable for its easy liquid melody. The two first stanzas have not justice done them in the translation.

‘ And wilt thou, faithless ! thus depart,
 With all thy bright imaginings ?
 Each early joy, each cherish'd smart,
 With thee, betaking to their wings ?
 —Can nought thy brief delay compel,
 Oh ! season of fresh life and glee ?

—In vain!—thy waves incessant swell
 The current of eternity!
 Those suns no longer round me glare,
 That lit my youth's confiding way;
 Subdued the aspirations are,
 That ruled my breast with tyrant-sway;
 —Vanish'd the hopes, that led to trust
 In beings, seen but while I dreamed;
 Austere realities have thrust
 In shadow, all divine that seemed.'

The lines—

'Can nought thy brief delay compel,
 Oh! season of fresh life and glee?'

have nothing of the earnestness and beauty of the German.

'Kann nichts dich, Fliehende, verweilen,
 O! meines Lebens goldne Zeit?''*

In the second verse the similies are entirely changed, as will appear from our literal version.

Extinguished are the bright suns
 That lit my youthful path;
 The visions have melted
 That once swelled my intoxicated heart;
 It is gone—the sweet faith,
 In beings born of my dreams;
 Rude realities have spoiled
 What was once so fair and so divine.

The next verses are better, and come nearer the original, except that Schiller's simple expression, 'To me, sang the torrent's silver fall,' is better than 'For me, the torrent breathed a tone.'

'As erst, with ecstasy possess'd,
 Pygmalion clasped the marble round,
 Till from the frozen cheek he pressed
 The glow of feeling fresh unbound;
 —So with the warmth that youth inspired,
 Round Nature's form my arms I flung,
 Till the enchantress glowed, respired,
 Upon my raptured breast of song;
 And sympathizing in my flame,
 The dumb was vocal heard around;
 The kiss of love responsive came,
 Each throb of heart an echo found;
 —The plant, the flower, but lived for me;
 For me, the torrent breathed a tone;

* Can nought delay thy flying,
 O! my life's golden time?

Even things that senseless wont to be,
To my existence owed their own.
Expanded then within my breast
Conception of a wondrous whole ;
On life's career to venture, pressed,
And steeped in luxury my soul ;
—How mighty then this world was held,
While yet expectance was in bud !
—How little hath been since reveal'd,
—That little—how ungraced and crude !
On wing, that soared o'er all supreme,
Unshackled yet with anxious care,
Possess'd alone with rapture's dream,
The stripling sprang to his career ;
—The region of the faintest star
Was scarce of enterprise the bourne ;
Nought high was deemed, nought rated far,
Whence, unattain'd, his flight would turn.
How rapid was his course impell'd !—
Who of success a doubt might raise ?
—How round his car of life they held,
The glad companionship, their maze !
—Love !—with the train that waits his call,
And Fortune's glittering array ;
Fame with her star-bright coronal,
And Truth broad-beam'd upon by day.
But ah ! ere half the course was run,
The fickle band in nought availed,
Relaxed his speed each faithless one,
And all in brief succession failed ;
—Fortune escaped with rapid flight,
The quest of knowledge nought resolved ;
Uncertainty's eclipsing blight
The radiant form of Truth involved.
I marked the garland of renown
About unworthy temples wove ;
And ah ! with one short spring out-blown,
The season spent of primal love ;
—And drearier ever, and more dread,
The rugged path before me lay,
And scarce attained even hope to shed
A glimmer o'er my darksome way.
Of many that beset me round,
Who hath unwearied to me clung ?
—In whom is now my solace found ?
Who tends me, to the last, along ?
—Thou ! who for every wound hast balm ;
—Friendship !—assuager of all pain ;
—Kind sharer of life's every qualm ;
—Oh ! early sought—nor sought in vain.

Among the ballads, a species of writing in which the Germans excel the best, are the Diver and the Hostage. The combat with the Dragon, of famous memory, is translated very tamely. The lament of Cassandra is, however, pleasingly rendered; and the measure the author has chosen, is very appropriate to the plaintive style of the poem. 'There was revelry in Ilion,' and her princes hastened to the nuptial feast of 'Priam's daughter and Pelides' son.' Amidst the general rejoicings only one breast is sad. Cassandra, tormented by prognostics of coming evil, loathes the sight of transient happiness, and flies to sacred shades to indulge her melancholy. The expression of the misery the fatal gift of prescience inflicts, is very striking.

" There's a torch that yonder lightens,
 But 'tis not in Hymen's hand,
 To the clouds it lengthening brightens,
 Not as altar-fuming brand;
 There's a festival preparing,
 But, through sad presaging skill,
 Gods already in my hearing,
 Doom it instrument of ill!

* * * *

" Boots it to admit Intrusion,
 Where Disaster broods beneath?
 Life hath charms but in delusion—
 Knowledge is already death!
 Take this brightness from my vision,
 Let me less intensely see;
 Dreadful 'tis, the mortal organ
 Of thy fatal truths to be.

" Oh restore me to my blindness!
 Waken me to bosom-shine!
 None e'er heard my song of gladness
 Since I spake with voice divine;
 With the future thou endow'st me,
 Of the present thou bereavest,
 Of the passing bliss defrauded,
 Take again the boon thou leavest.

" Ne'er hath bridal garland lighted
 On this heavy brow of mine,
 Since my ministry was plighted
 At thy mischief-boding shrine.
 Droopingly my life-bud opened,
 Only woke my voice to moan;
 Every ill that lit on kindred
 Left me anguish'd as mine own.

The translator has not shown much discrimination in his selection from Schiller's poems. Polycrates' Ring might have been well replaced by the Child Murderess—a poem of great

power. The criminal is supposed, as she prepares for death, to express in passionate terms the anguish and despair with which her heart is bursting. She begins in a tone of calm but bitter solemnity. If our readers will forgive the very literal version of this beautiful poem, we will endeavour to give a few specimens of it.

Hark—together toll the hollow bells,
The hour hath fulfilled its course,
Now, so be it—Now, in the name of God !
Companions of the grave, lead to the scaffold place.
Take, Oh world ! this last embrace !
Take yet, Oh world ! these tears.
Thy poison—Oh ! how sweet the taste !—
We are even, thou heart poisoner.

She then bids farewell to the blessed sight of the sun, to her youthful hopes and gold-woven dreams of happiness ; she calls upon the innocent to weep for her, and acknowledges the justice of her sentence ; she reverts to her faithless betrayer, and apostrophizes him in the bitterness of a broken heart—but her indignation melts into tenderness and remorse when she speaks of her child.

And the infant—in the mother's arms
It lay, in sweetest blest repose ;
With the charms of the young morning rose
The fair child smiled upon my face.

* * * * *

Woman, where is my father ?—seemed
In thunder his dumb innocence to lisp :
Woman, where is thy husband ?—Hold
Yet, the life strings of my heart—

Here, as she recalls the scene, she bursts into an exclamation of horrible despair ; she compares the smiles of her infant to ' death's bitter arrows '—her thoughts wander among the shades of hell—she entreats the furies to embrace her—and thus calls upon her lover.

Joseph ! Joseph ! to distant lands
The horrid shade shall trace thee,
With cold arms shall overtake thee,
From joyful dreams, in thunder rouse thee—
In the stars soft gleam, present thee
The child's pale dying look,
And meeting thee in bloody shroud,
Shall push thee back from Paradise.

She then declares her willingness to die, that the ' cold grave may extinguish the burning pain of her heart,'—she solemnly forgives her destroyer ; and, as she bids him farewell, tender-

ness usurps the place of reproach. The poem concludes with this verse, which, in the original, is extremely beautiful, but we cannot hope to give any thing more than a faint idea of its strength.

Trust not the roses of your youth,
Sisters, trust not the vows of man!
By beauty fell my virtue—
Upon the scaffold do I curse it—here!
Tears? tears in the executioner's eyes?
Quick, the bandage round my brow!
Hangman, canst thou a slender lily break?
Pale hangman, tremble not!

There is also an Ode to Joy, which contains the most brilliant succession of images : the beauty of the measure, the benevolence of the sentiments, and the spirit of peace and joy which it breathes, are inimitable. It has not, we believe, been translated, though it would appear better in an English dress than any of Schiller's poems.

By way of contrast to the last serious extract, we will insert *The Glove* from Schiller, which is an agreeable little piece in the original, but is rather transfigured in the translation. We give it, however, as a warning to fair ladies, against exacting too much from their knights.

' By the garden of lions,
To await their defiance,
The royal Francis sat;
With his peers begirt,
While the dames of the court
Were above, in bright galaxy, met.
And the king waved his hand,
Bade the barrier expand;
And forth, with deliberate air,
Paced a lion thereout,
And he threw a wild stare
Upon all about;
And full wide would he yawn
As he rustled his mane;
Till he stretched his huge brawn
And couched him again.
And the king made a sign,
And a wicket wide flew,
And, as sprung from a mine,
Rushed a tiger through;
And, the lion beholding,
He fearfully yelled,
And, like serpent-wreaths folding,
His tail he swung,
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He fearfully yelled,
And, like serpent-wreaths folding,
His tail he swung,
And he lolled forth his tongue,

While in circles he held
 Round the lion his prow,
 With a deepening growl;
 Till, 'twixt rage and dismay,
 With an half-smother'd howl,
 Down side-long he lay!
 And the king waved again,
 And through double-freed space,
 With blood-thirsting vein,
 Rushed of leopards a brace;
 And they sprang at the tiger amain:
 But the savage nought recked them,
 And each claw seized a victim,
 When the lion 'gan roar and arose;—
 And straight all was still,
 And each curbed his fell will,
 And in circle around,
 To bloodshed upwound,
 Couched the monsters in cat-like repose!
 That moment, to fall through the gallery was seen
 A glove from a lady's hand;
 'Twixt the lion and tiger it lay on the sand,
 Mid-way between;—
 To the knight Delorges, then, bantering-wise,
 Spake the Lady Cunegond;
 "Sir knight! if, as thy speech implies,
 "To my service thou art bound,
 "And love o'er thy breast hath obtained such sway,
 "Reach me my glove, I pray."
 With a galliardish spring
 Rose the knight at her word;
 Briskly entered the ring,
 And few moments deferred
 Till he snatched at the glove, and he bore it away
 From the midst of the monstrous group as they lay.
 Amaze and terror, at the sight,
 Seized on lady and on knight,
 And every voice was loud with acclaim,
 As, unruffled in bearing, he backward came;
 But with looks that spoke Love's ardour best,
 ('Twas an earnest that his suit was blessed,)
 Fair Cunegond her knight addressed;—
 —Then he tossed her his prize, with an air so gay,
 Crying, "Lady! my recompense spare, I pray!"
 —And he quitted the fair from that trial-day.

Translators are entitled to take so much liberty with their
 author as shall enable them to exhibit his meaning in the best
 light; but the images and sentiments which they add, should,
 at least, be appropriate to those of the original. The chief

merit of this little piece, is the spirit with which the different animals are described, and the skilful adaptation of the sound to the sense. But when the translator makes Schiller say, 'And as sprung from a mine, rushed a tiger through,' he injures the sense, which is literally, "There out ran with fierce spring a tiger forth." What has 'mine' to do there, except to rhyme to 'sign'?

Some original poems accompany these translations, but they do not rise above mediocrity; and tolerable poetry is—dull reading. We give, as the best specimen, a verse from an ode on the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux—an odd subject to inspire the muse of an Englishman.

'—Child of the dead!—above whose tomb
The first thou art of flowers that bloom!
Sole of a nation's growth that springs
To the bright heirdom of her kings!
—Bourbon!—whose natal hour to blast,
A shroud about thy sire was cast!
Wreck'd, at thy birth, upon the shore
Stain'd—freshly stain'd—with parent's gore!
—What hail shall Memory give to thee?
How greet thine opening destiny?

The lines on the anniversary of Waterloo reminded us strongly of the admirable elegy of Tiedge on the battle field of Kunersdorf.

ART. IX.—*The Pleasures of Religion, a Poem.* 18mo. pp. 72. New-York, Wiley & Halsted. 1820.

2.—*The Pastor, a Poem.* 12mo. pp. 50. New-York, F. & R. Lockwood. 1821.

MORAL poetry and poets have lately been subjects of angry and ingenious criticism in England. Lord Byron has drawn upon his fancy for some praise of morality and Pope, and upon his natural and customary feeling, for pointed personality against Mr. Bowles, who has been guilty confessedly of publishing "Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope."—The prose of his Lordship is not the best: it is smart, insolent, and sneering. He chatters round a question which he affects to discuss, and rubs his hands with great satisfaction at his rescuing the reputation of Pope, in fastening a few follies upon Mr. Bowles, by extracts from that gentleman's *own* writings. This may tarnish Bowles, but it don't brighten Pope. It rather shows malignity towards the former, while the reputation of the latter is resorted to, as a sort of stalking horse,—a device by which an excuse is created to vent some lite-

rary malice upon a person, who must have given other offence than his *Strictures on Pope*.—We are far removed from the meridian of such contests : yet we are interested in the question itself, though not in the uncivil discussion alluded to.

Nothing can be more innocent, than an examination of the merits of an established reputation, or of the height, peculiarity, or solidity of its pedestal. 'Tis true, that the majority of mankind, who from convenience are always desirous of putting questions at rest that have suffered much discussion, more willingly join in the hue and cry of indiscriminating applause, than the irksome task of critical examination. This, with respect to great poets, should neither surprise nor offend us : it is a sort of sluggish assent, that creeps into far better things than poetry. How many regular, worthy citizens, orderly matrons, and discreet maidens, attend divine worship, with praise-worthy regularity, three times on each fine Sabbath,—profoundly and satisfactorily ignorant of the evidences of Christianity.

There is nothing that so successfully baffles criticism, as singularity ; because criticism is an examination of a performance according to previously established rules, defined by learning, judgment, and taste. Now, when a writer outstrips this measure of estimation by novelty of composition, he must be either received upon his own terms, or technically rejected. Pope formed a new era in poetry : he possessed more *good sense* than any, or perhaps all, the poets who preceded him. His intensity of wisdom sought its conveyance in the most forcible language : fancy was rejected or restrained, and no exhibition of feeling was allowed, lest the austerity of philosophic reproof should be weakened by the softer attributes of yielding humanity. Nothing is more pre-eminently remarkable in Pope, than his bitter sense of the follies or vices of mankind ; and it is in him natural and true : it comes directly from his heart, in nervous and irresistible language, and with all that peculiar force that attends on sentiments which we know and feel to be the unfeigned expression of a wise and warm mind. In this, and in this alone, has Pope an unmixed power over his reader : no thought is given to his too uniform sweetness of versification, or his satiating similarity of balanced lines : every idea is excluded, but admiration of his acute and profound penetration, that drags to light, gores, and tosses the infirmities of our nature, with an unhesitating and irresistible fury,—that lifts him up as an object of deferential wonder, and depresses us to the humbled condition of exposed shame. In this he has *no equal*. Among other satirists, we find some comfortable reservation for a wounded spirit—some evident exaggeration or defect in composition, which we seize hold of greedily, finding in the faults of the author an excuse for our own : but in Pope, we behold the anatomized and quivering vice, detestably natural, without hold for doubt,

disputation, or denial. In all other efforts of Pope, no blindness of habitual reverence can prevent our seeing that he was the poet of labour and acquirement : with less nature and feeling than even Gray, he was, like him, equally indebted to labour, learning, and judgment : and perhaps no poet that ever amassed a reputation, possessed or exhibited so little poetical enthusiasm ;—for, except in reading his satirical works, we are never for one moment pushed from our consciousness, by being wrapped in the subject to the exclusion of the poet. Pope, correct, classical, sententious, and vigorous, is always in view. This peculiar cast of his mind, we may safely and satisfactorily refer to his personal deformity, and the irritation of prolonged disease. Voltaire said, and said truly, that “the mind was the body’s humble servant.” Pope was a man of surpassing intellect : but experience has too deeply stamped the truth upon our minds, that men of the rarest abilities are tyrannically swayed by the same passions and causes as the meanest of mankind ; especially when resistance or relief is alike denied to both. It is right, it is consoling, that it should be so : it assuages envy ; it humbles man in the sight of God ; it strengthens common bonds among men, and teaches the proudest amongst us what shades we are, and what shades we follow. To this great law of humanity Pope was subjected : his deformity, which he had from his first youth, drew upon him the ridicule of the young and thoughtless ; it then made impressions when he had little to oppose for defence, or aid in attack. The decisive traits of character are struck very early in life, and earlier in such persons than in others : they are shut out from the sports of youth, which give saliency and generosity to character : and little is hazarded in saying, that except among a few very happily born, deformed persons are ascetic and unamiable. But Pope was still further the object of calamitous infliction : his exclamation of “this long disease my life,” feelingly shows his sense of suffering, and his impatience to suffer.

Pope was all force ; in him we find, none of that delightful delicacy that issues from simple nature—all deliberate polish—the best, the most classical and nervous words, that add unrivalled force to thoughts naturally clear, correct, and vigorous. Whether he possessed, but rejected the use of common feeling, it is now in vain to inquire : he must be tried by his fruits ;—but, we always find him dealing with extremes—the boiling passions, the purest virtues, the gross, detestable, and unusual vices ; these only seem to afford aliment to his powerful digestion, as great animals feed on boughs of trees : but the sweet pasture of middle life, the delicate passions and milder virtues, he proudly passes, either as unfelt by his senses, or unworthy of attention. One of two conclusions must be formed by every careful examiner of Pope’s poetry—either that, being a man of extraordinary talents,

learning and imagination, he *studied* poetry, and produced pieces of singular correctness and vigour; or that, being naturally a poet, his mind was so exalted, and his judgment so rigid, that he refused all commerce with ordinary nature, as unworthy of his powers.

Young is the next of our great moral poets; and no claimant ever presented higher or more unquestionable pretensions,—he far exceeds Pope in ease, and often equals him in vigour. In fertility of imagination, frequency and unexpectedness of figure, he has no equal in the English language. The happiest thoughts he dismisses with an affluent profusion, that creates mingled astonishment and delight,—no preparation—no commenting—he sweeps on with a victorious ease from illustration to illustration, untired and unexhausted, leaving us in admiration at the brightness of his genius, the dexterity of his learning, the keenness of his perceptions, and the closeness of his reasoning. He has a great advantage over Pope in his milder exhibitions of human frailties and virtues—we confess those with sorrow, and recognize these with pleasure: for our experience informs us that both so exist, without the appeal to imagination or record. His religious sentiments flow with an inspired ease, while the monastic austerity of Pope resembles more the awe struck rant of a bigot, than the placid serenity of a Christian. When Pope was religious he consulted his books—when Young was pious he examined and exhibited his heart. Young sternly exposes vice, but holds up virtue for imitation, and keeps in our view earthly and eternal happiness as our reward. While Pope, with pointed fierceness, inveighs against our faults, without showing either the road or the result of amendment.

It has been said that Young was not sufficiently satirical to give effect to his composition as a satirist; but, perhaps, this criticism will be found more correct in reference to other satirists, when we try the objection upon the principle which supports it. The proper object of satire is, to expose vice, but thereby to amend the vicious. We may hesitate at the propriety of being so extremely personal as to imitate the vitriolic Archilochus, in making men hang themselves, or of aiming at the enforcement of morals, by exhibiting violations of decency, peace, and law. Vulgarity and indecency may sometimes be used with force and effect; but it is not the test of their fitness, when they carry within them inherent objections. In all objects of worldly attainment the cost determines the advantage of the purchase; and, by this salutary estimation, gold may be dearer than the meanest metal. Young, when writing a satire, was pleased “to find good even amongst men;” and gladly deviated into moral reflection to illustrate or cherish the good he found. When he sends a bolt at vice, he opposes to it the happy effects of a rival virtue,—but Pope, in his

rage at the vice he paints, crowds his picture with such detestable materials, that even his exquisite skill and vigour, only redeem him from our well-earned indignation. In his "Epilogue to the Satires," he is unnecessarily and unprofitably indecent—witness his figure of the "Hogs of Westphaly." Even in Swift there is no such *offensive* indecency—first, because his utter carelessness and contempt of the opinions of men, his unequalled originality, and the fugitive nature of his writings, seem to assert a right in him to say what he likes, as he likes; next, because he founded his fame on other things than poetry, and it seems hardly fair to visit too roughly by our judgment that which came before the public, uncoupled with his name, and unevidenced by intention. Pope stood differently—a poet by profession—only known and valued as such,—every line intended for publicity and profit, written with care, and perfected by time. After an attentive perusal of Pope, the following general points will strike an intelligent reader,—that his morals consist of versified maxims—too cold to instruct and too austere to practise; his religion, gloomy and mystical, scarcely worth the twenty pounds which Swift cuttingly offered him to change it—a love of small sneer, that excludes all idea of the amiable, and throws a doubt upon his intention towards his reader. But in mordant and searching satire, he has no equal in modern languages;—nay, we would go farther, and, if great scholars were usually men of literary taste, devoid of prejudice, and correct in judgment, we would, with confidence, appeal to them for the truth of the assertion—that no ancient satirist equals in fiendlike severity that which burns on the pages of Pope.

Most of our best poets are more praised than read; we treat their works as we do virtuous principles, thinking that we discharge our duty towards them, in giving them a cold commendation. Thomson, perhaps, is more generally neglected by this kind of unquestioning praise, than any other poet; he does not force himself upon the peruser, by pointed sentences, sparks of wit, or scalding satire. Ladies read him in fields and summer-houses, to freshen a sense for the beauties of nature, which, if it existed, could not be aided by poetry. But the great merit of Thomson is unknown to most people, who seldom mention him, without adding "dear" and "sweet" to his name; we allude to his unrivalled and wonderful eloquence: he has the most remarkable command of the most elegant diction, that has been amassed in the affluence of language. The beauty, harmony, and novelty of his compound words, give great force and compression to his sentiments; and the most ingenious poet would himself be utterly at a loss to change any word that Thomson ordinarily uses, for one better or more appropriate,—with such singularly befitting propriety

does he pour out his finished compositions! Pastoral poetry has sunk very low in general estimation; nobody now reads with interest, the moral or philosophical remarks of sheep-feeding people, nor their observations on government, ethics, or even the beauties of nature: from this injurious connexion Thomson does not escape with all that success, which his better genius and taste deserve. The disesteem of pastoral writing arose in his time, and has increased down to the present; and we have healthy hopes of its continuance. His stories are certainly poor: the reader is almost angry at catching him in the fact of pastoral insipidity. All this bears much against Thomson; but let it never be forgotten, that the one who would improve his phraseology, by adding force, elegance, and freedom to his diction, will receive more aid from the pages of this poet, than from the united efforts of Blair and Addison. As a moral poet, Thomson does not hold the rank he has earned: all his compositions have a moral cast, and, occasionally, maxims, delicate and impressive, are given with unpremeditated force. Lord Byron—in a profusion of assertions upon poetry—makes this good remark—that a good poet is proved by his writing well on a trifling circumstance: this applies forcibly to Thomson, whose description of a boy bathing, is as elegant as diction and vivid description can make it.

‘The Pleasures of Religion,’ the first poem named at the head of this article, gives as much ‘pleasure’ as poems usually yield on this solemn subject. The authoress relieves it all she can, (for we are told it is the production of a lady,) by personification and story: and though to our literary taste allegory is as mawkish a conceit, as ever diluted the strength of talent, the effect of which even the vigour of Johnson could not withstand; yet it has still some power to lighten a heavy topic. Religion, to the “true of heart,” is doubtless a very animating subject; but they are not very many, nor do they abound amongst readers of poetry. We speak not this in lightness, but in truth,—our business is with the fact, and we state it. Since then this is the case, the present poem requires all the cheering rays the authoress could let in upon it; and she has done it with considerable fervency and genius. The poem breathes that spirit which belongs not to fancy, but which owes its power to a deeply rooted conviction of the veracity of its religious sentiments. We believe nothing, but a very powerful religious feeling, would ever prompt, and induce to execute, a religious poem; and in support of this principle we are maintained by Paley, who remarks, in speaking of religious labours—“I do not say that this mode of life is without enjoyment, but I say the enjoyment springs from sincerity. With a consciousness

at the bottom of hollowness and falsehood, the fatigue and restraint would become insupportable. I am apt to believe, that very few hypocrites engage in these undertakings." (*Evidences of Christianity*, p. 16.) Thinking thus highly of the motive, the execution claims much praise: it embraces a story very ingeniously connected and skilfully arranged; and bating a personification of Memory, Hope, and Religion, which our old antipathy to allegory makes us think in bad taste, (and particularly when religion is the topic,) we do say, it challenges liberal commendation. Emma, it appears, as 'the clock tolls twelve,' goes to her lover's grave; there she sees 'Two *fairy* forms glide across the green;' one of these is the above mentioned 'Memory,' and the other the aforesaid 'Hope.' Memory makes a very pretty speech, and offers (perhaps a little incongruously with the main design) some pleasing reminiscences of the lover's Piety, thus—

"Bring to thine ear his touching voice in prayer,
Which rose to heaven and told his heart was there."

Emma dismisses her, very promptly, with the epithet 'busy.' Hope next advances, and is called, for no reason we immediately recollect, 'the blue-eyed;' though, as Collins establishes the colour of her ringlets,

"And Hope enraptured shook her golden hair,"

perhaps physiology has settled the other fact. We would hesitate upon a doubt of the propriety of separating 'Hope' and 'Religion:' but 'Hope' is dismissed, with all his lying offers, and makes way for a very interesting personage, described and expressing herself, as follows—with much spirit and elegance:

'Another form now meets the raptured eyes,
Whose seraph mien bespeaks her native skies;
Of radiant white her robes celestial flow'd,
And Heaven's own halo round her temple glow'd;
Serene, benign, her angel face express'd
The errand which her melting voice address'd:
"Is then thy hope beneath that grassy sod?
Oh, guilty mourner, hast thou left thy God?
Return, return! his word forbids despair;
Rise from that grave, thy Henry is not there;
In Heaven his spirit dwells, released from pain;
And would'st thou bring him back to Earth again?
Tear from his angel brows his heavenly crown,
And from seraphic glory drag him down?
Oh, impious wish! Oh, most unhallow'd prayer!
Forgive, my God, the accents of despair!
Far from thy heart such selfish grief remove,
And bid it melt in penitence and love."

Did that great God, whom countless worlds obey,
 Who fills the throne of universal sway,
 To whom all nature owes her form and breath,
 Descend to pain, to poverty, to death ?
 And shall the soul whose guilt enhanced his doom,
 Pour all its sorrows o'er a mortal's tomb ?
 Waste thus on earth its warmest, noblest fires,
 And feel no anguish when its God expires ?
 Can thy hard heart forget his wondrous love,
 Who left for thee his realms of bliss above ?
 With every earthly joy thy fond heart glow'd,
 Yet quite forgot the God who all bestow'd.
 Still, still he loved thee, and in mercy mild
 He gave the wound to bring him back his child.
 'Twas mercy's self that laid thy idol low,
 And dash'd thy cup with bitter drops of wo.
 Come to his throne, there pour thy soul's distress,
 He yet will pity, and forgive, and bless ;
 Come to his throne ! his spirit can impart
 Celestial balm to heal the breaking heart :
 And when a few short years of life are o'er,
 Thy Henry thou shalt meet to part no more."

These are very good lines. Few human beings are so bad as not to feel their effect. This we conceive to be large praise, but fully earned. To this little book are added, 'Miscellaneous Pieces,' with the following very inviting titles : 'Luke, chapter xxiii. verse 34 ;' 'Revelations, chapter xxii. verse 16 ;' 'The Dying Father ;' 'John, chapter xi. verse 3, 5 ;' 'A View of Death ;' 'Despondency ;' 'Psalm xxiii. verse 4 ;' 'A Hymn ;' &c.—As we do not mean to exclaim, with Croker in the play, "Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect *pleasure* to be miserable with you"—we close the book here ; and, from one or two fearful glances, we suspect with no disadvantage to the lady. However, we would be happy to meet her again, bearing "Pleasures" for the general taste—which we much fear will not accord with those of the description we have just examined.

'The Pastor' is a versification of Blair's Sermon "On the Duties of the Young." The verse chosen is undignified, and requires a vigour of composition to counteract the effect of the jingling measure, that the power of the author does not supply ; but with many faults, the diction is sometimes poetical, and occasionally forcible and happy. It contains excellent "Advice to the Young," and worthy the attention of those, whose attention is not very readily arrested. Its design is virtuous, if its execution be not creditable : and we offer, in all sincerity, our best wishes to the public in hoping for the encouragement of the young author.

SELECT.

ART. I.—*Views of Society and Manners in America ; in a Series of Letters from that country, to a friend in England, during the years 1818, 19 and 20.* By an ENGLISHWOMAN. Longman & Co.—London.

1. [*The Scotsman*—Edinburgh, Aug. 1821.]

Notwithstanding our pretensions to refinement, it is undeniable that in all public matters we exhibit the grotesque and piebald taste of an Indian.—The South sea islander, who tatoos his face with ochre, and runs a fish's bone through his nose, is not more ridiculous in the eye of reason, than the European Prince or courtier, who covers himself with gilding and trumpery gewgaws, which a man of sense would be ashamed to have in his house, and then exhibits himself like a harlequin to the admiration of children, and the derision of men of sense. Every vulgar-minded Greek could admire the Olympic chariot of Dionysius, but it was only a small and chosen circle who could feel the sublimity of the death of Socrates. The volume before us shows, that in the philosophy which results from exaltation of sentiment, women often get the start of men. The moral sublime of the American democracy was never so deeply felt, and so eloquently described, as in these "Letters of an Englishwoman." The generous feelings of her sex save her the trouble of laborious speculations. Nor has her enthusiasm been nourished in ignorance of its object. She has witnessed its all-pervading and beneficial influence, and her admiration of the American Government is but an expansion of those sentiments of benevolence and love of justice which flourish in every mind where cultivation is united with true sensibility. It is impossible to despair of a country where such minds are strewn through the circles of private life.

The most prominent faults in the character of the Americans, according to some late travellers, are coarseness of manners, ignorance, and jealousy of foreigners. The testimony of this writer, whose sex entitles her to speak with confidence on the first of these points, and whose intelligence renders her authority good on all, gives a decisive contradiction to these charges. She describes the great mass of the Americans as better informed, more eager to oblige, superior in urbanity, to the corresponding classes in any other country, and peculiarly distinguished by their courteous and liberal demeanour to foreigners. Speaking of her journey through the State of New-York, she says, "There are two characteristics in which our fellow-travellers generally more or less resemble each other,—good humour and intelligence. Wherever chance has yet thrown me into a public conveyance in

this country, I have met with more of these, the best articles of exchange that I am acquainted with, than I ever remember to have found elsewhere."

The same ignorance, with an indifference to the cause of liberty, has been attributed to the General Government, apparently because it did not send succours to the South Americans, at the hazard of embroiling itself with half the powers of Europe. This traveller, however, assures us, "that, generally speaking, all those connected with the General Government, or engaged in its service, are peculiarly distinguished for elevated sentiments, a high tone of national feeling, an ardent enthusiasm, not merely for American liberties, but for the liberties of mankind."

The work does not abound in statistical information; but no traveller has better described the spirit and character of the American institutions. It is full of eloquent reflections and noble sentiments, and does great credit both to the head and heart of the fair but unknown writer.

2. [*London Literary Gazette*, No. 239.]

[Miss Wright could say to us, *Risum teneatis amici?* on reading the following:]

As an epigraph to these pretended *Views* by an *Englishwoman*, the author has, with wonderful sagacity, chosen a line and a half from Akenside—

"But mark the judgment of experienced Time,
Tutor of Nations!"

which quotation, applied to a nation of some fifty years old, is most happily descriptive of the writer and her (his) experience-taught dicta; which are, in fact, as crude as the subject is new, and as erroneous as the grossest partiality and disregard of veracity could make them. Indeed there is internal evidence that this book is written by no Englishwoman, probably by no Englishman; but that it is, on the contrary, the production of a red-hot American, deeply imbued with bitter feelings against England, and competent to no task but to that which he has here executed, namely, the compilation of a blind and laboured panegyric upon every thing transatlantic; a sort of reply to Fearon, and other writers who have spoken truth, and a cento of such sentiments and trash as have filled the columns of the most violent newspapers for the last ten years. The first six or eight pages will convince any reader, that the opinions we entertain of this volume are neither severe nor mistaken. What female, for instance, who knew nothing of sea voyages and naval terms, would express herself thus:

"We saw spouting whales, and sharks, and porpoises, and all sea-monsters in plenty; for the breezes were mild, and the ocean

and heaven so fair and smiling, as might well woo all the hideous tribes of Tethys from their dark caverns. But the only sight worth noticing was a large ice-berg, in latitude 43, towards the most southern extremity of the Newfoundland bank. This, for the month of August, was an unusual object in such a latitude."

Now all these sea-monsters are wonders to young travellers who have never seen such sights before; and, besides, they have no data on which to tell what are usual or unusual in certain latitudes, as our pseudo Englishwoman does in her second page. Mark, also, how this raw passenger speaks of landing in America:—"As we first slowly entered the New-York bay, with a breeze so light as just to save a calm."—One would think she had become quite a pilot in her few weeks navigation; but sailorship, like murder, will out. As if conscious of the imposition of the title, there is a dedication to a Mr. Wilkes, intended to lull suspicions by assuming the foreign character; but this *ruse* is too slight, and we can only say of it, that there is not another syllable in the whole book, in which there is a like attempt to preserve the consistency of the trick. But we will have a second glimpse at the ice-berg, in order to exhibit the author in another of the *Views* we have taken of him.

"We were leaning (quoth he) over one of the hatchways in careless conversation, and the eyes of the captain were cast accidentally upon the iceberg, which now (the short twilight having died away) appeared a black three-pointed rock, upon the clear blue of the horizon. A sudden exclamation from Captain Staunton, caused me, and my fellow-passenger, to start on our feet and gaze as he directed. A bright flame blazed upon the highest point of the distant rock. None of us spoke; we all held our breath, and each wrought out for himself, after his own manner, some tale of hideous calamity and suffering. 'A few beings, or it might be, one solitary wretch, had here survived his companions, and clung to this isle of frost, to expire more slowly under the united horrors of cold, hunger, and despair. A pile had been here collected from the disjointed planks of the foundered vessel, which was now kindled, when the first shades of evening afforded a hope that some eye from the receding vessel would catch the signal.' All this passed through our minds at one glance of thought. The Captain had turned quickly to give orders for tacking about, and lowering a boat that should put off to the rock; when suddenly a bright star peered above the crystal, and hung distinct, and clear, over the distant pinnacle, which still, for a while, quivered beneath its receding rays. It was some minutes before we could smile at this sudden and simple explanation of an appearance, which had, a moment before, so highly wrought up our interest and curiosity."

This is a fair example of the trash and sentiment. The ab-

surdity of all the suppositions about a wreck, from observing a star twinkle on an iceberg, is truly ludicrous ; but ludicrous as this is, the finale is still more so, where the writer not only tells what, and how fast the ideas are that pass in other minds, but evidently plants the star below the horizon when it blazed upon the pinnacle of the distant rock!! Our countrywoman seems to know as much of the heavens as of the earth : of the waters too, and their American perambulators, *she* appears to have equally just and distinct notions.

[The *Englishman's* concluding remark (we cannot mistake *his* race, or vocation) is as follows:]

We shall trouble our readers no more with this encomiastic farrago, except to notice, that at page 254 there is one of the most infamous libels on Colonel Proctor that was ever penned—that instead of Views of American manners, three-fourths of the volume are occupied with long-winded histories of the various provinces, and with accounts of the late war, in the teeth of Mr. James' irrefragable proofs of their utter falsehood.

3. [*The London Examiner*—Aug. 1821.]

THE Messrs. Longman have just published "*Views of Society and Manners in America, by an Englishwoman,*"—a book which we recommend to the perusal of our readers. Whether the writer be brown or fair,—young, or old, or middle aged,—joined in holy wedlock, or in a state of single blessedness,—every letter of her work assures us that she is a sensible, a liberal, and a "charming woman."

Of all the books published about the American Republic, this is the one most to our heart's content. It is written in so grateful a spirit of sincerity, and contains so much sound observation of cause and effect in regard to matters in which the politician and philanthropist are most interested, that we should do injustice were we to compare it with any other whatever. Mr. Birkbeck wrote delightful *anticipations*, and hit off *pleasant* characteristics with a great deal of cleverness, and much more of sanguine hope. Mr. Cobbett's "*Year's Residence*" is an excellent book for farmers, and for emigrants at large too, as far as his desire of contradicting Mr. Birkbeck would allow. Mr. Fearon's "*Sketches*" are like the grumblings of a man with a perpetual jaundice ; and it requires little trouble to pick out his favourable facts to contradict his unfavourable colouring. There have been plenty of other travellers, who have given the world their accounts of the post-roads, and their criticisms upon the fifty people they associated with during their stay. But the fair authoress before us has alone put herself in the place of the Americans, and has supplied a satisfactory idea of the ordinary feelings of that glorious people in regard

to their own enviable state of freedom and happiness:—she has made us *feel* the mental and physical advantages of a nation which has been educated in liberty, and can look with calmness and pity on the sophisticated corruptions of the Old World.

The book is written in a neat, easy, modest, and familiar style; and in that particular, at least, rivals Mr. Birkbeck's pleasant letters. It abounds with happy illustrations; and the lady, in her spirited sketches of manners and scenery, confines herself to what she personally witnessed. The reader of travels will go through the work with more than ordinary zest; and the Reformer will often have occasion to recur to its many forcible passages of political description, for contrast with things at home.

ART. II.—*A Vision of Judgment.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate; Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the Royal Spanish Academy of History, and of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, &c. 4to. 1821.

THE 'Vision of Judgment'—read it, or believe it, *who list!**—is the summoning of 'George the Third' to the bar of Eternal Justice! The principal accusers are Wilkes and Washington;—that is, Wilkes directly accuses, and Washington implies still severer censure, by allowing the monarch of England to have *done his best!* That our readers may judge of the unintentional bitterness of satire which is conveyed in this passage, we shall select it; and we do not think that the patrons of the courtly laureate's *last* set of political principles† will thank him for so clumsy a scene of adulation as the following:

* *The Absolvers.*

'Ho! he exclaim'd, King George of England standeth in judgment!
Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who on earth arraign'd him,
Come ye before him now, and here accuse or absolve him!
For injustice hath here no place.

From the souls of the blessed
Some were there then who advanced; and more from the skirts of
the meeting,

Spirits who had not yet accomplished their purification,
Yet being cleansed from pride, from faction and error deliver'd,
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind is clouded,
They, in their better state, saw all things clear; and discerning
Now in the light of truth what tortuous views had deceived them,

* We transfer this phrase from *Colton's Travestie of Virgil*, with the more confidence, because Mr. Southey has used it, p. xvii., preface,—'follow me, *who list!*'

† It is necessary to be cautious in describing the *present* extreme point of the political compass to which the panegyrist of Wat Tyler, and the executioner of Johnny Wilkes, is pointing! Who would have thought that the author of *Democratical Sapphics*, a few years ago, should now become the inditer of ultra loyal hexameters!

They acknowledged their fault, and own'd the wrong they had offer'd;
 Not without ingenuous shame, and a sense of compunction,
 More or less, as each had more or less to atone for.
 One alone remain'd, when the rest had retired to their station :
 Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in silence,
 With a steady mien, regarded the face of the monarch.
 Thoughtful awhile he gazed ; severe, but serene, was his aspect ;
 Calm, but stern ; like one whom no compassion could weaken,
 Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter :
 Lord of his own resolves,—of his own heart absolute master.
 Awful spirit ! his place was with ancient sages and heroes :
 Fabius, Aristides, and Solon, and Epaminondas.

' Here then at the gate of Heaven we are met ! said the spirit ;
 King of England ! albeit in life opposed to each other,
 Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
 Ween I ; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
 Each to each that justice which each from each had withholden.
 In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as a rebel,
 Thou a tyrant to me ;—so strongly doth circumstance rule men
 During evil days, when right and wrong are confounded.
 Left to our hearts, we were just. For me, my actions have spoken,
 That not for lawless desires, nor goaded by desperate fortunes,
 Nor for ambition, I chose my part ; but observant of duty,
 Self-approved. And here, this witness I willingly bear thee,—
 Here, before angels and men, in the awful hour of judgment,—
 Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a sovereign,
 True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom, and people.
 Heaven in these things fulfill'd its wise, tho' inscrutable purpose,
 While we work'd its will, doing each in his place as became him.

' Washington ! said the monarch, well hast thou spoken, and truly,
 Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest,
 Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction and falsehood,
 Kindled and fed the flame : but verily they have their guerdon.
 Thou and I are free from offence. And would that the nations,
 Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,
 All injurious thought, and honouring each in the other
 Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,
 Live in brotherhood wisely conjoined. We set the example.
 They who stir up strife, and would break that natural concord,
 Evil they sow, and sorrow will they reap for their harvest.'

With what shall we begin ? where shall we end ? Shall we
 consider the mild composure, the exquisite charity, with which
 Wilkes and Junius are consigned to the fiends of loyal persecution ?

—— ' the blast with lightning and thunder

Vollying aright and aleft amid the accumulate blackness,
 Scatter'd its inmates accurst !' p. 20.

Thus writes a man of his fellow-men ! thus writes almost a
 contemporary of his countrymen ! Blessed effects of *ultra-loyal-*
ism ! How soothing the principles must be that engender *you* !
 We have always condemned, in our hearts, the practice of those
 mortals who have dared to place their brethren, specified, named,

persecuted (for so it is) in the *shades*, or rather in the horrible *lights* of hell! Dante led the way; for the ancient *vexilia*, or views of the infernal regions, bear no resemblance to the modern, the CHRISTIAN liberties, on such subjects. The ancients, even in their vain and blinded faith, saw enough to avoid the gross cruelty of condemning those who were still living, or lately dead; and it was left for men whom a better creed ought to have conducted to better feelings, to vent the vilest passions of human nature, the "envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness" of the corrupted soul, on *every* enemy of corruption, sincere or insincere. That we could say much more on this head is obvious: but it is equally plain that we must desist for the present, and return to our visionary politician, our *reconciler* of liberty and oppression, the laureate.

It must be with the calmest contempt, that the admirers of the truly philosophical patriot, of the unrivalled *Washington*, will look on this endeavour to compromise HIS patriotism, by a pretended approval on his part of the *motives* which produced the American war.* We shall not dilate on this topic, on the present occasion; and we have surely said enough to attract the aversion and indignation of the honest and the intelligent, towards such a confusion of all that is either sensible or true.

We could multiply most abundantly the instances of absurd sentiment, and extravagant versification, which are supplied in this tame though odd effort. Our poetical readers will have observed (as we requested) the vile work which Mr. Southey makes with his own ludicrous hexameters. It is but the awkward execution of an awkward plan:—but it is time to speak of the plan itself. Mr. Southey, with the usual complacency of the *Lake school*, (of which he is the Fountain-Head, as Mr. Wordsworth is the Fountain-Tail,) consigns to utter oblivion ALL the mistaken labours of his predecessors in the English hexameter. In the course of some very shallow criticism, he pretends to discover the cause of their uniform failure; and he quotes amply from Sidney, Arcadian Sidney, to prove his point. By the way, which of Mr. Southey's hexameters is better than the subjoined?

"First the rivers shall cease to repay their floods to the ocean.

"First shall virtue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemish."

(*Sir Philip Sidney, quoted by Mr. Southey.*)

With regard to the metre, on which Mr. Southey throws no useful light whatever, in his very superficial and very self-satisfying preface, we shall remark, that if not scanned in *some* accordance with the rules of Latin prosody, the lines are neither

* It seems superfluous to refer our readers to authorities on this point. The subsequent tears cannot (humanly speaking) make amends for the previous obstinacy.

hexameters nor verses of *any* description; and, if they are so scanned, or pronounced, Heavens! what an improvement they are on the English versification of the nineteenth century! In the first place, they *must* have a *cæsura* or pause in the centre of the verse, or *all* rhythm is lost; and, if this *cæsura* occurs in the middle of a word, the rhythm is *proportionably* awkward and interrupted. Metrical reasoning, however, is really wasted on a wearer of the Bays who seems to have the loosest and most indistinct notions on such subjects; and who has given us a '*Vision of Judgment*,' in the strictest sense, being wholly destitute of the *reality*. Witness the following *associations*: *Washington*, and *George the Third*, as we have seen; *Taylor*, and *Marlborough*, among the "elder worthies;" *Hogarth*, and *Wesley*, among the later ditto; and, to take them in Mr. Southey's order still, among the other worthies of 'the *Georgian* age,' (as he fulsomely calls it,) '*Mansfield*, *Burke*, and *Hastings*, and *Cowper* and *Nelson*:' while, in bright succession, are introduced the 'young spirits,' viz. '*Canning*! *Davy*, *Haydon*, *Allston*, *Russell*, and *Bamfylde*,'* and *Henry Kirk White*, who distinguishes Mr. Southey with a smile, when he sees him in heaven with all the above heterogeneous and anachronous 'worthies.'

"*Incipe, parve puer, risu dignoscere matrem;*"

and it is not the first time that "*mater*" or Mr. Southey has been welcomed with a smile. Our more initiated readers will have perceived that we have already offered them, in the unassuming progress of our prose, several specimens of Mr. Southey's school of hexameters: but we add some more obvious imitations:

Southey, what can you mean, Oh, minstrel of *Thlab* the Destroyer,
Minstrel of Joan of Arc, and Madoc, him the world-finder,
Minstrel of last of the Goths, but far from the first Gothic minstrel,
Flattering bard of a Crown, and farthing poet of Tyler,
Southey, what can you mean by this new hexameter measure?
Is it because you are bound thus to sing the new Georgian æra?
Or because you are loose in political songs altogether?
Have you forgotten your Sapphics, in pity for Henry Marten,
Or do we here mistake, and were they for Brownrigg's apprentice?
Canning best can tell, who wrote "the Needy Knifegrinder,"
And ground on his whetstone of wit the Jacobin edge of your dullness,
Oh! would he now turn round, as you set the example of turning,
Well might he sing, or say, "For sack's sake, Southey, be quiet!"
Sapphics imply a *plot*—and hexameter verse is a *riot*—
Oliver, Sidmouth, and Co., are on the look out for another;
And the Constitutional boy, young Orton, may ruin a brother.

* Not to know "*Carter*," says the lottery-puff, argues yourself unknown. True: but we must acknowledge that we know not *Russell* or *Bamfylde*!

ART. III.—*Theology explained and defended, in a Series of Sermons.* By TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S.T.D. LL.D., late President of Yale College. With a Memoir of the Life of the Author. In five Volumes. 8vo. Middletown, printed: London, reprinted, 1819.

[*Eclectic Review*, Aug. 1821.—*Extracts.*]

AMERICA has not of late years been indebted to this country for any theological publication of greater value than these lectures of President Dwight. If that jealousy of our transatlantic brethren, which has too long manifested itself in the supercilious tone of English writers towards every thing American, were not already subsiding, this work might seem sufficient to give a check to the language of disparagement, and to compel a more respectful estimate of at least one branch of her literature. But, unfortunately, that one branch is the least likely to obtain in this country adequate attention, or to be fairly and impartially appreciated; the American divines being too closely identified, in the minds of a large class of persons, with the English Calvinistic Dissenters, to stand a fair chance of having their claims to high consideration generally recognized. A modern essayist actually ranks President Edwards among English Dissenters, being ignorant that the Author of the acutest piece of metaphysical reasoning in the language, was an American. For any thing that appears to the contrary, in respect to the purity of his style, and the extent of his literary information, the Author of these volumes too might pass for an Englishman. And his masterly exposition and defence of the doctrines of the Reformation, might occasion his being referred to that class of theologians, who in this country are stigmatized as Calvinists or evangelical divines. The truth is, that he was a man whom any religious denomination might be proud to claim; one whom every true Christian, of whatever country or language, must delight to recognize as a brother. Such men, the Latimers and the Leightons, the Pascals and the Fenelons, the Owens and the Henrys, the Brainerds and the Martyns, the Doddridges and the Dwights, are the property of no exclusive community: they belong to the Catholic Church. And one might be allowed to apply to them the apostolic designation: they are "the angels of the churches, and the glory of Christ."

Timothy Dwight was born in the county of Hampshire, in Massachusetts, the 14th May, 1752. His mother was the third daughter of President Edwards; and to this excellent parent, young Dwight was indebted for the rudiments of his education, and for his early impressions of piety. She is said to have possessed uncommon powers of mind; and, having been accustomed from infancy to the conversation of literary men at her father's

house, was well aware of the importance of intellectual acquirements. It was a maxim with her, that children generally lose several years, in consequence of being considered by their friends as too young to be taught. She, accordingly, began to instruct her son almost as soon as he was able to speak ; so that before he was four years old, he was able to read the Bible with correctness.

In September, 1771, he was chosen a tutor in Yale College. "When he entered upon the office, more than half the members of his class were older than himself ; and the freshman who waited upon him was thirty-two years of age. Notwithstanding a circumstance generally so disadvantageous, he proceeded in the discharge of his official duties with firmness and assiduity ; and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the government and instruction of his class, rarely known in the former experience of the College. In addition to the customary mathematical studies, he carried them through Spherics and Fluxions, and went as far as any of them would accompany him into the Principia of Newton....In the year 1772, he received the degree of Master of Arts ; on which occasion, he delivered, as an exercise at the public Commencement, a Dissertation on the History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible. This production, composed and delivered by a youth of twenty, on a subject then so new, and of such high interest, was received with the strongest marks of approbation. A copy was immediately requested for the press ; and it was afterwards re-published both in America and in Europe. The field of thought was new in this country. The Lectures of Lowth, if then published, were not known on this side of the Atlantic ; nor do we know of any work, except the Bible itself, to which the Author appears to be indebted for his plan or his illustrations."

During the second year of his tutorship, he subjected the physical powers of his constitution to an experiment, which had very nearly proved fatal. In order to save the time spent in bodily exercise, he resolved to attempt how far he could obviate the inconveniences attendant on habits of constant sedentary application, by abstemiousness. He began this system by gradually reducing the quantity of his food at dinner, till he brought it down to twelve mouthfuls. After trying this regimen for six months, feeling 'less clearness of apprehension than was desirable,' he adopted a vegetable diet, without increasing the quantity. His constitution was strong enough to enable him to persevere in this rash system for a twelvemonth. At length it gave way, although, strange to say, Mr. Dwight, when he first perceived the reality of the change in his health, had no suspicion of the cause. He was recommended, when some improvement had been effected by the aid of medicine, to try the effect of vigorous bodily exercise, as the only means of restoring his constitutional health ; and to his perseverance in

following up this advice, he was doubtless indebted for his complete recovery.

In May, 1777, the College was broken up, in consequence of the American war. Mr. Dwight, who had recently married, retired with his class to Weathersfield, where he entered on the labours of the pulpit; and in September he resigned his charge, and being appointed Chaplain to General Parson's brigade in the patriot army, joined the forces at West Point.

"The generous enthusiasm," remarks his Biographer, "which then pervaded the country, not only prompted our young men of honour in civil life to take the field, but induced many of our clergy of the first reputation for piety and talents, to attach themselves to the staff. The soldier of the revolution need not be told how animating were their sermons and their prayers, nor how correct and exemplary were their lives."

Mr. Dwight remained with the army a little more than a year, during which he distinguished himself, not only by the diligent discharge of his official duties, but by writing several patriotic songs, which contributed not a little to keep alive the enthusiasm of the soldiers in the cause of freedom.

In May, 1795, the presidency of Yale College becoming vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Styles, he was unanimously appointed to that honourable station, and once more removed with his family to New-Haven, to the extreme regret of the parish over which he had so long presided. The state of the College at this period was truly deplorable: to such a height had the prevalence of infidelity arisen, that a considerable proportion of the class which he first taught, had assumed the names of the principal English and French infidels, by which they were more familiarly known than by their own.

"Forensic disputation was an important exercise of the senior class. For this purpose, they were formed into a convenient number of divisions; two of which disputed before him every week, in the presence of the other members of the class, and of the resident graduates. It was the practice for each division to agree upon several questions, and then refer them to the President to select which he thought proper. Until this time, through a mistaken policy, the students had not been allowed to discuss any question which involved the inspiration of the Scriptures; from an apprehension that an examination of these points would expose them to the contagion of scepticism. As infidelity was extensively prevalent in the state and in the country, the effect of this course on the minds of the students had been unhappy. It had led them to believe, that their instructors were afraid to meet the question fairly, and that Christianity was supported by authority, and not by argument. One of the questions presented by the first division, was this, "*Are the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament the*

word of God?" To their surprise, the President selected it for discussion; told them to write on which side they pleased, as he should not impute to them, as their own, any sentiments which they advanced; and requested those who should write on the negative side of the question, to collect and bring forward all the facts and arguments which they could produce: enjoining it upon them, however, to treat the subject with becoming respect and reverence. Most, if not all, of the members of the division came forward as the champions of infidelity. When they had finished the discussion, he first examined the ground they had taken; triumphantly refuted their arguments; proved to them that their statement of facts was mistaken or irrelevant; and, to their astonishment, convinced them that their acquaintance with the subject was wholly superficial. After this, he entered into a direct defence of the Divine origin of Christianity, in a strain of powerful argument and animated eloquence which nothing could resist. The effect upon the students was electrical. From that moment, Infidelity was not only without a strong hold, but without a lurking place."*

A man who could, by means so mild, yet so decisive, achieve such a resolution as this, must have been of no ordinary character. It is in vain to speak of the omnipotence of truth, in any other reference than its ultimate prevalence; for, in the practical encounter with infidelity, truth is often found powerless, owing to the unhappy facility with which minds in love with error may repel the utmost force of argument, and escape from their own convictions. The confutation of confirmed scepticism would seem, indeed, to be a hopeless adventure. But in the instance before us, it was with ignorance, as much as with scepticism, that President Dwight had to contend; and it is quite evident, that he won the day as much by his conciliatory policy, as by his power of reasoning. The young men were taken by surprise, by a conduct so different from what they had been accustomed to; while the mild energy of their President was well adapted to conciliate, not only their respect, but their confidence. At precisely the right moment, he interposed the full weight of his authority, in vindication of the truth; and then it was, that feeling themselves grappled with by a superior mind, they were not only conquered, they threw away their arms. Had he previously attempted to decide the dispute by his own authority, whatever had been his powers of reasoning or of oratory, he would, in all probability, have failed in producing any lasting conviction on the minds of his pupils. On the other hand, had he, with mis-

* Two Discourses "on the Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy," addressed to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate in Yale College, which President Dwight published in 1797, have been re-printed in this country.

taken candour, permitted them to remain in any degree of indecision,—had he betrayed any deficiency of clearness or certainty in his own convictions, or any languor in the tone of his belief,—had he disclaimed the wish to bias their minds in matters of infinite interest, their infidelity would never have been vanquished. His conduct on this occasion was in perfect contrast to that spurious liberality of opinion, which would tolerate the ceaseless renewal of such discussions, in what is termed the free spirit of inquiry, as a scholastic exercise. Between the mistaken policy which precluded altogether the discussion of any question involving the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the worse than impolitic conduct which would give up the fundamental truths of Christianity, to be bandied about, with daring *nonchalance*, in academic games, there is surely to be found a practicable medium. Our readers will, perhaps, call to mind Bishop Watson's remark on the themes selected for disputation in the Soph's school at Cambridge, when he was Moderator: 'The liberality of principles in which the University of Cambridge initiates her sons, would, had he been acquainted with them, have extorted praise from Mr. Gibbon himself.' By such praise, Dr. Dwight would not have considered himself as honoured.

On his accession to the presidency, the number of the students was only a hundred and ten. Almost immediately after his accession, they began to increase, till they amounted, at one time, to three hundred and thirteen.

The high veneration which the memoir is adapted to inspire, although by no means necessary to secure the attention which the work demands, and which it will so richly repay, prepares the reader to enter with appropriate expectations on the perusal. We have, of necessity, omitted many very interesting details, illustrative of his finished character as a preacher, a theological tutor, a citizen, and a Christian, which will be found in the very ample narrative of his Biographer.

The Lectures contained in these volumes were planned, and in part composed and delivered, during Dr. Dwight's residence at Greenfield. When appointed to the divinity professorship, in addition to the presidency, of Yale College, his practice was, to preach one of them on every Sunday morning during term time; by which arrangement, he finished the course once in four years, so that every student who completed the regular term of his education, had the opportunity of hearing the whole series. The lectures were published as they were dictated to the amanuensis, with scarcely any corrections. He wrote no plan of them himself, and yet, the analysis of them drawn up by the Editor, exhibits the most exact and lucid arrangement. They are strictly, and in the best sense, sermons, and sermons of a

highly practical nature ; while they are fully entitled, by their systematic order, their metaphysical acuteness, their depth and comprehensiveness of thought, and their logical accuracy of reasoning, to the character of theological lectures. ' Their ' primary object,' the Editor justly states, ' is to explain and ' prove the great truths of Theology ; their second, to enforce ' them on the conscience, and to show their practical influence.' His most obvious purpose was, to promote the salvation of those to whom they were addressed.

The first sixteen sermons treat of the *existence and attributes of God*, and embrace, of course, a notice of what is termed the atheistic controversy. These are followed by nine sermons on the *works of God*, including a specific consideration of the nature and the end of man. To these succeed a series on the *providence of God as creator*, in which the probation, the fall, and the consequent depravity of man, together with ' the situation in ' which mankind are by means of their corruption,' are treated at large. These thirty-four sermons have a general correspondence, as to their order and contents, to the first book of Calvin's Institutes, *De cognitione Dei Creatoris*. Dr. Dwight has followed the same natural order of the Apostles' Creed, in proceeding to treat, in the subsequent sermons, on the doctrines which come under the title of his second book, *De cognitione Dei Redemptoris*. In these, the Socinian controversy comes under examination ; and many of the remarks and illustrations which occur in this part of the series, are peculiarly striking and original.

In all these lectures, he takes the truth of Christianity for granted, and argues from the declarations of Scripture as from first principles, never neglecting, at the same time, to show the reasonableness of its dictates, and the harmony of revealed truth with the soundest deductions of logic. We cannot but consider this as the most rational, the most philosophical, as well as the most salutary mode of investigation. Theology pre-supposes a Revelation, and that Revelation is not merely the primary source of our knowledge as to a large class of the most important truths, but it supplies the only medium of proof. This holds good with regard to the doctrines of what is termed natural religion, not less than with respect to the discoveries of the New Testament. Not only were they not discoverable, as the history of the most civilized nations of heathenism shows, by the light of reason ; but the Divine testimony is the only basis of certainty, upon which, as principles of theological science, they can rest ; and faith in that testimony is the only means of our knowing them. The practice, therefore, of exhibiting those doctrines apart from Revelation, we cannot but consider as wholly unadvisable, since it is to separate them from their true and proper evidence. Even the infidel, who rejects

the authority of the Scriptures, derives from the very Revelation he impugns, the knowledge of those primary theological truths which he attempts to turn against the believer. The existence and authority of Revelation must, then, be assumed as a first principle, in laying the foundation of theological science ; and the legitimate purpose of *à priori* reasoning is, not to prove the truth of what, being revealed, is certain, but to answer the objections brought against the matter of Revelation. It is an unwarrantable and dangerous concession to the Humes, the Gibbons, and the Paines, to seem to admit, by the style of our reasonings, that there is any reasonableness in their scepticism, as to the genuineness and credibility of the sacred records, or that Christianity, at this time of day, stands in need of being proved to be true. Yet, in many of the apologies of its advocates, and many lectures on the external evidences of Revelation, there is, we think, something too much of the tone of concession ; and there is in some theologians, a hesitating or timid way of referring to the Scriptural proof of religious doctrines, as if the inspiration of Scripture were really questionable ; as if " Thus saith the Lord," were a less philosophical reason for believing, than, Such is the testimony of Tacitus, or, such the reasoning of Mr. Hume.

The theological lectures of Dr. Dwight are characterized by a manner and spirit the very opposite of this. There is no dogmatism ; neither is there any compromise of the claims of Revelation. He treads firmly, with the air of a man who knows the ground he has taken, and feels his position to be impregnable. There is, at the same time, a calm earnestness of manner, which bespeaks his conviction of the intrinsic value and practical efficacy of the truths he advocates. There is none of that professional *sang-froid* with which sometimes theological subjects have been discussed and lectured upon. The connexion between his intellectual powers and his moral sensibilities, seems never to be suspended ; but a wholesome circulation is going forward, which communicates warmth to his most abstract speculations.

ART. IV.—THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

(SKETCHES OF THE LIVING POETS.)

[From the *Examiner*. London, July, 1821.]

The intention of this series of articles is, literally, to give sketches of the principal features of the living poets, as an artist might sketch those of their faces. Our wood cuts and our paper cuts are just meant to be worthy of each other.—With respect to the former, we give them only where we can feel assured of the likeness. If we do not notice the living poetesses, Miss Baillie,

Mrs. Barbauld, &c. it is not because some of them (the ladies just mentioned for instance) are not eminent writers; but because, to say the truth, we are afraid of entering so wide and delicate a field—so luxuriant a crop of sensitive plants: and even our list of poets must be reduced as much as possible, or the task would be enormous.

To begin then, with proper alphabetical wisdom, at the letter B; and as the French would say, at the interesting Bowles.—Mr. Bowles is the son of a clergyman of a Wiltshire family: a late memoir of him, though written upon a very courteous principle, has not been able to tell us the date of his birth; but in 1776 he was sent to Winchester school under Dr. Warton, the critic on Pope; and afterwards went to Trinity College under the Doctor's brother Thomas, the historian of English poetry. In 1797 he married the sister of a lady, with whom he had formerly anticipated a similar union, and whose death he has lamented in his sonnets; and about 1803 was presented with the rectory of Bremhill in Wiltshire, where he has since resided. It appears, that the zeal of some dissenting preachers in his neighbourhood has excited him to efforts of counteraction as a minister; and he performs his part also in the county as a magistrate. His leisure time he amuses, like Shenstone, with cultivating his garden, and sentimentalizing it with inscriptions. He appears to be an amiable man, who has no more business with controversy than the sparrow on his house top.

Mr. Bowles is a poet of that minor branch of the school of Collins and Gray, which was set up by the Wartons, and which is rather negative than positive in its departures from the artificial system which they opposed. It feels its way timidly into nature, and retains most of the common place dressing in versification as well as fancy. Critics, partly from the natural progress of change, and more from the new track of reading into which they were led by inquiries into the old drama, had begun to feel that Pope was overrated as a poet. Collins, who was a man of genius; Gray, who had a genius reflected from Greece and Italy; and the Wartons, who may be said to have had a taste for genius, all contributed, in their several degrees, to unsettle the notion that poetry was a thing of wit and breeding about town. But the first, whose temperament was morbid and over sensitive, was confessedly awe-stricken at the new world he had re-opened;—Gray, whose most original powers lay on the side of humour and the conversational, wrote exquisite cantos rather than any thing else, and reminded us at least as much of the scholar as the poet;—and the Wartons took up the same cause, more like amiable disciples, accidentally and easily impressed, than masterly teachers who knew the depths of the question. To be bred up therefore in the *Warton* school was to become proselytes and proselyte makers, a

little too much in the spirit of young men educated at a dissenting college. There was more faith than works, and an ungenial twist to the controversial. Mr. Bowles came a little too soon. He was helped to his natural impulses by the critics, instead of to his critical by nature. It remained for the French revolution to plough up all our common places at once; and the minds that sprang out of the freshened soil set about their tasks in a spirit not only of difference but of hostility. But more of this when we come to speak of Mr. Wordsworth. As to poor Cowper, he stood alone, "Like to the culver on the bared bough." The same misery which rendered him original in some things, made him too feeble to be so in others. He was alone, not because he led the way, but because he was left on the road side. His greatest claims are higher and more reverend things,—claims on another state of existence; and we trust they have been made up to him.

The reader may now guess the nature of Mr. Bowles's poetry. It is elegant and good hearted, with a real tendency to be natural, but pulled back by timidity and a sense of the conventional. Talking much of nature, it shows more of art, and that art too more contented with itself than it might be, for one that is so critical upon art in others. No man, however, with a heart in his body, and any poetry in his head, woos nature for nothing. Mr. Bowles's most popular publication is his sonnets, written during various excursions which he took to relieve his mind under the loss of his first love. They were his first publication, and whatever he or others may say, they are his best. *They* were his first love. There are good passages scattered here and there in his other works, but even in those we think we can trace the overflowings of this earlier inspiration. The rest is pure, good natured common place. He had real impulses and thoughts upon him when he wrote his sonnets. His other works rather seem to have been written, because he had a reputation for writing.

Men cannot be every thing which it would be fine in men's eyes to be. Even poets cannot add a cubit to their stature, but are such as times and circumstances, as well as nature, make them. If they have any thing at all in them of a gift so uncommon as poetry, they ought to be grateful. Petrarch expected to be admired by posterity for his Latin epic poem, and has prefaced even *his* sonnets with an apology; yet his sonnets have been like bells for the whole earth to hear; while who knows any thing of his epic? Mr. Bowles should not trouble himself with odes and heroics, any more than with town matters and great tables. His forte, to use an Irish pun, is his piano.

Above all, being what he is, an elegant sonneteer and an amiable country Clergyman, he should never meddle with critical controversy, nor even with the morals of Pope. Though a Clergyman, he has too much good nature to visit other men's differ-

ences in moral opinion with severity in his heart, and he should not affect to do it in public. It is beneath him to put on airs as a clergyman, which he does not affect as a man.

As to the controversy which lately brought him so much before the public, it has been completely settled by an article in the London Magazine. (See Art. VIII. this No.)

ART. V.—LORD BYRON.

[*From the same.*]

THERE have not been many noblemen who have written poetry, or indeed any thing else much to the purpose. They have been brought up in too artificial a state, with too many ready-made notions of superiority ; and their lives have passed in a condition too easy, conventional, and to say the truth, vulgar. France has produced the greatest number, because the literature prevailing in that country has been more attainable by common means : but the very best of them, with the exception of Montesquieu, who was a country gentleman, write somehow like lords. Buffon handles men and brutes equally with his gloves on ; and Rochefoucault's philosophy is the quintessence of contempt. Even Montaigne, while he laughs at all classes in the gross, shows himself not a little to be Montaigne *of that ilk*. In England, the spirit of chivalry helped to fetch out the genius of Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Herbert ; but even they were all more or less hurt by their situation, and expected the Muses to visit them like gentlemen. There was something grand, however, and peculiar, in the solitary courage of Herbert's deism. Dorset and Rochester were men of wit, who might both have come nearer to Dryden, especially the latter. Bolingbroke defended liberty itself like an aristocrat, and for no purpose but to get it into the power of its enemies. He wrote against religion, too, upon the principle of a feudal baron, who laughed equally at his liege lord and his serfs. As to Horace Walpole, however Lord Byron may find his *esprit du corps* roused in his behalf, he was an undoubted fop, who had the good luck to stumble upon the Castle of Otranto over his own escutcheon.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, whom the peerage ought to value much more than he does or can value it, is the grandson of the celebrated Commodore Byron, whose outset in a disastrous life has interested us all so much, in our reading of voyages and shipwrecks. He was born in Scotland, in 1791. His father, the brother of the late Lord, was an officer in the Guards ; his mother a Gordon of Park, related to the Earls of Fife. The poetry, that finally took its due aspect in his person, had given various intimations of itself in his family, in the shape of verse-writing ladies and romantic adventures. The race, who were great country proprietors in Yorkshire, were ennobled in the person of Sir John

Byron, for his loyal efforts in the cause of Charles the First ; but the greatest Byron of old, was one recorded in Sir John Beaumont's poem of Bosworth-Field, for his friendship with his companion Clifton.

As it is part of the spirit of our Sketches, to be as characteristic every way as possible, without violating any real delicacy, we shall touch upon some matters which must always interest, and some which shall agreeably surprise the public. This is said to be "an age of personalities;" and it is so: but if we can give the interest of personality without any thing of the scandal of it, we shall perhaps help even to counteract the latter, better than if we said nothing. Lord Byron is of good stature, with a very handsome face and person. His hair is brown, with a tendency to run in ringlets; his head and forehead finely cut; his eyes of a laming blue, and might give his face too haughty an expression, if it were not for his mouth and chin, which are eminently bland and beautiful. The portrait after Philips in Mr. Murray's editions, from which our wood outline is taken, is the best, and indeed only likeness of him; the others being inefficient attempts to catch his expression under various moods, real or imaginary. It is not new to the public, that all this beauty of aspect has one contradiction to it, in a lame foot; but this lameness is hardly perceptible in a modern dress, as he sits; and even when he is lounging about a room, he seems little more than sweeping hither and thither with a certain lordliness of indolence. It is a shrunken foot, not one raised upon irons, or otherwise prominently defective. We are the less scrupulous in alluding to this lameness, because it has been mentioned in the grossest manner by some poor creatures, who thought to worry his Lordship's feelings. Did these sorry beings contemplate, for an instant, how pernicious their success might be? Too wretched for his revenge, they might yet awake in him thoughts about human nature, for which a defect of this sort does not help to sweeten the kindest. It is remarkable, that the two eminent living writers, whose portraits of humanity are, upon the whole, mixed up with a greater degree of scorn than those of any of their contemporaries, are both of them lame. The other we allude to is Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, with a feeling which we shall certainly not call vanity, has been willing to let the public understand, that Shakspeare also was "but a halting fellow." To our minds, that indifferent sentence, coupled as it is in our recollections with another about lameness, is the most touching in all his works. Nor need he, or his Lordship, disdain us such an emotion. They can afford to let us have it. As to Shakspeare, we know not upon what authority this lameness of his is ascertained; but we can imagine it probable, were it for nothing but *Iago's* judgment of *Desdemona*, "Tush, man, the wine she drinks is made of grapes." The circumstance, if proved, and

not owing to accident, might lessen a little our astonishment at Shakspeare's insight into things equivocal ; but it would add what it took away, to our love of his good nature.

With some other matters respecting Lord Byron, that have come before the public, we shall not meddle so much, for various reasons ; but none of them discreditable to any party. They are not necessary to a consideration of his genius, and are almost as little known in reality as they ought to remain. His Lordship is quite candid enough about his own faults, sometimes perhaps a little ostentatious, and even inventive ; but if this, and feelings very different in their origin from hostility, lead him sometimes into strange vagaries about the faults of others, the public could not be more mistaken, than when they fancied him the fierce and gloomy person which some described him to be. At least, neither his oldest nor his newest friends thought him so. The Don Juan undeceived people a good deal in that respect. The fact is, that he is much fonder of cracking jokes and walnuts, than heads. No man in private sooner hastens to show himself superior to his rank, which he wishes his ancestor had not obtained at the expense of his riches : and with all that he says about his temper, (of which we have heard him talk nobly,) he is really so good-natured a man, that if we were asked why he insinuates so much about being otherwise, and puts on those strange distant airs, which he does, about his countrymen, in his last work—we should answer, that although it may partly be because his countrymen are really not so pleasant as they suppose themselves, yet the ground of it all is a suspicion that he shall be found too easy and accommodating,—a man too facile to influence, and so become jealous of it.

Lord Byron was bred at Harrow, where he cultivated his young friendships and verses with equal ardour. He has told us, that his regard for another living writer was first awakened by a youthful publication, in which similar inclinations abounded. He recollects his school-days with regard ; and yet at Harrow, the first seeds were probably sown of that mistrust and disappointment at human nature, which is so apparent in his writings. School-boys in general understand little but one another's defects ; and when he left Cambridge, he was destined to find, that friends, of whom he expected otherwise, could soon forget him in the bustle of the world. He grew careless and riotous. The first productions of his pen, (common-place enough, it is true, like those of all young writers who are brought up in the midst of artificial models,) were contemptuously treated by the critics ; his hey-day life met with equally injudicious rebuke ; and being, as he says, angry with every body, since every body seemed angry with him, he “ ran a muck” at them all, in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,—a work which he has lived to regret. As it was written, however, with feelings of his own, it gave a sample of what he was likely

to attain to ; and on his return from his travels in Greece, a succession of meditative and narrative poems made an unexpected delight of what his rank helped to make a fashion.

Having said a good deal of what every body does not know, we must make short work of what every body does. The great learning of Lord Byron's poetry, if not on the most poetical side, is on that which is more generally interesting ; it is the poetry, not of imagination, but of passion and humour. We like, nevertheless, the last canto of *Childe Harold* ; and think it might have hindered him from getting into that controversy the other day, in which the weaker vessel had the stronger side. For the most part, we do not admire his narratives, written in that over-easy eight-syllable measure, of which Dryden thought so poorly. They are like their heroes, too melodramatic, hasty, and vague. But the passion is sometimes excellent. It is more so in his *Lara* ; and most of all in his songs and other minor pieces. For the drama, whatever good passages such a writer will always put forth, we hold that he has no more qualifications than we have ; his tendency being to spin every thing out of his own perceptions, and colour it with his own eye. His *Don Juan* is perhaps his best work, and the one by which he will stand or fall, with readers who see beyond times and toilets. It far surpasses, in our opinion, all the Italian models on which it is founded, not excepting the far-famed *Secchia Rapita*. Nor can we see in it the injury to morals and goodness, which makes so many people shake their heads, both solid and shallow. Poems of this kind may not be the best things to put abruptly into the hands of young ladies ; but people are apt to beg many more questions than they settle, about morality ; and numbers of such Don Juans as Lord Byron's, (not the unfeeling vagabond in the Italian opera,) would be very good and proper, if we would let them. A poet's morals have a natural tendency to recur to first principles ; which is a proceeding that others are perpetually making a maxim of, and never observing. If *Don Juan* is pernicious in any thing, it is in that extreme mixture now and then of the piteous and the ludicrous, which tends to put some of our best feelings out of countenance. But if we may judge of its effect on others by ourselves, this kind of despair is accompanied with too much bitterness, in spite of its drollery, and is written in too obvious a spirit of extravagance, not to furnish its own counteraction.

ART. VI.—MR. CAMPBELL.

[From the same.]

WE learn, from a memoir of Mr. Campbell in the magazines, that he was born at Glasgow, in the year 1777, and christened by the hand of the venerable Dr. Reid. He received the rudiments

of his education at the grammar-school of his native city, under the tuition of Dr. David Alison, a man equally celebrated for the skill and kindness of his mode of imparting knowledge ; and at twelve, was removed to the University in the same place. Here he became so diligent and successful, that he gained prizes every year. He particularly distinguished himself by translations from the Greek drama ; some of which, perhaps, are those which he has preserved at the end of his *Pleasures of Hope*. The fondness is natural ; but they are hardly worthy of their place. At Glasgow he also attended the philosophical lectures of Dr. Millar, by whom he is said to have been habituated to that liberality of opinion, which pervades all his writings. In these, we presume, are included some anonymous ones of a political nature, which he is supposed to have written more from a sense of duty than choice, but which are distinguished, we believe, for the freedom of their politics—Mr. Campbell being a Whig of the old school.—On quitting Glasgow, our author lived for a short time in Argyleshire, and then removed to Edinburgh, where he surprised his new and eminent friends, Stewart, Playfair, and others, with the production of his *Pleasures of Hope*, a poem written at twenty, and published at twenty-one. In 1800, he made a tour in Germany, where he had the pleasure of passing a day with Klopstock. We have had the pleasure of falling into Mr. Campbell's company several times, and think we have heard him relate, that he had the singular fortune of witnessing, from the top of a convent, the great battle of Hohenlinden, upon which he has written some stately verses. We think we remember also, that he spoke of hearing the French army singing one of their national hymns before the engagement, and of seeing their cavalry enter the town, wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes. But whether he related this of himself, or indeed whether others told it us of him, we must leave among those doubtful recollections, which are apt, at a distance of time, to put one's veracity upon its candour. On his return from Germany, Mr. Campbell visited London for the first time ; and in 1803, upon marrying, retired to Sydenham in Kent, where he has resided ever since. His second and latest volume of poems, containing *Gertrude of Wyoming*, was published in 1809. Not long afterwards, he accepted the appointment of Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution ; and he has delivered lectures in that character, which appear from time to time at the head of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

In his person, Mr. Campbell is perhaps under the middle height, with a handsome face, inclining to too much delicacy of features, and a somewhat prim expression about the mouth. His eyes are keen and expressive ; his voice apt to ascend into sharpness, with a considerable Scotch tone. He has experienced the usual sickness of the sedentary and industrious.

The writer of a sketch of Mr. Campbell's life in the Magazines, is inclined to attribute the best part of his poetry to his assiduous study at college; and to doubt, whether he would have made so great an impression on the public, "had he not received *precisely* that education which he did." We are inclined to suspect, on the other hand, that Mr. Campbell's "precise" education was far from being the best thing in the world for a man of imagination and feeling. We cannot but think we see in it the main cause why he has not impressed the public still more, and ventured to entertain it oftener. Doubtless, it must have found in him something liable to be thus controlled. He had not the oily richness in him, which enabled Thomson to slip through the cold hands of critics and professors, and tumble into the sunnier waters. But we will venture to say, that if he had gained fewer prizes at college, or been less studious of Latin and lecturers, he would have given way more effectively to his poetical impulses, and not have reminded us so often of the critic and rhetorician. There was an inauspicious look in the title of his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*. It seemed written, not only because Mr. Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory* had been welcomed into the critical circles, but because it was the next thing to writing a prose theme upon the *Utility of Expectation*. A youth might have been seduced into this by the force of imitation; but on reading the poem, it is impossible not to be struck with the willing union of the author's genius and his rhetoric. The rhetoric keeps a perverse pace with the poetry. The writer is eternally balancing his sentences, rounding his periods, epigrammatizing his paragraphs; and yet all the while he exhibits so much imagination and sensibility, that one longs to have rescued his too delicate wings from the clippings and stintings of the school, and set him free to wander about the universe. Rhyme, with him, becomes a real chain. He gives the finest glances about him, and afar off, like a bird; spreads his pinions, as if to sweep to his object; and is pulled back by his string, into a chirp and a flutter. He always seems daunted and anxious. His versification is of the most received fashion; his boldest imaginings recoil into the coldest and most customary personifications. If he could have given up his pretty finishing common-places, his sensibility would sometimes have wanted nothing of vigour as well as tenderness:—

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child:
Oh! Mercy shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died.

The following passage contains most of his beauties and defects :—

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude,
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore ;
First, in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet ere he sunk in nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Here is an event of so deep and natural an interest, that the author might surely have had faith enough in it to leave out his turns, his hyphens, and his Latinities. The dying man thinking of his home, which is well borrowed from Virgil,—the awful circumstance of the drum's hushing, and those three common words, "the bitter pang," are in the finest taste ; but the horse and horseman must *confess* this pang, because confess is Latin and critical. *Horrent brow* is another unseasonable classicality, which cannot possibly affect the reader like common words ; and the antithesis, instead of the sentiment, is visibly put before us in the pause of the last line.—In the concluding paragraph of the poem, Mr. Campbell has ventured upon giving one solitary pause in the middle of his couplet. It has a fine effect, and the whole passage is deservedly admired ; yet the last couplet, in our opinion, spoils the awful generalization of the rest, by introducing Hope again in her own allegorical person, which turns it into a sort of vignette.

We should not have said so much of this early poem, had the line been more strongly marked between the powers that produced it, and those of his later ones.

The *Gertrude of Wyoming*, however, is a higher thing, and has stuff in it that should have made it still better. The author here takes heart, and seems resolved to return to Spenser, and the uncritical side of poetry ; but his heart fails him. He only hampers himself with Spenser's stanza, and is worried the more with classical inversions and gentilities. He does not like that his hero should wear a common hat and boots ; so he spoils a beautiful situation after the following critical fashion :—

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
 He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
 Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
 Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
 Those downcast features :—she her lovely face
 Uplift on one whose lineament and frame
 Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
 And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

This is surely arrant trifling, and makes us think of the very things it would have us forget. Yet how pretty is his worshipping a space “those downcast features!” We are in love, and always have been, with his Gertrude,—being very faithful in our varieties of attachment. We have admired, ever since the year 1809, her lady-like inhabitation of the American forests; albeit she is not quite robust enough for a wood-nymph. She is still, and will for ever be found there, in spite of the author's report of her death, and as long as gentle creatures, who cannot help being ladies, long to realize such dreams with their lovers. We like her laughing and crying over Shakspeare in her favourite valley,—the “early fox” who “appeared in momentary view,” “the stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound,” the aloes with “their everlasting arms,” and last, not least, the nuptial hour “ineffable,”

While, here and there, a solitary star
 Flush'd in the darkening firmament of June.

Lines like these we repeat in our summer loiterings, as we would remember an air of Sacchini or Paesello. We like too what every body likes too, the high-hearted Indian savage, “the stoic of the woods—the man without a tear;”—not omitting the picture of his bringing the little white boy with him, which the critics objected to, “like Morning brought by Night.” As to the passage which precedes the wild descant into which he bursts out, when the prostrate Waldegrave, after the death of his bride, is observed convulsively shivering with anguish under the cloak that has been thrown over him, our eyes dazzle whenever we read it, and we are glad to pick a quarrel with the author for ever producing any thing inferior. He certainly has the faculties of a real poet; and it is not the fault of the poets of his country that he has not become a greater.

Mr. Campbell's favourite authors appear to be Virgil and Racine; which may serve to show both the natural and artificial bent of his genius. He has imagination and tenderness, but he has also a great notion of criticism; so he leans to those poets, ancient and modern, who have at once a genius from nature, and the most regular passports for the reputation of it

from art. He forgets, that what the critics most approve of in the long run, as distinguished from the more intuitive preferences of the uncritical lovers of poetry, obtains the approbation, because it flatters their egotism with the nearest likeness to their own faculty. Mr. Campbell's own criticism would be perhaps worse than it is in this respect, if it were really any thing else but ingenious and elegant writing. But there is a constant struggle in him between the poetical and the critical, which he doubtless takes for a friendly one; and in his prose, he is always slipping from an exercise foreign to his nature, into mere grace and fancy. After reading the Essay prefixed to his *Selection of English Poetry*, we recollected nothing but three things, which are characteristic enough: first, that he seemed disagreeably mystified at the great praises bestowed on our old dramatists by certain living writers; second, that he allows Shakspeare to put us wherever he pleases in a first act, but protests against a repetition of the illegality in a second; and third, that he has written a considerable number of beautiful similes.*

* Of the share, also characteristic, which Mr. Campbell has had in the unlucky controversy on Pope, we need not say any thing; especially after the masterly settlement of it, to which we referred in our last.

ART. VII.—*Voyages dans La Grande Bretagne, entrepris relativement aux Services Publics de la Guerre, de la Marine, et des Ponts et Chaussées, en 1816—1819.* Par CHARLES DUPIN, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. &c. Première Partie, Force Militaire. 2 vol. 4to. Paris, 1820.

[*Quarterly Review*.—London, June, 1821.]

'IL est triste,' says a celebrated French writer on tactics, 'd'imaginer que le premier art qu'aient inventé les hommes, ait été celui de se nuire:' but the mind is somewhat relieved by the reflection, that, in proportion to the improvement of that art, the miseries attendant upon a rude state of warfare have been mitigated. From the moment that war becomes a science, the soldier steps into the pale of intellectual existence; and, actuated and incited by the spirit of honour and patriotism, acquires an interest in our eyes beyond that of most other ranks in society.

There are some inexplicable circumstances in the wars of antiquity. In modern warfare, notwithstanding our greater facility of raising food, from the superior state of all the arts of cultivation, the operations of an army of even moderate numbers are in the most fruitful countries constantly shackled and controled by the difficulty of provisioning the troops; and large

armies can never take the field without an immense train of magazines for their support: yet embarrassment in subsisting the most numerous force seems rarely to have been experienced by the ancients, much less to have imperiously influenced the movements of their armies. We observe, indeed, frequent mention in Cæsar of the subject of provisions, but we never read that the Romans or Grecians either outmarched or fell back upon their stores—constant occurrences in modern campaigns. Another curious and surprizing circumstance is, that notwithstanding the advances which the ancients had made in the military art, they seem to have had little idea of moving through a country before an enemy in parallel columns. The Roman order of march, as described by Livy, Cæsar, Polybius, and others, (and it was not confined to this people,) was usually in one column with an advanced and rear-guard. The custom of entrenching themselves after every day's march, we should scarcely have thought necessary. The time requisite to put on their armour, if suddenly attacked during the night, might have occasioned the habit, but it is certain, from Xenophon, that the Grecians of his age, who were as heavily armed as the Romans, did not resort to the same practice. In these days, the soldier who bivouacs on his arms needs no preparation to resist a night attack.

In the early part of the middle ages there could be no system of warfare that deserved the name of tactics, because the genius of chivalry was personal. As a vassal was compelled to be in the field only a few days in the year, there was no time for the formation and execution of a series of manœuvres; and the science of war continued totally unknown, though the practice of arms was the sole employment of the turbulent nobles. The crusades were the first field where the great nations of Europe assembled in arms after the fall of the Western Empire; and in those holy wars, as at the siege of Troy, the personal prowess of the leaders commonly decided the fate of the day. There was a high-mindedness, a spirit of generous devotion in the warriors of chivalry, that threw a lustre round their exploits; and we still gaze with ardent admiration at the achievements of the Black Prince, Du Guesclin, Chandos, Talbot, and Dunois:—true knights, faithful, brave, and loyal, they undoubtedly were, but no masters in the art of war.

It was not until the French monarchs had united the great fiefs to their crown, and that Spain had consolidated her power by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, that military science arose. The Italian wars were the first school; the Swiss and German mercenary infantry and the Condottieri, the first regular professors. The hardy natives of the cantons were early led to the establishment of bodies of infantry, as much by the pe-

culiar circumstances of their political condition, as by the mountainous character of their country. After the defeat of Charles the Bold, the Swiss infantry grew into high estimation; and the readiness with which they entered any service for pay, afforded them many brilliant occasions of extending their military renown. Those in the German States who resembled the Swiss in poverty followed their example; and, from the opening of the sixteenth century, the Lansquenets, or German foot soldiery, engaged as mercenaries in every war of the times. Such was the origin of the modern European infantry; and before these various bands, and their steady countenance in the field, the splendid but powerless array of the old chivalry recoiled. The cavalier could make no impression on the modern phalanx of pikes, which became once more the weapon of the foot soldier, and his armour was no protection against the arquebuss or matchlock. Nations learned again to put their main trust in infantry, and have never since departed from this principle.

The invention of gunpowder made a complete alteration in tactics; but to effect that change required full three centuries. The field-artillery was long so unwieldy in movement, and so tardy in action, that it had little or no influence on the issue of a battle. Small arms came later into general practice, and were still less efficacious; as a proof of which it may be observed, that the long-bow was used by the British so late as the expedition to the Isle of Ré in 1627. The heavy matchlock was extremely liable to accidents, could be fired but slowly, and formed the weapon of a very confined portion of the infantry. The soldiers who bore it were unable at the same time to use the pike, and were therefore mingled with pikemen in the ranks of the same battalion. There was scarcely a difference in this order and in the formation of the Roman line, substituting only the awkward fire-arm for the bow or the sling. The ranks were still six, eight, or ten deep; and the physical momentum of the column was still relied upon for victory. The military genius of Gustavus Adolphus wrought the first great change which followed the rise of the modern science of war. Observing the inconvenience of an order of battle which admitted of no variation of position, the Swedish monarch introduced an entirely different principle of formation. The separate bands were consolidated into battalions of six or seven hundred men, four of which constituted a brigade; and these brigades, being independent in their movements, were calculated for combined attack, or defensive support, precisely as at present. Gustavus reaped the full advantage of his improvement, which was afterwards adopted by other nations. The Spanish infantry, however, who were disciplined upon the Swiss and German model, still adhered to the phalanx, and were

destined to afford a fatal illustration of its defects on the plains of Rocroi. In one body, without second line or reserve, they long and obstinately repelled every front attack of the French, until Condé, separating his troops into small columns, surrounded them, and by a simultaneous assault from different points succeeded in penetrating the phalanx. The troops who composed it were deemed the best in the world, and their desperate resistance ceased not until they were annihilated.

Even with the progress of tactics under Gustavus, fire-arms continued of secondary importance, until the middle of the seventeenth century, when a rapid improvement appears to have taken place. The foundry of cannon, for which England was, even at that period, much celebrated, began to be better attended to; as artillery advanced in excellence, it was employed in the field in more numerous trains, and the deep formation of infantry gave way before it. As the manufacture of small arms kept pace with that of cannon, and an expedient was found, after the matchlock had given place to the musket, of fastening the bayonet to its muzzle, and thus uniting the advantages of the pike and fire-arms, the infantry were provided with this tremendous weapon. Puysegur, a marshal in the French armies, who lived just at that interesting period when warfare was assuming a new and more scientific form, could remember, that in the last three wars before the peace of Ryswick, the proportion of pikemen in the infantry had been gradually lessened, until the whole were armed solely with the musket and bayonet. He was an able tactician, and saw the advantage of this alteration;* but unable altogether to quit the prejudices of his youth, he still insisted on the necessity of a depth of six ranks for the foot, and declaimed against the enormous proportion of artillery with which, he says, armies began to be incumbered.

The wars which the ambition of Louis XIV. occasioned gave ample encouragement for the display of military talents in France; and the genius of Vauban, so eminent in one branch of the profession, was called forth in his service. Prior to the system of fortifying places, which this great engineer introduced, the use of artillery had scarcely given rise to one new principle in the construction of works for defence. The obstinate sieges which the old castles and country houses of the royalist gentry of England sustained in the Civil Wars are a sufficient evidence

* A lingering preference of the pike, as the weapon of the foot soldier, was however still prevalent in Europe. The celebrated Montecuculi has somewhere styled it 'the queen of arms for the infantry;' and, one hundred years later, and long after the bayoneted musket had attained its present form of utility, another great master of the military art doubted whether the pike had been wisely discarded. (*Saxe's Reveries.*) The study of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, so fruitful in interest to the military reader, has contributed to prolong the prejudice, in some measure, even to our own age.

how imperfect the exercise of artillery must have been at this late period of history ; but in the rapid improvement of ordnance to which we have alluded, the attack of fortresses had acquired such overwhelming superiority over defence, that to afford more than a momentary resistance, a new method of fortification was absolutely requisite. Vauban first put his ideas into practice for the security of the towns which his master had conquered in the Low Countries.

If the fortified places of Europe were not precisely as the feudal times had left them, when Vauban invented his system, they were at least so opposite to what he saw ought to be their construction for resisting artillery, that he may fairly be considered the father of the most beautiful and scientific branch of the art of war. Since Vauban's time, a few changes have been introduced by Cormontaigne : who, about the year 1740, published his improved method of fortifying upon the system of the former ; and there the science rests. It has, perhaps, reached all the excellence of which it is capable ; yet so impossible is it to oppose a permanent resistance to the judicious attack of artillery, when employed with a sufficient command of men and material, that the fall of the best constructed fortress, if it has not the advantage of such natural strength of situation as Gibraltar, can only be protracted for a limited period.

We may date the establishment of the present school of European tactics at the war of the Succession. The 'prodigious armies' maintained by Louis the XIVth for the execution of his plans of conquest, obliged the other powers of Europe to support corresponding forces, and the continent became (as we have seen it in our days) one great garrison. A number of eminent men arose with the necessities of the times ; and the art of war was never more studied, or better understood.* The practices of those great commanders grew into immutable laws for their feeblers successors ; and the science was shackled and embarrassed by a ridiculous adherence to rule, without regard to circumstances. It was thus that military operations were conducted in Europe, from the war of the Succession to that of the French revolution. Frederic of Prussia was almost the only man who dared to judge between the general rule and particular exceptions ; and his success showed the soundness of his discernment. He frankly acknowledges, in his instructions to his officers, that his campaigns were (we use his own language) a series of blunders ; but they were mistakes for which he well knew the remedy. With troops, whose imperfect courage fre-

* Such was the superiority in tactics and discipline of the French during the last half of the seventeenth century, that, from the battle of Rocroi to that of Blenheim, their military career was unchecked by a single defeat in the field. * * * *

quently marred their leader's plans, badly clothed, worse fed, and scarcely paid at all, his genius enabled him to appear superior, even after defeat, to opponents who had every natural advantage in the quality of their soldiers, and who were abundantly supplied with the means of support. The immediate fall of the Prussian armies after his death clearly showed that they owed all their successes to the masterly hand which had directed their operations.

When the French revolution burst upon the world, neither the declining spirit of the Prussian military, nor the slow systematic movement of the Austrian armies, was calculated to oppose with effect the rapid and desperate assault of the French column. The generals who sprang up in the revolutionary school, partially or not at all acquainted with the science of the profession, naturally embraced the most simple tactics. A German or Russian army, if its line were pierced at any one point, held itself beaten on principle, and gave up all for lost. The French, therefore, constantly availed themselves of this species of military infatuation; and column after column was impelled on particular points of the adversary's order of battle;—no matter whether swept off by artillery, or crushed by a charge, there were still others to replace them;—their leaders, prodigal of blood, persisted until the small portion of the enemy's lines which they had chosen to assault, wearied, and weakened by repeated attacks, gave way, and with them the rest of the army. Such was the system through which the French established their invincibility among the terrified nations of the continent! * * * *

The nature of the great struggle gave [to British troops,] for the first time for nearly a hundred years, an opportunity for a fair display of all their mental and physical qualities. It is true, that the glorious days of Dettingen and Minden were partly won by British troops; but in both, and in the other successful actions of the continental wars of George II. there was something not altogether satisfactory to military genius; the event was either insignificant, or marred by misconduct; in most cases, the number of British troops was small, and in none was the struggle purely national: there were battles, sieges, and camps of observation; and the whole scene of solemn trifling was concluded by a march into winter-quarters, where the generals prepared themselves for a repetition of the same game of indecisive war, in the following year.

If the results were more decisive in other parts of the globe, in Canada and in India, the happy termination was preceded, in one instance, by a long train of blunders and miscarriage; and, in the other, the enemy was so deficient in courage and tactics, that the conqueror enjoyed only half the usual honours

of victory. The military history of the American war, we may be spared from detailing. However deplorable might have been the imbecility of the leaders, it was hardly to be expected that the troops should not share the disgrace of failure; and accordingly after this disastrous and inglorious squabble, nothing was so low in estimation in England as the name of a soldier.

We may look upon the peace which followed, and which ended in the opening of the French revolutionary war, as the period at which the British army was most depressed; and we believe every military man, who knew the service at that time, will agree with us, that there was a lamentable deficiency in every point of soldiership, except the mere personal courage which belongs to our soil.

It has been asserted, that the Prussian system of tactics, which the late Sir David Dundas collected and modified, had been originally derived from Marlborough's practice with the British infantry: but if this tradition (and it is nothing more) be true, though we may claim the honour of having been the original masters, we had lost the art before the next generation. Prior to the French revolution, so completely destitute of all union in method was the discipline in our service, that if three or four regiments were to be reviewed together, it became necessary for the commanding officers of battalions to meet, in a sort of council of war; in order that, by previous understanding, the different corps might be able, not to perform a series of complicated manœuvres, for of these they knew nothing, but to move before the reviewing general without such dissimilarity as would create confusion. This pitch of excellence, however, could not be attained in a moment; the troops were to be exercised together for the occasion; and when the awful day arrived, if they succeeded in marching quietly round their camp colours; if the musket barrels shone in dazzling splendour on the spectator's eyes; if the pouches were clean, and the men's hair powdered and larded agreeably to the strictness of official order, the field was well and gloriously fought; the officers reposed after their illustrious fatigues, and a good mess-dinner closed the triumphant scene. There are curious stories told of our modes of soldiership in those days; at which the veterans who began their career in them, and have since seen affairs conducted in a very different manner, are themselves the first to smile. No idea was then entertained of moving a force, whatever might be its numbers, otherwise than by files; even the obvious maxim, that the order of march of a battalion should never exceed the extent of its front when in line, was unknown or disregarded. In the American war, more than one instance might be adduced where the head of a column of attack reached

its destination several hours before the rear could close up. The formation and deployment of columns and squares to resist cavalry, the change of position by *échelon* and otherwise, the march of contiguous columns of brigades or battalions, all the evolutions, in short, which constitute the science of tactics, no more engaged the thoughts, or disturbed the repose of a soldier, than if all his duties had been comprized in wearing regimentals, and in his readiness to put life to the hazard, without bringing to the aid of his courage one particle of military skill.

If the discipline of movement was so totally devoid of method, the clothing and equipment of the troops were not much more appropriate. On this subject, it is difficult to speak with truth and with seriousness at the same time. Cocked hats, perched upon the summit of a pomatumed head, and tied under the chin; long coats, reaching to the knees, and meeting across the breast at one point; waistcoats, breeches, and long gaiters, all kept white by the perpetual application of pipe clay,—such was the general costume of the army, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war!—and with officers and men thus ignorant and unexperienced, what could reasonably have been anticipated but a series of errors terminating in total defeat?

During the period when Lord Amherst was Commander-in-Chief, commissions were given to children, to infants at the breast; and it thus happened that young men joined their regiments—sometimes as commanders, very commonly as field-officers—who, not many moons before, might have been under the wholesome discipline of the birch. Things were now to take another direction; and one simple regulation laid the axe to the root of this glaring abuse. No youth was thenceforward to receive a commission under sixteen years of age; and this is the rule still adhered to. It had formerly been the practice, where an officer possessed good interest, to run him through the different gradations of rank in successive gazettes, until the man had the happiness to find himself a lieutenant-colonel in less time than it takes a grub to become a butterfly; another regulation that every officer must serve three years as a subaltern, and five before he could become a field-officer, destroyed this abuse also. Since these rules have obtained, there has seldom been cause for complaint on the head of unfair promotion. We have seen the hero of our country encircled by a constellation of the young noblemen of England during all the privations and dangers of the Peninsular war: they were thus serving long enough in subordinate ranks to acquire a knowledge of their duties in a rough school; and if, when this point was gained, they moved up somewhat more rapidly than others, no soldier of fortune would murmur at the reasonable extension of favour to a particular

order, whose presence gave lustre to a profession already honourable.

To correct the abuses in promotion was the first step, as their existence constituted the greatest impediment to the formation of a body of efficient officers. The next measure was, the foundation of a school for military instruction, through which it was well known, by the example of antiquity, and by the experience of other states, that the science of war could alone be obtained, although the practice must be acquired in the field. As backward in this respect as in her discipline, England was the last kingdom in Europe to found establishments of the kind. Every other profession had its course of education, but the knowledge of that of arms (not the least difficult or scientific) could only be acquired among foreigners. We consider the academy at Woolwich as presenting no exception to this assertion, because its object was merely the formation of officers for one particular branch of the service. Two colleges were therefore instituted at Wycombe and Marlow; the first to correct as much as possible actual deficiencies arising from the absence of military education, by affording it to officers already in the service; the other to anticipate future wants by the early instruction of youth intended for the army. This last was also made subservient to the noblest of national purposes, the support of the orphans of officers who had fallen in their country's cause. The good effects of these establishments have been strongly felt. The college at Marlow was removed in 1812 to Sandhurst, where a noble building had been erected for its seat, and where both institutions are now concentrated. The continuance of such an establishment during peace has furnished a fruitful subject of declamation for the orators of opposition, who, amidst their agonizing fears, have overlooked, perhaps, the striking fact, that in the United States, 'the hallowed retreat of liberty,' there is a military school for 'young Janissaries' in vigorous existence at this moment.

We have already remarked the want of one general rule of movement in the different British corps prior to the French Revolution; this deficiency was not overlooked, when the army began to rise in character under better government. Sir David Dundas, an active and zealous soldier, was employed to frame, somewhat upon the model of the Great Frederic's plan, a series of manœuvres for general use in the service: one firelock exercise for the whole of the infantry was likewise introduced; and the benefits derived from these arrangements soon became evident. It is generally known that the manœuvres of Dundas were so well calculated for their object, that it has scarcely been found necessary to modify them. They are a medium between the rapidity and looseness of French tactical movement, and the slower and more precise system of the old German school: they approach

not perhaps quite as near to the former as they might with advantage. But at the reviews of the allied troops in France, after the peace of 1815, the long steady step of the British infantry formed a remarkable contrast to the capering pace and stamp of the foot of the Prussians and Russians, fatiguing to the men, and clearing less ground with greater exertion.

But in nothing was improvement more visible in the army, than in the change of dress. Philosophers may smile at our seriousness, but, in truth, when we speak of soldiers, and of ladies, dress is no unimportant matter. The cocked hat and long coat of the infantry were exchanged, first with the men, and afterwards with the officers, for the cap and jacket; then came the warm grey trowsers in lieu of white breeches and long gaiters; and instead of holiday soldiers, the army were now 'warriors for the working-day,' less splendid in appearance certainly, but infinitely better calculated for service. Whoever has compared the external show of the continental and British soldiery, must have been struck by the superior military air of the former. Their dress is arranged to impose upon the eye. The man is stuffed and padded to represent a sculptor's notion of muscular vigour. On close inspection, however, it will be found, that the English soldier is far more conveniently, and, what is of no little moment, far more *comfortably* clothed. We use the last expression with pride and energy, for it is as much our military as our domestic distinction. The comfort of the soldier is attended to in no service except the British.

By the gradual course of improvement which we have detailed, the army began, even in the Egyptian campaign, to show that a great change had been wrought upon it: eight years of reform had effected wonders; but it was at the commencement of the Peninsular war that the troops proved themselves to be all that good theoretical training and stubborn natural bravery could make them. * * * *

The experience which the different corps of our army had now acquired, gave full play to their other good qualities. A new scene was approaching; a war of sieges. In the modest and interesting 'Journal of Sieges on the Peninsula,' written by Colonel Jones of the Engineers, it is stated, that when the first siege of Badajos was formed in 1811, there was probably not a man in the besieging corps of the British who had ever worked at a trench under fire. While the French soldiers, accustomed to such operations, were daily showing little traits of individual intelligence, our men had no idea of the innumerable petty stratagems and contrivances which, in the duties of a siege, occasion loss to an enemy and safety to friends.

So great was the ignorance of fortification among the officers of the line in the British army, that but few of them knew by

quality, or even by name, the various works of a place. This want of a co-operating intelligence with the Engineers, often marred the execution of a well-concerted project. Most of the Engineers, too, like Michael Cassio, knew their profession only in 'bookish theory;' they had consequently to acquire experience at some expense to the service. Add to all this, that the army possessed no regular equipment for sieges. There was no corps of Sappers and Miners, no adequate *materiel*. Every fortress which was attacked, therefore, cost us dearly; but difficulties were surmounted, and deficiencies supplied with wonderful energy as the contest proceeded. Full profit has been made of the circumstances attending our sieges in 1812 and 1813, to raise the important branch of the service which relates to the attack of places, into the highest state of efficiency; we have now experienced engineers, and abound in officers of the line, who, either from professional education, or the service which they have seen, are fully capable of performing all the duties which belong to sieges.

We shall not, on this occasion, consider the achievements of the British on the Peninsula, with relation to the fate of Europe; it is sufficient for us to observe, that those achievements have extorted praise even from nations who are most jealous of martial renown. Foreigners, who saw the miserable condition of our troops in Flanders in 1793 and 1794, could with difficulty be persuaded that they would even fight; and we, who knew that as Englishmen they would never be wanting in the hour of need, also knew that courage was almost their only pretension to soldiership. At the present day, every military foreigner who adorns his professional acquirements with the liberality of a gentleman, will declare, that the English infantry are excellent, their cavalry superb, and their field artillery more rapid and decisive than any other in Europe.

In a former Number, (43,) we noticed M. Dupin's '*Mémoires sur la Marine, et les Ponts et Chaussées de France et d'Angleterre*,' professedly the result of remarks in his visits to this country in 1816, 1817 and 1818. He saw enough, it seems, in these visits, to induce him to make a fourth, during the year 1819; and we may also suppose that he was not quite satisfied with the execution of his first work, since, in the Introduction to that which we are now considering, he declares his intention of mixing up the matter contained in his former book into his present '*Voyages dans la Grande Bretagne*,' and in, we presume, something of a new shape.

'Tel est l'esprit dans lequel j'ai composé les trois parties de cet ouvrage qui se rapportent à la constitution de l'armée, à la constitution de la marine, et aux institutions civiles. Les trois autres parties sont relatives à l'application des sciences et des arts aux travaux publics

de la guerre, de la marine, et des ponts et chaussées : voici l'ordre et l'ensemble des six parties.

Force Militaire.	{ 1. Constitution de l'Armée.
	{ 2. Etudes et travaux de l'Armée.
Force Navale.	{ 3. Constitution de la Marine.
	{ 4. Etudes et travaux de la Marine.
Force Sociale.	{ 5. Associations civiles et particulières.
	{ 6. Etudes et travaux civils (des Ponts et Chaussées.)—Introduction, p. xiii.

The first part he has now given to the world in the two volumes before us ; and we repeat, that it is no small homage to the merits of our brave army, that an intelligent Frenchman (for such M. Dupin undoubtedly is,) should devote one part of three, in a scientific work on Great Britain, exclusively to the consideration of its military force.

There are some points in the book that we cannot help deeming worthy the attention of our military leaders, though we may perchance meet with the fate of the man who lectured Hannibal on the art of war. One reflection has recurred to us from M. Dupin's observation, that our light troops (except the Rifle Brigade) differ little in essentials from the infantry of the line. We are inclined to believe that they are not as peculiar in their organization for the service which they have to perform, nor as numerous in their proportion to the other infantry, as they might be with advantage.

We have, as a nation, been always remarkable for the want of light infantry : at least, since the use of the musket supplanted the bow ; for, prior to that, the British archers were, as Froissard and Hollinshed tells us, some of the best of their kind in Europe, and came nearest, perhaps, to the modern idea of light troops, except indeed that Harry the Fifth's body of Welshmen, *with their long knives*, were doubtless the lightest armed of his host. When war was renewed after the peace of Amiens, Sir John Moore was employed to discipline his own and another regiment as light infantry, and this was subsequently extended to six others ; but not effectually to any. The only light troops which we really possess, are the two battalions of the Rifle Brigade, and one of the same force of the 60th Regiment ; for the eight so called are dressed and armed exactly like the infantry of the line. They are, it is true, trained to light manœuvres, and are well known to be corps of high character ; but for operations in intersected countries, (their proper field,) scarcely more useful than other regiments. Surely, light troops should be clothed as the riflemen are, in colours as little glaring as possible, using the rifle, and composed of small active men ; in fact, riflemen are the only strictly light troops ; and not less disposable for garrison duties, or operations in the field, than battalions of the line, to

whose movements they are trained as well as their own. From the boundless extent of our empire, and the different nature of the scenes in which our military are liable to be engaged, there is a continual demand for such troops. During the last war, there was not one regular regiment of light infantry in Canada, a country in which, of all others, they were most needed; indeed, it is not the theatre for any other description of troops. Whenever our men were engaged with the Americans in the woods, the latter, contemptible in open warfare, and void of discipline and courage to withstand the bayonet, [Attest—Chippewa Plains:] had an evident superiority. Our soldiers, unaccustomed to act independently, and by their scarlet uniform and glittering appointments, in contrast to every thing around them, exposed to the deadly aim of the insidious foe, were very unequally matched against the enemy's riflemen. A Fencible corps, clothed in green, and disciplined as riflemen, was found more useful than any of the regular regiments; and, with 'the brown Indian,' [A congenial ally,] constituted the only suitable force for the occasion. Our regular Rifle Brigade would have answered equally well.—[In these remarks upon the excellence of light troops, there is great good sense.]

M. Dupin appears, from his minute detail of our establishments for military education, to be fully aware of their importance as branches of his subject; and his notice of them will be found highly interesting. After mentioning the colleges at some length, he enters into an account of the practical school for the sappers, miners, &c. at Chatham, under the able direction of Colonel Pasley of the Engineers, who has done much for the service. Instruction is there given on all the points in which we were formerly so deficient—the laying of pontoon and other bridges; the construction of field-works, sapping, mining, &c.

It may not be amiss to say a few words on the alarm which is constantly sought to be excited by the bugbear of a standing army. When such a description of men was little known in the other states of Europe, and England was without foreign possessions, a permanent force during peace might be suspicious, and perhaps dangerous: but what has this to do with England in the nineteenth century? To listen to the fearful prognostics unremittingly poured forth on this subject, it might be imagined that we had a million of men arrayed against the liberties of the country. But what is the fact?—For the maintenance of tranquillity in aid of the civil power, in times when the spirit of opposition to all that is venerable in divine and human institutions, is roaming through every corner of the land, what is the peace establishment for three kingdoms? The 20,000 men for India, cannot be considered as forming any part of the disposable strength of the army; and if we deduct the necessary force to protect the colonies, Canada, the

West Indies, the Cape ; the garrisons of St. Helena, Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, &c., of the total of 81,000 men voted for the year 1821, scarcely as large a force remains for home service as might be levied in one English county ! Would it not be preposterous to talk of danger to a free people—to a people like the British—from such a cause, even were that force composed of the most unprincipled ruffians of a revolutionary school ? But we know, on the contrary, that our army is made up of men of all parties ; that there is scarcely a family in the united kingdom without one or more members of it in the service ; and that the officers, connected and intermingled as they are with private life, are as completely its citizens as if they had never worn a sword. In a word, we should feel happy if we could divest ourselves of the persuasion, that many of those who profess such instinctive horror of a standing force, were not infinitely more dangerous to the liberties of the country, than the gallant spirits who compose the army at this day. Look at the habits of these men ; far from affecting that air of supercilious pride and disdain for every class but themselves, by which the continental officers and even soldiery are distinguished, there is nothing in their deportment or general conduct which can be at all offensive to the sober citizen.

ART. VIII.—POPE, BYRON, AND BOWLES.

[*London Magazine*—June, 1821.]

(Byron's Letter to Murray—see *Original ART. VII.* last No.)

LORD BYRON, in the Preface to his *Tragedy*, complains that Horace Walpole has had hard measure dealt him by the critics, “firstly, because he was a lord, and secondly, because he was a gentleman.” We do not know how the case may stand between the public and a dead nobleman : but a living lord has every reasonable allowance made him, and can do what no one else can. If Lord Byron chooses to make a bad joke, by means of an ill-spelt pun, it is a condescension in his Lordship :—if he puts off a set of smart assertions and school-boy instances for pithy proofs, it is not because he is not able, but because he cannot be at the pains of going deeper into the question :—if he is rude to an antagonist, it is construed into agreeable familiarity ; any notice from so great a man appears like a favour :—if he tells or recommends “a tale of bawdry,” he is not to be tied down by the petty rules which restrict common men :—if he publishes a work, which is thought of too equivocal a description for the delicate air of Albemarle-street, his Lordship's own name in the title-page is sufficient to back it without the formality of a bookseller's :—if a wire-drawn tragedy of his is acted, in spite of his protestations against such an appeal to the taste of a vulgar audience, the storm of pitiless damnation is not let

loose upon it, because it is felt that it would fall harmless on so high and proud a head; the gilded coronet serves as a conductor to carry off the lightning of popular criticism, which might blast the merely laurelled bard; the blame, the disappointment, the flat effect, is thrown upon the manager, upon the actors—upon any body but the Noble Poet! This sounding title swells the mouth of fame, and lends her voice a thousand circling echoes: the rank of the author, and the public charity extended to him, as he does not want it, cover a multitude of sins. What does his Lordship mean, then, by this whining over the neglect of Horace Walpole,—this uncalled-for sympathy with the faded lustre of patrician and gentlemanly pretensions? Has *he* had only half his fame? Or, does he already feel, with morbid anticipation, the retiring ebb of that overwhelming tide of popularity, which having been raised too high by adventitious circumstances, is lost in flats and shallows, as soon as their influence is withdrawn? Lord Byron's rank and genius have been happily placed "each other's beams to share," and both together, by their mutually reflected splendour, may be said to have melted the public coldness into the very wantonness of praise: the faults of the man (real or supposed) have only given a dramatic interest to his works.

There is one thing in which we must say we heartily agree with Lord Byron; and that is the ridicule with which he treats Mr. Bowles's editorial inquisition into the moral character of Pope. If Pope was not free from vice, we should like to know who is. He was one of the most faultless of poets, both in his life and in his writings. We should not care to throw the first stone at him. We do not wonder at Lord Byron's laughing outright at Mr. Bowles's hysterical horrors at poor Pope's platonic peccadillos, nor at his being a little impatient of the other's attempt to make himself a *make-believe* character of perfection out of the "most small faults" he could rake up against the reputation of an author, whom he was bound either not to edit or not to injure. But we think his Lordship turns the tables upon the divine, and gets up into the reading desk himself, without the proper canonical credentials, when he makes such a fuss as he does about didactic or moral poetry as the highest of all others, because moral truth and moral conduct are of such vast and paramount concernment in human life. But because they are such good things in themselves, does it follow that they are the better for being put into rhyme? We see no connection between "ends of verse, and sayings of philosophers." This reasoning reminds us of the critic who said, that the only poetry he knew of, good for any thing, was the four lines, beginning "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," for that these were really of some use in finding out the number of days in the different months of

the year. The rules of arithmetic are important in many respects, but we do not know that they are the fittest subjects of poetry. Besides, Pope was not the only moral poet, nor are we sure that we understand his moral system, or that Lord Byron understands it, or that he understood it himself. Addison paraphrased the Psalms, and Blackmore sung the Creation : yet Pope has written a lampoon upon the one, and put the other in his *Dunciad*. Mr. Bowles has numbers of manuscript sermons by him, the morality of which, we will venture to say, is quite as pure, as orthodox, as that of the unpublished cantos of *Don Juan*; yet we doubt whether Mr. Murray, the *Mecænas* of poetry and orthodoxy, would give as much for the one as for the other. We do not look for the flowers of fancy in moral treatises, nor for a homily in his Lordship's irregular stanzas. The Decalogue, as a practical prose composition, or as a body of moral laws and precepts, is of sufficient weight and authority; but we should not regard the putting this into heroic verse, as an effort of the highest poetry. That "Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms" is no imputation on the pious raptures of the Hebrew bard: and we suspect his Lordship himself would object to the allegory in Spenser, as a drawback on the poetry, if it is in other respects to his Lordship's taste, which is more than we can pretend to determine. The Noble Letter-writer thus moralizes on this subject, and transposes the ordinary critical canons somewhat arbitrarily and sophistically.

"The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenuous boast,

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,

But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song.

He should have written 'rose to truth.' In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the "forests" that ever were 'walked' for their 'description,' and all the epics that ever

were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly*, even a finer poem than the *Æneid*. Virgil knew this: he did not order *them* to be burnt.

The proper study of mankind is man.

"It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination' and 'invention,'—the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant, with a little whiskey in his head, will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect: his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious." p. 42.

Really this is very inconsequential, incongruous reasoning. Lord Byron talks of the ethical systems of Socrates and Jesus Christ. What made the former the great man he supposes?—The invention of his system—the discovery of sublime moral truths. Does Lord Byron mean to say, that the mere repetition of the same precepts in prose, or the turning them into verse, will make others as great, or will make a great man at all? The two things compared are wholly disparates. The finding out the 48th proposition in Euclid made Pythagoras a great man. Shall we say that the putting this into a grave, didactic distich, would make either a great mathematician or a great poet? It would do neither one nor the other. Such is the way in which his Lordship transposes the common sense of the question,—because it is his humour! The value of any moral truth depends on the philosophic invention implied in it. But this rests with the first author, and the general idea, which forms the basis of didactic poetry, remains the same, through all its mechanical transmissions afterwards. The merit of the ethical poet must therefore consist in his manner of adorning and illustrating a number of these general truths which are not his own, that is, in the poetical invention and imagination he brings to the subject, as Mr. Bowles has well shown, with respect to the episodes in the *Essay on Man*, the description of the poor Indian, and the lamb doomed to death, which are all the unsophisticated reader ever remembers of that much-talked-of production. Lord Byron clownishly chooses to consider all poetry but what relates to this ethical or didactic truth as "a lie." Is *Lear* a lie? Or does his Lordship prefer the story, or the moral, in *Æsop's Fables*? He asks, "why must the poet mean the liar, the feigner, the tale-teller? A man may make and create better things than these."—He may make and create better things than a common-place, and he who does not, makes and creates nothing. The ethical or didactic poet necessarily repeats after others, because general truths and maxims are limited. The individual instances and illustrations, which his

Lordship qualifies as "lies," "feigning," and "tale-telling," are infinite, and give endless scope to the genius of the true poet. The rank of poetry is to be judged of by the truth and purity of the moral—so we find it "in the bond,"—and yet Cowper, we are told, was no poet. Is there any keeping in this, or is it merely an air? Again, we are given to understand that didactic poetry "requires more mind, more power, than all the descriptive or epic poetry that ever was written:" and as a proof of this, his Lordship lays it down, that the *Georgics* are a finer poem than the *Æneid*. We do not perceive the inference here. "Virgil knew this: he did not order *them* to be burnt.

The proper study of mankind is man."

Does our author mean that this was Virgil's reason for liking his pastoral poetry better than his description of Dido and *Æneas*? But farther, there is a Latin poem (that of Lucretius) superior even to the *Georgics*; nay, it would have been so to any poem now in existence, but for one unlucky circumstance. And what is that? "Its ethics!" So that ethics have spoiled the finest poem in the world. This is the rub that makes didactic poetry come in such a questionable shape. If original, like Lucretius, there will be a difference of opinion about it. If trite and acknowledged, like Pope, however pure, there will be little valuable in it. It is the glory and the privilege of poetry, to be conversant about those truths of nature and the heart, that are at once original and self-evident. His Lordship ought to *have known this*. In the same passage, he speaks of imagination and invention as "the two commonest of qualities." We will tell his Lordship what is commoner—the want of them. "An Irish peasant," he adds, "with a little whiskey in his head, will imagine and invent more than"—(What? Homer, Spenser, and Ariosto? No: but than)—"would furnish forth a modern poem." That we will not dispute. But at any rate, when sober the next morning, he would be as "full of wise saws and modern instances" as his Lordship; and in either case, equally positive, tetchy, and absurd!

His Lordship, throughout his pamphlet, makes a point of contradicting Mr. Bowles, and, it would seem, of contradicting himself. He cannot be said to have any opinions of his own; but, whatever any one else advances, he denies out of mere spleen and rashness. "He hates the word *invariable*," and not without reason. "What is there of human, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is invariable?"—There is one of the particulars in this enumeration, which seems pretty invariable, which is death. One would think that the principles of poetry are so too, notwithstanding his peevish disclaimer: for, towards the conclusion of this letter, he sets up Pope as a classic model, and considers all modern deviations from it as grotesque and barbarous.

“ They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture ; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy *the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever.*”

Lord Byron has here substituted his own invariable principles for Mr. Bowles's, which he hates as bad as Mr. Southey's variable politics. Will nothing please his Lordship—neither dull fixtures nor shining weathercocks?—We might multiply instances of a want of continuous reasoning, if we were fond of this sort of petty cavilling. Yet we do not know that there is any better quarry in the book. Why does his Lordship tell us that “ ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry,” and yet that “ Petrarch the sonneteer” is esteemed by good judges the very highest poet of Italy? Mr. Bowles is a very good sonneteer. Why does he assert that “ the poet who executes the best is the highest, whatever his department ;” and then affirm in the next page, that didactic poetry “ requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the forests that ever were walked for their description ;” and then again, two pages after, that “ a good poet can make a silk purse of a sow's ear ;” that is, as he interprets it, “ can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America ?” — That's a *Non Sequitur*, as Partridge hath it. Why, contending that all subjects are alike indifferent to the genuine poet, does he turn round upon himself, and assume that “ the sun shining upon a warming-pan cannot be made sublime or poetical ?” Why does he say that “ there is nothing in nature like the bust of the Antinous, except the Venus,” which is not in nature? Why does he call the first “ that wonderful *creation* of perfect beauty,” when it is a mere portrait, and on that account so superior to his favourite coxcomb, the Apollo? Why does he state that “ more poetry cannot be gathered into existence” than we here see, and yet that this poetry arises neither from nature nor moral exaltedness : Mr. Bowles and he being at issue on this very point, viz. the one affirming that the essence of poetry is derived from nature, and his Lordship, that it consists in moral truth? Why does he consider a shipwreck as an artificial incident? Why does he make the excellence of Falconer's Shipwreck consist in its technicalities, and not in its faithful description of common feelings and inevitable calamity? Why does he say all this, and much more, which he should not? Why does he write prose at all? Yet, in spite of all this trash, there is one passage for which we forgive him, and here it is :

“ The truth is, that in these days the grand *primum mobile* of England is *cant* ; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral ; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of

life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts, will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the times. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided among themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum."

These words should be written in letters of gold, as the testimony of a lofty poet to a great moral truth; and we can hardly have a quarrel with the writer of them.

There are three questions which form the subject of Lord Byron's pamphlet; viz. What is poetical? What is natural? What is artificial? And we get an answer to none of them. Mr. Campbell leads off the dance, and launches a ship as a beautiful and poetical artificial object. But he so loads it with patriotic, natural, and foreign associations, and the sails are "so perfumed that the winds are love-sick," that Mr. Bowles darts upon and seizes it as contraband to art, swearing that it is no longer the work of the shipwright, but of Mr. Campbell's lofty poetic imagination; and dedicates its stolen beauty to the right owners, the sun, the winds, and the waves. Mr. Campbell, in his eagerness to make all sure, having overstepped the literal mark, presses no farther into the controversy; but Lord Byron, who is "like an Irishman in a row, *any body's customer*," carries it on with good polemical hardihood, and runs a very edifying parallel between the ship without the sun, the winds and waves,—and the sun, the winds and waves, without the ship. "The sun," says Mr. Bowles, "is poetical, by your Lordship's admission." We think it would be so without it. But his Lordship contends that "the sun would no longer be poetical, if it did not shine on ships, or pyramids, or fortresses, and other works of art;" (he expressly excludes "footmen's liveries," and "brass warming-pans," from among those artificial objects that reflect new splendour on the eye of Heaven;)—to which Mr. Bowles replies, that let the sun but shine, and "it is poetical *per se*;" in which we think him right. His Lordship decomposes the wind into a *caput mortuum* of poetry, by making it howl through a pig-stye, instead of

Roaming the illimitable ocean wide;
and turns a water-fall, or a clear spring, into a slop-bason, to prove that nature owes its elegance to art. His Lordship is "ill at these numbers." Again, he affirms that the ruined temple of the Parthenon is poetical, and the coast of Attica with Cape Colonna, and the recollection of Falconer's Shipwreck, classical. Who ever doubted it? What then? Does this prove that the Rape of the Lock is not a mock-heroic poem?—He asks, what would the desert of Tadmor be without the ruins of Palmyra, or Salisbury Plain without Stone-Henge? Mr. Bowles, who, though

tedious and teasing, has “damnable iteration in him,” and has read the Fathers, answers very properly, by saying that a desert alone “conveys ideas of immeasurable distance, of profound silence, of solitude ;” and that Salisbury Plain has the advantage of Hounslow Heath, chiefly in getting rid of the ideas of artificial life, “carts, caravans, raree-showmen, butchers’ boys, coaches with coronets, and livery servants behind them,” even though Stone-Henge did not lift its pale head above its barren bosom. Indeed, Lord Byron’s notions of art and poetry are sufficiently wild, romantic, far-fetched, obsolete : his taste is Oriental, Gothic ; his Muse is not domesticated ; there is nothing light, modern, polished, fluttering, in his standard of the sublime and beautiful : if his thoughts are proud, pampered, gorgeous, and disdain to mingle with the objects of humble, unadorned nature, his lordly eye at least “keeps distance due” from the vulgar vanities of fashionable life ; from drawing-rooms, from card-parties, and from courts. He is not a carpet poet. He does not sing the sofa, like poor Cowper. He is qualified neither for poet-laureate nor court-newsman. He is at issue with the Morning Post and Fashionable World, on what constitutes the true pathos and sublime of human life. He hardly thinks Lady Charlemont so good as the Venus, or as an Albanian girl that he saw mending the road in the mountains. If he does not like flowers and forests, he cares as little for stars, garters, and princes’ feathers—for diamond necklaces and paste-buckles. If his Lordship cannot make up his mind to the quiet, the innocence, the simple, unalterable grandeur, of nature, we are sure that he hates the frippery, the foppery, and pert grimace of art, quite as much. His Lordship likes the poetry, the imaginative part of art ; and so do we. He likes the *sombre* part of it, the thoughtful, the decayed, the ideal, the spectral shadow of human greatness, the departed spirit of human power. He sympathizes not with art as a display of ingenuity, as the triumph of vanity or luxury, as it is connected with the idiot, superficial, petty self-complacency of the individual and the moment, (these are to him not “luscious as locusts, but bitter as coloquintida ;”) but he sympathizes with the triumphs of Time and Fate over the proudest works of man—with the crumbling monuments of human glory—with the dim vestiges of countless generations of men—with that which claims alliance with the grave, or kindred with the elements of nature. This is what he calls art and artificial poetry. But this is not what any body else understands by the terms, commonly or critically speaking. There is as little connexion between the two things as between the grand-daughters of Mr. Coutts, who appeared at court the other day, and Lady Godiva,—as there is between a reigning toast and an Egyptian mummy. Lord Byron, through the whole of the argument, pelts his reverend opponent with instances, like throwing a stone at a spaniel,

which the incensed animal runs after, picks up, mumbles between his teeth, and tries to see what it is made of. The question is, however, too tough for Mr. Bowles's powers of mastication, and though the fray is amusing, nothing comes of it. Between the Editor of *Pope*, and the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, his Lordship sits

—— high arbiter,
And by decision more embroils the fray.

What is the use of taking a work of art, from which "all the art of art is flown," a mouldering statue, or a fallen column in Tadmor's marble waste, that staggers and overawes the mind, and gives birth to a thousand dim reflections, by seeing the power and pride of man prostrate, and laid low in the dust; what is there in this to prove the self-sufficiency of the upstart pride and power of man? A Ruin is poetical. Because it is a work of art? says Lord Byron. No, but because it is a work of art o'erthrown. In it we see, as in a mirror, the life, the hopes, the labour of man defeated, and crumbling away under the slow hand of time; and all that he has done reduced to nothing, or to a useless mockery. Or as one of the bread-and-butter poets has described the same thing a little differently, in his tale of Peter Bell the potter,—

—— The stones and tower
Seem'd fading fast away
From human thoughts and purposes,
To yield to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

If this is what Lord Byron means by artificial objects and interests, there is an end of the question; for he will get no critic, no school to differ with him. But let him take—not the pyramids of Egypt—but the pavilion at Brighton, and make a poetical description of it in prose or verse. We defy him. The poetical interest, in his Lordship's transposed cases, arises out of the imaginary interest. But the truth is, that where art flourishes and attains its object, imagination droops, and poetry along with it. It ceases, or takes a different and ambiguous shape; it may be elegant, ingenious, pleasing, instructive; but if it aspires to the semblance of a higher interest, or the ornaments of the highest fancy, it necessarily becomes burlesque, as for instance, in the *Rape of the Lock*. As novels end with marriage, poetry ends with the consummation and success of art. And the reason (if Lord Byron would attend to it) is pretty obvious. Where all the wishes and wants are supplied, anticipated by art, there can be no strong cravings after ideal good, nor dread of unimaginable evils; the sources of terror and pity must be dried up: where the hand has done every thing, nothing is left for the imagination to do or to attempt: where all is regulated by conventional indifference, the full workings, the

involuntary, uncontrollable emotions of the heart cease: property is not a poetical, but a practical prosaic idea, to those who possess and clutch it; and cuts off others from cordial sympathy; but nature is common property, the unenvied idol of all eyes, the fairy ground where fancy plays her tricks and feats; and the passions, the workings of the heart, (which Mr. Bowles very properly distinguishes from manners, inasmuch as they are not in the power of the will to regulate or satisfy,) are still left as a subject for something very different from didactic or mock-heroic poetry. By *art* and *artificial*, as these terms are applied to poetry or human life, we mean those objects and feelings which depend for their subsistence and perfection on the will and arbitrary conventions of man and society; and by nature, and natural subjects, we mean those objects which exist in the universe at large, without, or in spite of, the interference of human power and contrivance, and those interests and affections which are not amenable to the human will. That we are to exclude art, or the operation of the human will, from poetry altogether, is what we do not affirm; but we mean to say, that where this operation is the most complete and manifest, as in the creation of given objects, or regulation of certain feelings, there the spring of poetry, *i. e.* of passion and imagination, is proportionably and much impaired. *We are masters of Art.* Nature is our master; and it is to this greater power that we find working above, about, and within us, that the genius of poetry bows and offers up its highest homage. If the infusion of art were not a natural disqualifier for poetry, the most artificial objects and manners would be the most poetical: on the contrary, it is only the rude beginnings, or the ruinous decay of objects of art, or the simplest modes of life and manners, that admit of, or harmonize kindly with, the tone and language of poetry. To consider the question otherwise, is not to consider it too curiously, but not to understand it at all. Lord Byron cannot make a gentleman-usher's rod poetical, though it is the pink of courtly and gentlemanly refinement.—Pope says, in Spence's *Anecdotes*, that “a lady of fashion would admire a star, because it would remind her of the twinkling of a lamp on a ball-night.” This is a much better account of his own poetry than his noble critic has given. It is a clue to a real solution of the difficulty. What is the difference between the feeling with which we contemplate a gas-light in one of the squares, and the crescent moon beside it, but this—that though the brightness, the beauty, perhaps, to the mere sense, is the same or greater; yet we know that when we are out of the square, we shall lose sight of the lamp, but that the moon will lend us its tributary light wherever we go; it streams over green valley or blue ocean alike; it is hung up in air, a part of the pageant of the universe; it steals

with gradual, softened state into the soul, and hovers, a fairy apparition, over our existence! It is this which makes it a more poetical object than a patent lamp, or a Chinese lanthorn, or the chandelier at Covent-garden, brilliant as it is, and which, though it were made ten times more so, would still only dazzle and scorch the sight so much the more; it would not be attended with a mild train of reflected glory; it would "denote no foregone conclusion," would touch no chord of imagination or the heart; it would have nothing romantic about it.—A man can make any thing, but he cannot make a sentiment! It is a thing of inveterate prejudice, of old association, of common feeling, and so is poetry, as far as it is serious. A "pack of cards," a silver bodkin, a paste-buckle, "may be imbued" with as much mock poetry as you please, by lending false associations to it; but real poetry, or poetry of the highest order, can only be produced by unravelling the real web of associations, which have been wound round any subject by nature, and the unavoidable conditions of humanity. Not to admit this distinction at the threshold, is to confound the style of Tom Thumb with that of the Moor of Venice, or Hurlothrumbo with the Doge of Venice.

How far that little candle throws its beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

The image here is one of artificial life; but it is connected with natural circumstances and romantic interests, with darkness, with silence, with distance, with privation, and uncertain danger. It is not the splendour of the candle, but the contrast to the gloom without,—the comfort, the relief it holds out from afar to the benighted traveller,—the conflict between nature and the first and cheapest resources of art, that constitutes the romantic and imaginary, that is, the poetical interest, in that familiar but striking image. A light in a watch-tower, a beacon at sea, is sublime for the same cause; because the natural circumstances and associations set it off; it warns us against danger, it reminds us of common calamity, it promises safety and hope: it has to do with the broad feelings and circumstances of human life, and its interest does not assuredly turn upon the vanity or pretensions of the maker or proprietor of it. The features of nature are great leading land-marks, not near and little, or confined to a spot, or an individual claimant; they are spread out every where the same, and are of universal interest. The true poet has therefore been described as

Creation's tenant, he is nature's heir.

What has been thus said of the man of genius, might be said of the man of no genius. The spirit of poetry, and the spirit of humanity, are the same. The productions of nature are not locked up in the cabinets of the curious, but spread out on the green lap of earth. The flowers return with the cuckoo in the

spring: the daisy for ever looks bright in the sun; the rainbow still lifts its head above the storm to the eye of infancy or age—

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man,

So shall it be till I grow old and die;

but Lord Byron does not understand this, for he does not understand Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and we cannot make him. His Lordship's nature, as well as his poetry, is something arabesque and outlandish.—Once more: what, we would ask, makes the difference between an opera of Mozart's, and the singing of a thrush in a wooden cage at the corner of the street in which we live? The one is nature, and the other is art: the one is paid for, the other is not. Madame Fodor sings the air of *Vedrài Carino* in *Don Giovanni* so divinely, because she is hired to sing it—she sings it to please the audience, not herself, and does not always like to be *encored* in it—but the thrush that awakes us at day-break with its song, does not sing because it is paid to sing, or to please others, or to be admired or criticised. It sings because it is happy: it pours the thrilling sounds from its throat, to relieve the overflowings of its own breast—the liquid notes come from, and go to, the heart, dropping balm into it, as the gushing spring revives the traveller's parched and fainting lips. That stream of joy comes pure and fresh to the longing sense, free from art and affectation; the same that rises over vernal groves, mingled with the breath of morning, and the perfumes of the wild hyacinth; that waits for no audience, that wants no rehearsing, that exhausts its raptures, and is still,—

Hymns its good God, and carols sweet of love.

There is this great difference between nature and art, that the one *is* what the other *seems*, and gives all the pleasure it expresses, because it feels it itself. Madame Fodor sings, as a musical instrument may be made to play a tune: but it is not so with the linnet or the thrush, that sings because God pleases, and pours out its little soul in pleasure. This is the reason why its singing is (so far) so much better than melody or harmony, than base or treble, than the Italian or the German school, than quavers or crotchets, or half-notes, or canzonets, or quartetts, or any thing in the world but truth and nature!

This is not an easy subject to illustrate, and it is still more difficult to define. Yet we shall attempt something of the sort.—

1. Natural objects are common and obvious, and are imbued with an habitual and universal interest, without being vulgar. Familiarity in them does not breed contempt, as it does in the works of man. They form an ideal class; their repeated impressions on the mind, in so many different circumstances, grows up into a sentiment. The reason is, that we refer them generally and collectively to ourselves, as links and mementos of our various being;

whereas, we refer the works of art respectively to those by whom they are made, or to whom they belong. This distracts the mind in looking at them, and gives a petty and unpoetical character to what we feel relating to them. When the works of art become poetical, it is when they are emancipated from this state of "circumscription and confine," by some circumstance that sets aside the idea of property and individual distinction. The sound of village bells,—

— The poor man's only music,
excites as lively an interest in the mind, as the warbling of a thrush: the sight of a village spire presents nothing discordant with the surrounding scenery.

2. Natural objects are more akin to poetry and the imagination, partly, because they are not our own handy-work, but start up spontaneously, like a visionary creation, of their own accord, without our knowledge or connivance—

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them ;—

and farther, they have this advantage over the works of art, that the latter either fall short of their pre-conceived intention, and excite our disgust and disappointment by their defects; or, if they completely answer their end, they then leave nothing to the imagination, and so excite little or no romantic interest that way.

The more our senses, our self-love, our eyes and ears, are surrounded, and, as it were, saturated with artificial enjoyments and costly decorations, the more the avenues to the imagination and the heart are unavoidably blocked up. We do not say, that this may not be an advantage to the individual; we say it is a disadvantage to the poet. Even "Mine Host of Human Life," has felt its palsyng, enervating influence. Let any one (after ten years old) take shelter from a shower of rain in Exeter Change, and see how he will amuse the time with looking over the trinkets, the chains, the seals, the curious works of art. Compare this with the description of Una and the Red Cross Knight in Spenser:

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promis'd aid the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride, &c.

A greater authority than Lord Byron has given his testimony on this subject: "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Shakspeare speaks of

————— Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Lord Byron unfairly enlists into the service of his argument those artificial objects, which are direct imitations of nature, such as statuary, &c. This is an oversight. At this rate, all poetry

would be artificial poetry. Dr. Darwin is among those, who have endeavoured to confound the distinctions of natural and artificial poetry, and indeed, he is, perhaps, the only one, who has gone the whole length of Lord Byron's hypercritical and super-artificial theory. Here are some of his lines, which have been greatly admired.

Apostrophe to Steel.

Hail, adamantine steel! magnetic lord,
King of the prow, the ploughshare, and the sword!
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
His steady course amid the struggling tides,
Braves with broad sail the immeasurable sea,
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee!

This is the true false gallop of the sublime. Yet steel is a very useful metal, and doubtless performs all these wonders. But it has not, among so many others, the virtue of amalgamating with the imagination. We might quote also his description of the spinning-jenny, which is pronounced by Dr. Aikin to be as ingenious a piece of mechanism as the object it describes; and, according to Lord Byron, this last is as well suited to the manufacture of verses as of cotton-twist without end.

3. Natural interests are those which are real and inevitable, and are so far contradistinguished from the artificial, which are factitious and affected. If Lord Byron cannot understand the difference, he may find it explained by contrasting some of Chaucer's characters and incidents with those in the *Rape of the Lock*, for instance. Custance floating in her boat on the wide sea, is different from Pope's heroine,

Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.

Griselda's loss of her children, one by one, of her *all*, does not belong to the same class of incidents, nor of subjects for poetry, as Belinda's loss of her favourite curl. A sentiment that has rooted itself in the heart, and can only be torn from it with life, is not like the caprice of the moment—the putting on of paint and patches, or the pulling off a glove. The inbred character is not like a masquerade dress. There is a difference between the theatrical, and natural, which is important to the determination of the present question, and which has been overlooked by his Lordship.

There is more true, unfeigned, unspeakable, heartfelt distress in one line of Chaucer's tale,

Let me not like a worm go by the way,
than in all Pope's writings put together; and we say it without any disrespect to him too. Didactic poetry has to do with manners, as they are regulated, not by fashion or caprice, but by abstract reason and grave opinion, and is equally remote from the dramatic, which describes the involuntary and unpremeditated impulses of nature.

4. Supernatural poetry is, in the sense here insisted on, allied to nature, not to art, because it relates to the impressions made upon the mind by unknown objects and powers, out of the reach both of the cognizance and will of man, and still more able to startle and confound his imagination, while he supposes them to exist, than either those of nature or art. The Witches in *Macbeth*, the Furies in *Æschylus*, are so far artificial objects, that they are creatures of the poet's brain; but their impression on the mind depends on their possessing attributes, which baffle and set at nought all human pretence, and laugh at all human efforts to tamper with them. Satan in *Milton* is an artificial or ideal character: but would any one call this artificial poetry? It is, in Lord Byron's phrase, super-artificial, as well as super-human poetry. But it is serious business. Fate, if not Nature, is its ruling genius. The Pandemonium is not a baby-house of the fancy, and it is ranked (ordinarily,) with natural, *i. e.* with the highest and most important order of poetry, and above the Rape of the Lock. We intended a definition, and have run again into examples. Lord Byron's *concretions* have spoiled us for philosophy.

APPENDIX.—NEGOTIATION FOR LOUISIANA.

[The following is an illustration and justification of Article V. in our last Number—a Biographical Sketch of the late Chancellor Livingston. It is written in reply to a writer, who has undertaken to disprove some facts stated in that memoir as historical truths,—and on the evidence of his own knowledge.]

A friend of Mr. Monroe (one of the household troops, under the mask of a Bostonian,) has taken great umbrage at our late suggestion, that his patron had very little to do with the negotiation, which, in 1803, resulted in the purchase of Louisiana; and has endeavoured to show, that so far from doing most, or doing all, in that business, Mr. Livingston did very little, and had actually despaired of doing any thing, until reinforced by the logic and address of his colleague. Nor does even this view of the subject satisfy the pander-like anxiety of this writer; for, according to him, this important territory was *twice* won by the dexterous and vigorous measures of his friend; first at Paris, in 1803, and again at New-Orleans, in 1814. This statement of facts so expressly contradicts our own, as to impose upon us the reluctant duty of examining it in detail; and if, in our former representation, we have either injured Mr. Monroe, or otherwise violated the truth of history, we are willing and prepared to make our *amende honorable*; but if, on the other hand, our statement is found to be supported by sufficient authority, we must be excused for steadily adhering to

it, whatever may be its bearing on the popularity of a minister, or a President. Without farther preface, therefore, we proceed to the proposed examination.

1st. 'You know,' says this writer, 'that I resided in Paris while the negotiation for Louisiana was pending, and that I became intimately acquainted with all the parties concerned therein, not even excepting M. de Marbois, who, after Mr. Monroe's arrival in Paris, and not till then, was named by the First Consul to treat with our Ministers, for the cession of that country to the United States.' Again, (and with the same general view,) he adds: 'Soon after the minister who succeeded Mr. Livingston arrived in Paris, the same invidious suggestions relating to the part Mr. Monroe acted in the Louisiana negotiation, as are now boldly and unblushingly given as facts in the 5th number of the Repository, were studiously circulated among the Americans residing in that city. Being called to London at that time, on some important concerns, and receiving, while there, from Mr. Monroe, our then minister at the court of St. James, those kind attentions which ever marked his deportment while abroad, to all his countrymen, I thought it my duty to state to him the existence of these reports. He smiled; and it was then that he showed me in confidence, (which I feel as if I was violating, but truth and justice prompt me on,) the letter he had received from Mr. Livingston on his arrival at Havre, together with Mr. Jefferson's letter, detailing particularly his motives for wishing him to go to France on this mission; his instructions from the President, and a copy of M. Talleyrand's letter addressed to Mr. Livingston some time before Mr. Monroe arrived in France, declining going into any farther negotiation with him on the subject of Louisiana.'

Thus resplendent in arms, and fortified with the talisman of *official letters* and *secret instructions*, it is not to be wondered at, that this Presidential champion should enter the arena, with a proud defiance of his adversary, and a perfect confidence of a sure and signal victory over him. But on this *entre*, we may be permitted to remark, that granting all he has asked, we give him nothing. Does a residence in Paris, or an intimacy with ministers, *prove* any thing? If it did, J. Howel would be as good an authority as our antagonist; for he also could boast a residence in Paris, and an intimacy with ministers. Does the hasty perusal of two or three official documents, selected for a special and interested purpose, and quoted from memory after a lapse of eighteen years, by one who is confessedly unable to produce *them*, and unwilling to produce *himself*—*prove* any thing? No; far from it; a resort to such expedients demonstrates the want of evidence more substantial and conclusive; and instead of extinguishing doubts, but tends to multiply and strengthen them. Besides, has not the writer stigmatized himself as a political gossip and informer, who walked the boulevards of Paris to pick up scandal, and repaired to London to retail it to the minister? Can a more mean and contemptible character be imagined? And is it upon the credibility of such a personage that the public is expected to repose its confidence with regard to a matter of historical truth! Nor is this all; his folly

is at least equal to his meanness ; for, wishing to exalt the character of Mr. Monroe, in what light does he present him ? As paying a pander, not merely with the good cheer of his table, but with the secrets of his office ! He first puts into his hand a confidential letter from Mr. Livingston ; he then shows him another from M. Talleyrand ; and, as if in all conscience this was not enough, he lastly thrusts upon him the *secret instructions* of his friend, his maker and his master !* There are some things so scandalous in themselves—so ridiculous and flagitious at the same time, that no art, no colouring, can make them either better or worse ; they equally set at defiance both exaggeration and extenuation. Can then any real and intelligent friend of Mr. Monroe give credit to this story ? Would he believe it on the oath of the person who reports and publishes it ? And if not, what credit can any of his other statements be entitled to from the public ?

2d. ‘Chancellor Livingston, *without*, I believe, *any instructions from our Government*, but in consequence of the excitement which the cession of that country by Spain to France had occasioned in the United States, had been sounding the First Consul, through Talleyrand, on the subject of a sale to us of a part of Louisiana, comprised within the right bank of the Mississippi.’

The whole of this passage is incorrect in point of fact, and offers a fine specimen of the author’s talent for squeezing a great deal of misrepresentation into a few words : 1st. It asserts that Mr. Livingston had no authority for touching the subject in question, from his own government ; 2d. That his agency, such as it was, consisted only in sounding the First Consul through M. Talleyrand ; and 3d. It intimates that Mr. Livingston’s views were narrower than those of the government, because comprising only *that part of Louisiana which lay on the eastern side of the Mississippi*. Now, that Mr. Livingston had authority to mingle in this business, is evinced by his orders, dated the 28th of September, 1801, from which we make the following extract : “The great importance of West Florida to the United States, recommends to your patriotism the prudent use of every fair consideration which may favour the attainment of that object.” In prosecution of these orders, Mr. Livingston did not content himself, as has been said, with sounding the First Consul through M. Talleyrand ; but on the 27th of February, 1803, addressed himself directly to Bonaparte. In this letter, he urges the payment of the debts due by France to our citizens ; the acknowledgment by France of our right of depôt at New-Orleans ; and the appointment of a minister, who should be enabled to treat with him on the cession of a part of Louisiana. On this last head, he says, “the interest that the United States attach to your friendship and the alliance with France, is the principal cause of their anxiety to procure your consent to a cession of that country, and of the sacrifices they are willing to make to attain it. They consider it as the only possible ground of collision between nations whom so many other interests unite.”

* Thomas Jefferson.

Again : Mr. Livingston did not restrict his views to that portion of Louisiana which lay on the right bank of the Mississippi ; for as early as the 10th of January, 1803, he presented to the French government the project of a treaty, one of the bases of which was the cession to the United States of a part of West Florida, (including the island of Orleans,) and such portion of Louisiana as lay on the west side of the Mississippi, and *north side of the Arkansaw river*. His words are :
 “ Having treated this subject more at large, in a paper which you
 “ have had the goodness to peruse, I will not dwell upon it here,
 “ but propose what it appears to me to be the true policy of France
 “ to adopt, as effecting all her objects ; and, at the same time, con-
 “ ciliating the affections of the United States, and giving a permanency
 “ to her establishments, which she can, in no other way, hope for :
 “ 1st. Let France cede to the United States *so much of Louisiana as*
 “ *lays above the mouth of the Arkansaw river*. By this, a barrier will
 “ be placed between the colony of France and Canada, from which
 “ she may otherwise be attacked with the greatest facility, and driven
 “ out, before she can derive any aid from Europe.”

In these steps, we see the first approaches towards the acquisition of Louisiana, and (if that be a merit) that some of them were taken on the minister's own responsibility, and before the views of the government had extended themselves to an object, so vast and important as the whole territory ; for, as we shall show hereafter, even the instructions, of which Mr. Monroe was the bearer, and under which the treaty was actually made, authorised only the purchase of the whole, or a part of West Florida, including New-Orleans.

3d. ‘ At one moment, Mr. Livingston had some hopes of being able
 ‘ to make an interesting communication to the President on the sub-
 ‘ ject ; but in this he was disappointed, as for more than a month *be-*
 ‘ *fore* Mr. Monroe's arrival in France, he had lost all hopes (as he
 ‘ frequently told me) of success. Hearing of that gentleman's ap-
 ‘ pointment, and of his being about to embark for Havre, to join him in
 ‘ a negotiation for Louisiana, that worthy minister wrote Mr. Monroe
 ‘ a letter, under cover to our consular agent at Havre, congratulating
 ‘ him on his mission, but stating, at the same time, that he had not
 ‘ the least hopes of his success. Had,’ continued the Chancellor,
 ‘ the resolutions of Mr. Ross been carried into effect, and had we
 ‘ taken possession of New-Orleans, you might, in such a case, have
 ‘ experienced a happy result to your negotiation.’

And how does this impeach our statement, or establish that of our adversary ? Mr. Livingston, *before* Mr. Monroe's arrival, had doubts about the final success of the mission. Be it so ; but to make good Mr. Monroe's pretensions, in the extent claimed for them, it was necessary to show, that Mr. Livingston's doubts existed *after* Mr. Monroe's arrival ; and that to the agency of that gentleman, not only a change in the state of Mr. Livingston's mind, but in that of the negotiation also, was ascribable. This, however, is equally beyond the reach of power and of sycophancy. Important changes were at that moment working in the policy of France ; and all that our statement requires is, that these should have taken place *without the in-*

tervention of Mr. Monroe. And this we shall show by sufficient testimony, and in few words.

We have seen, under the last head, that in the month of February, 1803, Mr. Livingston approached the First Consul directly ; inviting him by considerations the most important to the head of a nation, to take measures, which should have the effect of doing justice to the citizens and government of the United States, in whatever related to personal claims on France, and to the national right of depôt at New-Orleans ; and that he, at the same time, pressed upon the attention of this high functionary, by similar considerations, the policy of yielding to the United States a large portion of the territory called Louisiana, which had been recently acquired by France from Spain. On the first of these points, a satisfactory answer was promptly given ; but on the other two, time was taken for consideration ; and it was even distinctly suggested, that in relation to *them*, a negotiation would be opened at Washington. In prosecution of this idea, a new minister plenipotentiary (General Bernadotte) was named to the United States, and other measures employed, indicative of the same policy. Here then, was the first source of Mr. Livingston's doubts ; but another, and more productive one, was the apparently steady adherence of the First Consul to his project of colonizing Louisiana. A corps of civil officers had been appointed for the government of that province ; an army had been designated for its defence, and a fleet lay ready at Antwerp, to carry both to their destination. These circumstances existed at the moment Mr. Livingston wrote the letter in question to Mr. Monroe, and took a new and increased force from some particular expressions, which, about that time, escaped Mr. Talleyrand. 'Tis possible, however, that even these appearances were overrated ; perhaps, a more practised diplomatist would have seen in them, expedients only which cost nothing, and which were well calculated to quicken both his appetite and his overtures. Be this, however, as it may, the doubts expressed, had in them nothing censurable ; and that they were sincere, is manifested as well by the letter to Mr. Monroe, which contained them, as by the minister's whole correspondence with his own government throughout the month of March. But in the course of this month and in the beginning of April, the relations between France and Great Britain took a new character. It had now become apparent that the peace of Amiens would have no long duration ; and Mr. Livingston was not inattentive to these " signs of the times." He addressed himself promptly and assiduously to all having connexion with the business, or who were likely to be consulted upon it ; and particularly pressed upon their consideration the probability, that in the event of war, the seizure of Louisiana would be the first hostile effort on the part of their enemy ; and one, that from her acknowledged ascendancy on the ocean, could not fail to be successful. This view of the subject, amplified and applied with no small dexterity, became conclusive with France. The mission of Bernadotte, and the sailing of the fleet and army, were suspended ; and on the 7th of April, the First Consul announced to the

council of state, his determination to *sell*. Even Mr. Talleyrand's scruples on that head (founded on national dignity and feeling) yielded to the necessity of the case, and "on the 11th of April," says Mr. Livingston, "he (Talleyrand) asked me, when pressing the subject, whether we wished to have the whole of Louisiana. "I told him no; that our wishes extended only to New-Orleans and the Floridas, but that the policy of France must dictate whether they would give us also the country above the river Arkansas, in order to place a barrier between them and Canada. He replied, that if they gave New-Orleans, the rest would be of little value, but that *he wished to know how much we would give for the whole?*" In another part of this letter Mr. Livingston says, "I have reason to think, that the resolution to sell, was taken in the council of state on Saturday last;" and in a postscript (of the 12th) he adds, "my conjecture as to their determination to sell, is well founded. Mr. Monroe has just arrived." The next step in the business was an interview between Mr. Marbois and Mr. Livingston, at the Treasury Department, on the night of the 13th. In this interview, the question of price was again renewed, and Mr. Marbois substantially stated, that no sum short of eighty millions of francs would be accepted; sixty of which should be paid to France, and twenty to American claimants. "If," said he, "we should name sixty millions, and you should take upon yourselves the American claims to the amount of twenty more, I will try how far it will be accepted." It was also expressly understood, in this interview, that the cession of territory referred to, should embrace the whole of Louisiana, as, in the personal instruction of the First Consul, (under which Mr. Marbois acted) the words were, "*let them take the whole.*"*

To these proofs we will but subjoin an extract from a despatch of the 15th of November, 1803, written by Mr. Livingston to the Secretary of State, in explanation at once of the letter which has been made the basis of Mr. Monroe's pretensions, and of the actual degree of agency which that gentleman had in the business of the treaty. "This letter," says Mr. Livingston, "*has been imprudently shown, and spoken of by Mr. Monroe's friends as proof that he had been the principal agent in the negotiation. There is no doubt that Mr. Monroe's talents and address would have enabled him, had he been placed in my circumstances, to have effected what I have done; but he unfortunately came too late to do more than assent to the propositions which had been made, and to aid in reducing them into form.*"

Here, then, is the most distinct proof, that the substantial parts of the negotiation—the consent of France to sell; the terms on which she would do it; and her engagement to pay the claims of our citizens to the amount of twenty millions of francs, were both determined and announced *before Mr. Monroe took any part in the nego-*

* See Mr. L.'s letter to Mr. Madison, of the 13th of April, 1803.

tiation; and that after he had become a participator in it, *no changes were made in these previous dispositions.*

4. 'Notwithstanding this prediction of the Chancellor's,' says our critic, 'in less than one week after Mr. Monroe had been presented to the First Consul, (when M. de Marbois, in the presence of Talleyrand, was named by the First Consul to negotiate with him and Mr. Livingston,) the treaty was concluded, by which we became possessed not only of the right bank of the Mississippi, but of the whole territory of Louisiana.'

Short work truly! A perfect Cæsar for rapid and adroit movements! The tangled skein that had so long puzzled and confounded such blockheads as his colleague, and Talleyrand, and Bonaparte, was in his hands speedily unravelled, and in a single week, neither knot nor difficulty remained! Why friend, this is all rhapsody—"the madness of poetry, without the inspiration," and much too bold for biographical criticism. Let us test it by dates: Mr. Monroe arrived in Paris on the 12th of April; presented his credentials on the 14th to the Minister of exterior relations; was received by the First Consul on the 20th, and on the 30th, signed the treaty. Now, though according to our account, the time employed in this transaction was somewhat longer than that you have stated, still its shortness is sufficiently remarkable: but you will remember, that we solved the enigma under the last head—the *business was essentially done before he came.* "But then he got the whole of Louisiana." Indeed! And did he wish it?—Did he want it? Did his own government *authorize him to buy it?* The evidence we shall submit on this head, will we think satisfy our adversary, that it was Hobson's choice, the whole or nothing; that in deciding on this, it became necessary to select between diplomatic failure or diplomatic disobedience, and that in preferring the latter, he had only the negative merit of following, where his colleague had the sense and courage to lead. "Before the negotiation commenced, we were apprised, that the First Consul had decided to offer to the United States, by sale, the *whole* of Louisiana, and not a part of it: and we found, as we advanced in the negotiation, that M. de Marbois was absolutely restricted to the disposition of the whole; that he would treat for no less portion, and of course, that it was useless to urge it." These are Mr. Monroe's own words,* and must, as far as they go, be taken as sufficient authority. The following extract, which completes the proof of our position, is from a letter of Mr. Livingston's of the 17th of April, to the Secretary of State. "On the 14th, I called on Mr. Monroe, to present him to the minister, (Mr. Talleyrand,) who had fixed three o'clock that day for his reception. Before we went, we examined our commission, in which are two circumstances with which I cannot be well satisfied. The first is, that I have not the same rank in the commission as Mr. Monroe. It is important, that I should be thought to stand as well with our government as any other person. If so, my age, and the stations

* His official letter of the 7th June, addressed to the Secretary of State.

"I have filled, entitled me to expect that no other should be placed above me, in the line that I am in ; the second is, that the commission contained powers only to treat for lands *on the eastern side of the Mississippi*. Mr. Monroe agrees with me to go on, and do as well as we can, and as *we left no copy of the commission*, it may probably escape unnoticed."

5th. 'The first difficulty arose in the price, for with the First Consul as with the Directory, it was *'il faut de l'argent et beau-coup d'argent.'* Marbois contended for one hundred and twenty millions of francs ; but by the joint efforts of our ministers, it was reduced to eighty millions. Twenty millions of which were to be appropriated to the payment of French spoliations on the commerce of our citizens ; and the remainder to be paid to the First Consul, in the United States Stock, to be created for the purpose.'

Not so fast, friend—you have got your ship under so much head way, that you have entirely lost your reckoning. Only mark now, how many blunders (we will not call them fibs) you have let off upon us, in this short sentence. It is not true, that the *first* difficulty arose with regard to *price* ; it is not true, that Mr. Marbois contended for one hundred and twenty millions of francs ; nor is it true, that by the *joint* efforts of our ministers, it was reduced to eighty millions ! We have already seen by Mr. Monroe's letter of the 7th June, that the first difficulty was, not about price, but whether they should take the whole of Louisiana, or only a part of it ; and we now refer to the same letter, for proof with regard to the sum demanded. "The first proposition," says Mr. Monroe, "which M. de Marbois made to us (on this point) was, "that we should pay eighty millions—sixty of which in cash, the balance to our citizens, and the whole in one year ; and *from the quantum he never would depart.*"

That the treaty did make provision, as you have stated, for the payment of twenty millions of francs to our own citizens, is true ; and we are unfeignedly glad to find in your statement a single fact, to which we can honestly give our assent. Still there is a secret connected with this part of the business, which, if you did not know, proves your ignorance, and if you did know, proves your unfair dealing. I need not tell such a proficient in the Latin language as you appear to be, * that Sallust has furnished a renowned example of what the critics call the *lie retentive*—by suppressing the whole agency of Cicero, in detecting and putting down the conspiracy of Cataline. Your offence on the present occasion, (supposing that you conceal the truth,) is not quite so heinous as his ; but being of the same spirit and character, ought to be noted. The fact to which we allude is—that this provision made no part of Mr. Monroe's plan ; and that even after its adoption, he announced to both his colleague and his government, that *he disapproved and disavowed* it. His project was, (don't be startled, reader,) to give the whole eighty millions to the French government, and let our citizens seek it where

* Subilat and similac, are not quite Horatian.

they could find it. To have obtained it from France, would have furnished employment for life, and the finest possible exercise, of course, for both their wits and their patience. For the evidence of this new trait in the diplomatic wisdom of Mr. Monroe, we look to a letter of the 25th November, 1803, from his colleague; writing to Mr. Monroe, he says: "You mention a fact, of which I was then, and till the receipt of your letter, continued to be totally ignorant, viz. that *it was your sentiment, that the twenty millions should have been paid to the French government, rather than to our citizens.* You mention my having declared, on the examination of our instructions, that the money should be obtained for our citizens, which I presume was the reason of your not explicitly declaring that you entertained a contrary opinion; and which led me to believe that you agreed with me in opinion." Again, he says, "I have candidly charged myself, in my reply to the Secretary of State, with *the whole responsibility of this act.*"

6. 'The second difficulty, the tug of war, arose from the national question, how is the First Consul to realize the amount of this stock? Mr. Monroe at once pointed out the means, by which, through Mr. Baring, of London, who was then in Paris, he could and did realize, in specie and bills of exchange, nearly the whole amount of the stock created by the United States in payment for the territory; and the unworthy author of the article in question knows, as well as I do, that without this *essence*, this *monied part* of the negotiation, Louisiana would not at that time have been ours.'

Here is a new proof, that sycophancy, "in its zeal, outrunneth wisdom." Well might Julian say, (and he too was the head of an empire,) that "the panegyric of a flatterer inflicts deeper wounds than the malice of an enemy." Our critic, after degrading his hero, as we have seen, into a betrayer of secret instructions and confidential letters, now sinks him into an exchange broker, for the convenience of Marbois and the accommodation of Napoleon! According to this well-informed gentleman, who resided so long in Paris, and was so intimate with ministers, a difficulty of a very serious nature interrupted the negotiation:—point d'Argent, point de Louisiane. France required gold, and the United States could only give paper. Livingston was petrified—his mountain was about to produce a mouse, when—(mark the ascendancy of great minds over small ones)—Monroe *whistled*, and out came Alexander Baring, with a quantum sufficit of the necessary *essence*. What incredible nonsense is all this! That the French government should be ignorant of Mr. Baring's vocation and means, or that Mr. Baring should be unacquainted with their wishes and wants, or that either should require an introduction to the other, for the accomplishment of ends desired by both, is sufficiently extravagant, but is certainly far surpassed by the lurking suggestion, that but for Mr. Monroe's influence over the stock-jobber's calculations and guineas, Louisiana would not now have been ours! From this absurd fiction, however, we appeal to Mr. Monroe himself, for a more sober and probable version of the same story, by which it will be seen, that whatever may have been the contest in question, it was not quite so menacing as our *compagnon de voyage* has thought

proper to represent it. "Mr. Marbois's first proposition," says Mr. Monroe, "was, that sixty millions, out of the eighty, were required in CASH ; but that the modification in the mode of payment,* that is, by stock, which was introduced into the treaty, was the effect of negotiation, in which we experienced, on his part and that of his government, a *promptitude and candour which were highly grateful to us.*"

7th. 'He knows, too, who feathered their nests ; how bills of exchange for spoiliations were drawn, and who was pronounced *inaccordable* (perhaps he recollects this very word, significant as it is,) on the subject of the *douceur*.'

Our knowledge on these subjects may be over-rated ; and were we to accept the invitation, (as we consider this paragraph,) and tell all we know about them, we might disappoint the curious in this sort of history. They who were three thousand miles from the field of battle, cannot personally know much of the distribution of the spoils : but with the aid of ears, we may have heard something, because rumour is not only busy, but loud. Not then to disappoint our inquirer altogether, we answer, that of his significant term *inaccordable*, we know nothing, and understand nothing, as applied to the treaty,—and have great doubts whether it is more intelligible to himself, since, however well acquainted he may be with its cabalistic meaning, he is totally ignorant of its common acceptation.† With regard to the *douceur*, we can be more explicit, though perhaps not more satisfactory. Its amount was, as we have understood, and on evidence not easily rejected, (the acknowledgment of a participator of it,) *forty thousand guineas !* A fact which, if combined with certain loans, of which much has been said, might furnish sufficient data for a long story, and a strong presumption. But insinuation is not our weapon ; we despise alike its assistance and its assaults, and leave to the miscreants who are not ashamed to use it, the whole armoury of lies and whispers and hints and inuendoes.

8th. 'This simple statement of the facts, which came to my knowledge while in Paris and London in 1803, prove incontestibly, that Mr. Monroe held the labouring oar in the negotiation for the acquisition of Louisiana. And this is not all ; to him we are in a great degree indebted for its preservation in 1814 ; a circumstance I did not know until I made a visit in 1816 to Washington, when I became acquainted with that respectable Senator from Louisiana, Mr. Brown, who related to me all the particulars of the formal conference he and his colleague had with Mr. Monroe, then Secretary of War, on the subject of the defenceless state of New-Orleans, and the well grounded suspicions of the enemy's intentions on that city. We

* On a former occasion, Mr. Monroe told us, that Marbois would not consent to the sale of *any less portion than the whole* of Louisiana ; and here he speaks of the *modification of the mode*. This may be good sense and good English in diplomacy ; but to common ears and common understandings it sounds queerly, and not the less so for coming from an honorary member of the Academy of Language and Belles Lettres.

† He translates it *inaccessible*. The only meaning the word has, is—not to be granted.

owe, said Mr. Brown, to Mr. Monroe's prompt and efficient measures for the defence of that place, and his judicious selection of General Jackson, the most glorious and important event of the war.'

There is a degree of apology necessary to the public, for suffering a representation so palpably devoid of truth in all its parts, to detain us a single moment; but as Mr. Noah's correspondent has thought proper to bolster his fictions with the name and authority of a Senator of the United States, we may be permitted to extend our remarks to what otherwise would have been too contemptible for notice, and too absurd for refutation.

Mr. Monroe's prompt and efficient measures saved New-Orleans! Said you so? and on the authority of Mr. Senator Brown? 'Tis impossible: because no one knew better than the Senator, that Mr. Monroe's measures had been both tardy and inefficient; and that but for circumstances, totally uninfluenced by him, New-Orleans and the vast property it contained, would have been inevitably lost. But, assertion apart—let facts speak for themselves. On the 1st of September, the government had no longer any doubt but that a blow was meditated at New-Orleans, and that for this purpose there would be employed a force amounting to about *fourteen thousand men*, including the corps recently commanded by Gen. Ross. To meet an invasion thus menacing and formidable, the provident and active Mr. Monroe took measures, which, in the course of four months, or by the 8th of January, 1815, had the effect of getting together an army of *four thousand men*!* The orders, producing even this miserable result, (so far as it was produced at all by orders from the War Department,)† were not received by the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, until the 20th of October;‡ and those for supplies of ammunition and arms were yet more tardy;§ for on the 6th of January, two days only before the battle deciding the fate of New-Orleans was fought, supplies of these articles from the arsenal at

* Latour gives the following detailed statement of the corps forming this army: 7th U. S. Regt. 430; 44th do. 240; Marines 50; Tennessee militia under Gen. Carroll, 800; do. under Gen. Coffee, 500; Kentucky do. under Gen. Adair, 800; Louisiana militia, dragoons, 230; Young's I. Regt. 250; volunteer corps, (New-Orleans) 30; Plache's corps, 289; La Coste's Battalion, 280; coloured corps, 150—Total, 4049.

† Several of these corps had been stationary in the district, and designated for its defence, as the 7th and 44th Regts. of infantry and the marines. The volunteer corps were principally raised under the impulse of the moment, and the urgency of Jackson. Coffee's corps was in service at Mobile and Pensacola, and under a call from the General. So that the whole additional force provided by any act of the War Department on this occasion, must necessarily be confined to Carroll's and Adair's militia, stated by Latour at 1600 men; the latter of whom, as mentioned in the text, came unarmed, and did not arrive until after the battle of the 23d of December.

‡ "About the 20th of October, the orders of the War Department were received by the respective Governors (of Tennessee and Kentucky.)" History of the Late War by M'Affee, page 502.

§ "Artillery, muskets and munitions were embarked at Pittsburgh, &c.; the greater portion of which did not arrive until the contest had terminated." The arms passed the falls of the Ohio on the 6th of January, and "were sent off without the knowledge of the Secretary at War, if I am not misinformed, by the agent, Mr. Woolly." Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 1st, page 530.

Pittsburg passed Louisville in separate and private boats, and without even the superintendence of a conductor! They may have arrived three weeks or a month after the want of them had ceased. But shall history, in compliment to the incapacity of a minister, conceal the fact, that they were wanted? Will it be forgotten, that *one thousand* of the hardy sons of Kentucky (making a fourth part of Jackson's force) were detached from their homes, on this important service, without a single musket, or bayonet, to annoy an enemy, or defend themselves? And that they were so detached, without any knowledge on the part of the Secretary, that means could be found at New-Orleans to supply the deficiency? * Call you these prompt and efficient measures? †

'But he selected Jackson, and Jackson, as you know, saved the city!' We do know it, and none are more willing than ourselves to bear testimony to the fact. If ever the personal character and efforts of a commanding general defeated an enemy and saved a city, those of Jackson, in the affair of New-Orleans, most emphatically did so. Beside the intrinsic difficulty of combatting an enemy more than thrice his numerical force, and with hardly less odds against him on the score of military habits and discipline, how much had he to encounter in moulding and subduing, and eventually applying, to the purposes and necessities of the state, a population, of all colours and principles; a militia, recently signalized by an open act of disobedience to its chief; a state executive, weak and wavering; a legislature, lukewarm and disaffected; a judiciary, lending itself to the objects of faction; and a foreign intriguer, under the disguise of a French consul, busily employed in transferring, at this awful moment, the allegiance of American citizens to Louis XVIII! What did such a combination of frightful circumstances require? Foresight, vigilance, and energy; a constitution assimilated to the climate; a habit and faculty of commanding; and, above all, the talent of infusing into those he approached, a large portion of his own courage and confidence. All these were necessary, and all were possessed; which brings us to the main question—who was the first to select and employ this extraordinary assemblage of talents? Mr. Monroe, or his predecessor?

The following statement, made from documents of the highest character, will, we believe, settle this question. Early in the month of May, 1814, the then Secretary of War proposed to confer on Gen. Jackson, the appointment of Brigadier in the army of the United States, with the brevet rank of Major-General, until a va-

* See Gen. Jackson's letter of 29th December, and Latour

† If we compare the two affairs of Washington and New-Orleans, how different were the means, and how different the result? In the former, though not a man of the two quotas of Pennsylvania and Virginia appeared, and but 250 of that of Maryland, making a deficiency in the estimates of government of nearly 13,000 men, still there were on the field of battle 6000 American combatants, opposed to less than 2000 British! In the latter, were 12,000 British opposed to 4000 Americans! In both cases, the smaller number were the victors. So true is the remark of Florus, "*Tanti Exercitus, quanti Imperator.*" And again: "*Rome was lost, if a Marius had not been found to defend her.*"

cancy, by resignation, or otherwise, should permit his appointment to a similar grade in the line. He was, at the same time, named to the command of military district No. 7, of which New-Orleans made a part. This proposition, in both its branches, the promissory as well as the appointing, was approved by the President, and a communication to Gen. Jackson made accordingly. On the 22d of May, Gen. Harrison's resignation was received at the War-Office, and on the day following was reported to the President, as furnishing means for giving immediate execution to the promise already stated. The President's answer was indecisive—"The better way," says he, "will be to send on a Major General's commission at once; *but on this I suspend a final decision till I see you.*"* The Secretary, on the other hand, not believing that a right to tamper with engagements solemnly made and communicated, existed any where, or for any length of time, hastened to act on what appeared to be *the first impression of the President*—immediately forwarded the commission, and took upon himself the responsibility of doing so.—In what sense then can it be said that Mr. Monroe *selected* Gen. Jackson, since he found him at his post, a Major-General in the army, and commanding the district.

We here terminate our remarks, in the hope and belief, that we have sufficiently asserted the rights of the dead, and our own regard for historical truth; and that neither power nor imposture, will be able to shake the foundations on which we have here placed them. With regard to the personal abuse lavished on us, considering it only as a tax payable for speaking the truth, we are neither surprised nor afflicted by it. Mere invective has lost its force, if it ever had any, "it neither breaks a leg nor picks a pocket," and if the mild and humane Madison has been gravely compared to Tiberius, it cannot, we think, do us much mischief to be likened to either Catiline or Nero.

* Letter of Mr. Madison to Gen. Armstrong, of the 25th of May, 1814, dated at Montpelier, Virginia.

LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS.

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CHEMISTRY—and Natural History, (including Geol. Mineral. Bot. and Zool.)

Brande's Manual of Chemistry, with alterations and additions, by W. J. Macneven, Prof. &c. &c. [In the press by Geo. Long.] New-York.

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